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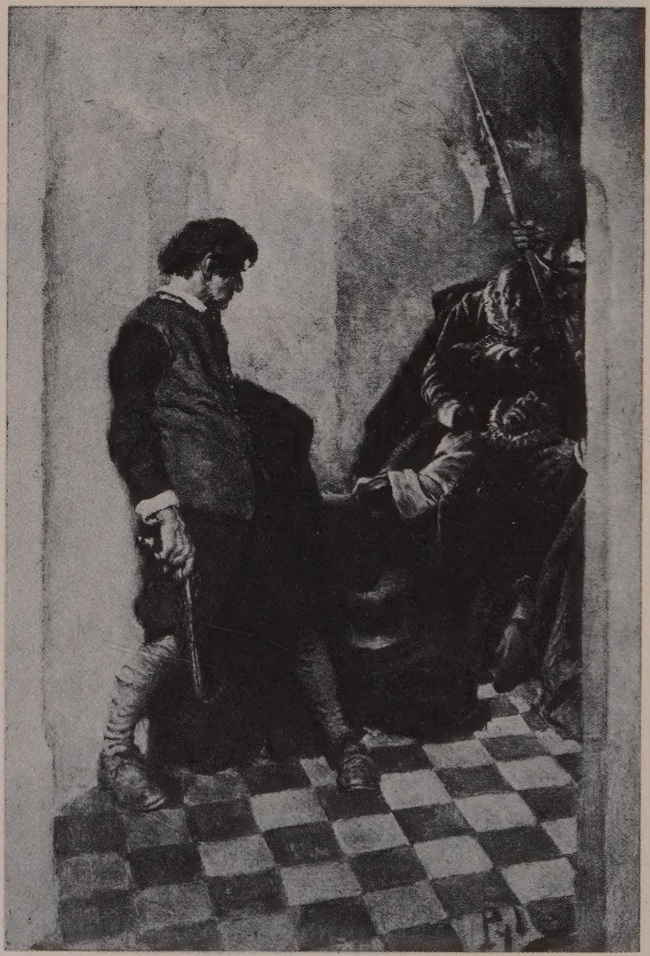

Assassination of William of Orange

*From drawing by Howard Pyle*

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Netherlands Edition

# THE RISE OF THE DUTCH REPUBLIC

## A History

BY

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# THE
# RISE OF THE DUTCH REPUBLIC

## CHAPTER V

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to Mendoza, and to the king—Death of Don John—Suspicions of poison—Pompous burial—Removal of his body to Spain—Concluding remarks upon his character.

DON JOHN, having thus vindicated his own military fame and the amazing superiority of the Spanish arms, followed up his victory by the rapid reduction of many towns of second-rate importance. Louvain, Judoigne, Tirlemont, Aerschot, Bouvines, Sichem, Nivelles, Roeulx, Soignies, Binche, Beaumont, Walcourt, Maubeuge, and Chimay either submitted to their conqueror or were taken after short sieges. The usual atrocities were inflicted upon the unfortunate inhabitants of towns where resistance was attempted. The commandant of Sichem was hanged out of his own window, along with several chief burghers and officers, while the garrison was put to the sword, and the bodies cast into the Demer. The only crime committed by these unfortunates was to have ventured a blow or two in behalf of the firesides which they were employed to protect.[1]

In Brussels, on the other hand, there was less consternation excited by these events than boundless rage against the aristocratic party, for the defeat of Gembloux was attributed, with justice, to the intrigues and the incapacity of the Catholic magnates. It was with difficulty that Orange, going about by night from house to house, from street to street, succeeded in calming the indignation of the people, and in preventing them from sweeping in a mass to the residence of the leading

[1] Bor, xii. 934 sqq. Hoofd, xiii. 551. Meteren, viii. 133. Strada, ix. 473. "Alexander *omissa intempestiva benignitate*," says the professed panegyrist of the Farnese family, "ex ipsa arce decem palam suspendi, reliquos (centum circiter ac septuaginta) noctu jugulatos in subjectum amnem projici jubet."

nobles, in order to inflict summary vengeance on the traitors. All looked to the prince as their only savior, not a thought nor a word being wasted upon Matthias. Not a voice was raised in the assembly to vindicate the secret proceedings of the Catholic party, nor to oppose the measures which the prince might suggest.[1] The terrible disaster had taught the necessity of union. All parties heartily joined in the necessary steps to place the capital in a state of complete defense, and to assemble forthwith new troops to take the place of the army just annihilated. The victor gained nothing by his victory, in comparison with the profit acquired by the states through their common misfortune. Nor were all the towns which had recently fallen into the hands of Don John at all comparable in importance to the city of Amsterdam, which now, by a most timely arrangement, furnished a rich compensation to the national party for the disaster of Gembloux.

Since the conclusion of the Ghent Pacification, it had been the most earnest wish of the prince and of Holland and Zealand to recover possession of this most important city. The wish was naturally shared by every true patriot in the States-General. It had, however, been extremely difficult to arrange the terms of the Satisfaction. Every fresh attempt at an amicable compromise was wrecked upon the obstinate bigotry of the leading civic authorities. They would make no agreement to accept the authority of Orange, except, as Sainte-Aldegonde expressed himself, upon terms which

[1] Reidani Ann., ii. 22. "Ne quidem habuisse rationem Archiducis Matthiæ sed Orangius eum (populum) subtraxit periculo."—Langueti Ep. Secr., i. ii. p. 347. Bor, xii. 935. Langueti ad Sydn., pp. 314, 317, 329.

would enable them "to govern their governor."[1] The influence of the monks, who were resident in large numbers within the city, and of the magistrates, who were all stanch Catholics, had been hitherto sufficient to outweigh the efforts made by the large masses of the Reformed religionists composing the bulk of the population. It was, however, impossible to allow Amsterdam to remain in this isolated and hostile attitude to the rest of Holland. The prince, having promised to use no coercion, and loyally adhering to his pledge, had only with extreme difficulty restrained the violence of the Hollanders and Zealanders, who were determined, by fair means or foul, to restore the capital city to its natural place within his stadholderate. He had been obliged, on various occasions, particularly on the 21st of October of the preceding year, to address a most decided and peremptory letter to the estates of Holland and Zealand, forbidding the employment of hostile measures against Amsterdam.[2] His commands had been reluctantly, partially, and only temporarily obeyed. The states desisted from their scheme of reducing the city by famine, but they did not the less encourage the secret and unofficial expeditions which were daily set on foot to accomplish the annexation by a sudden enterprise.

Late in November a desperate attempt[3] had been made by Colonel Helling, in conjunction with Governor Sonoy, to carry the city by surprise. The force which the adventurer collected for the purpose was inadequate, and his plans were unskilfully arranged. He was himself slain in the streets, at the very commencement of

[1] Archives et Correspondance, vi. 117.

[2] Bor, xi. 897, 898. [3] Ibid., xi. 906–908.

the action; whereupon, in the quaint language of the contemporary chronicler, "the hearts of his soldiers sank in their shoes," and they evacuated the city with much greater rapidity than they had entered it.[1] The prince was indignant at these violent measures, which retarded rather than advanced the desired consummation. At the same time it was an evil of immense magnitude, this anomalous condition of his capital. Ceaseless schemes were concerted by the municipal and clerical conspirators within its walls, and various attempts were known, at different times, to have been contemplated by Don John to inflict a home thrust upon the provinces of Holland and Zealand at the most vulnerable and vital point. The Satisfaction accepted by Utrecht[2] in the autumn of 1577 had, however, paved the way for the recovery of Amsterdam, so that upon the 8th February, 1578, certain deputies from Utrecht succeeded at last in arranging terms, which were accepted by the sister city.[3] The basis of the treaty was, as usual, the nominal supremacy of the Catholic religion, with toleration for the Reformed worship. The necessary effect would be, as in Haarlem, Utrecht, and other places, to establish the new religion upon an entire equality with the old. It was arranged that no congregations were to be disturbed in their religious exercises in the places respectively assigned to them. Those of the Reformed faith were to celebrate their worship without the walls. They were, however, to

[1] "En het hert sonk de soldaaden in de schoen; so men seid," etc.—Bor, xi. 908[a]. Hoofd, xii. 537, 538.

[2] Bor, xi. 893–896.

[3] The twenty-four articles of the Satisfactie are given at length in Bor, xi. 924–926.

enjoy the right of burying their dead within these precincts, and it is singular how much importance was attached at that day to a custom at which the common sentiment and the common sense of modern times revolt. "To bury our dead within our own cities is a right hardly to be denied to a dog," said the Prince of Orange;[1] and accordingly this right was amply secured by the new Satisfaction of Amsterdam. It was, however, stipulated that the funerals should be modest, and attended by no more than twenty-four persons at once.[2] The treaty was hailed with boundless joy in Holland and Zealand, while countless benedictions were invoked upon the "blessed peacemakers" as the Utrecht deputies walked through the streets of Amsterdam.[3] There is no doubt that the triumph thus achieved by the national party far counterbalanced the governor-general's victory at Gembloux.

Meantime the Seigneur de Selles, brother of the deceased Noircarmes, had arrived from Spain.[4] He was the special bearer of a letter from the king to the States-General, written in reply to their communications of the 24th of August and 8th of September of the previous year. The tone of the royal despatch[5] was very affectionate, the substance such as entirely to justify the whole policy of Orange. It was obvious that the penetrating and steadfast statesman had been cor-

[1] Bor, xi. 810[a]: ". . . die men schier den honden niet en soude konnen ontseggen," etc.

[2] Satisfactie, ibid., xi. 924–926, Article 1; also Hoofd, xiii. 554–558.

[3] Bor, xi. 926.

[4] Ibid., xii. 938. Hoofd, xiii. 558.

[5] See the letter in Bor, xii. 938.

rect in refusing to be moved to the right or the left by the specious language of Philip's former letters, or by the apparent frankness of Don John. No doubt the governor had been sincere in his desire for peace, but the prince knew very well his incapacity to confer that blessing. The prince knew—what no man else appeared fully to comprehend at that epoch—that the mortal combat between the Inquisition and the Reformation was already fully engaged. The great battle between divine reason and right divine, on which the interests of unborn generations were hanging, was to be fought out, before the eyes of all Christendom, on the plain of the Netherlands.

Orange was willing to lay down his arms if he could receive security for the Reformed worship. He had no desire to exterminate the ancient religion, but he meant also to protect the new against extermination. Such security, he felt, would never be granted, and he had therefore resolutely refused to harken to Don John, for he was sure that peace with him was impossible. The letters now produced by De Selles confirmed his positions completely. The king said not a word concerning the appointment of a new governor-general, but boldly insisted upon the necessity of maintaining the two cardinal points—his royal supremacy, and the Catholic religion *upon the basis adopted by his father*, the Emperor Charles V.[1]

This was the whole substance of his communication: the supremacy of royalty and of papacy as in the time of Charles V. These cabalistic words were repeated twice in the brief letter to the estates. They were repeated five times in the instructions furnished by his

[1] Letter of the king, December 18, 1577, in Bor, xii. 938.

Majesty to De Selles.[1] The letter and the instructions indeed contained nothing else. Two simples were offered for the cure of the body politic, racked by the fever and convulsion of ten horrible years, two simples which the patient could hardly be so unreasonable as to reject—unlimited despotism and religious persecution. The whole matter lay in a nutshell, but it was a nutshell which inclosed the flaming edicts of Charles V., with their scaffolds, gibbets, racks, and funeral piles. The prince and the States-General spurned such pacific overtures, and preferred rather to gird themselves for the combat.

That there might be no mistake about the matter, Don John, immediately after receiving the letter, issued a proclamation to enforce the king's command. He mentioned it as an acknowledged fact that the States-General had long ago sworn the maintenance of the two points of royal and Catholic supremacy, according to the practice under the Emperor Charles.[2] The states instantly published an indignant rejoinder, affirming the indisputable truth that they had sworn to the maintenance of the Ghent Pacification, and proclaiming the assertion of Don John an infamous falsehood. It was an outrage upon common sense, they said, that the Ghent treaty could be tortured into sanctioning the placards and the Inquisition, evils which that sacred instrument had been expressly intended to crush.[3]

A letter was then formally addressed to his Majesty, in the name of the Archduke Matthias and of the estates, demanding the recall of Don John and the

[1] The instructions are likewise in Bor, xii. 939.

[2] Proclamation, or letters patent, ibid., xii. 940.

[3] Ibid., xii. 939, 940.

maintenance of the Ghent Pacification.[1] De Selles, in reply, sent a brief deprecatory paper, inclosing a note from Don John, which, the envoy acknowledged, might seem somewhat harsh in its expressions. The letter contained, indeed, a sufficiently fierce and peremptory summons to the states to obey the king's commands with regard to the system of Charles V., according to their previous agreement, together with a violent declaration of the governor's displeasure that they had dared to solicit the aid of foreign princes.[2] On the 18th of February came a proposition from De Selles that the Prince of Orange should place himself in the hands of Don John, while the Prince of Parma, alone and without arms, would come before the assembly to negotiate with them upon these matters.[3] The reply returned by the States-General to this absurd suggestion expressed their regret that the son of the Duchess Margaret should have taken part with the enemy of the Netherlanders, complained of the bull by which the pope had invited war against them as if they had been Saracens, repeated their most unanswerable argument,—that the Ghent Pacification had established a system directly the reverse of that which existed under Charles V.,—and affirmed their resolution nevermore to submit to Spanish armies, executioners, edicts, or inquisitions, and nevermore to return to the principles of the emperor and of Alva.[4] To this diplomatic correspondence succeeded a war of words and of pamphlets, some of them very inflammatory and very eloquent. Meantime the preparations for active hostilities were proceeding daily. The Prince of

[1] In Bor, xii. 940.

[2] Ibid., xii. 940, 941.

[3] Ibid., xii. 942.

[4] Letter of States-General, February 28, 1578, ibid., xii. 942 sqq.

Orange, through his envoys in England, had arranged for subsidies in the coming campaign, and for troops which were to be led to the Netherlands under Duke Casimir of the Palatinate. He sent commissioners through the provinces to raise the respective contributions agreed upon, besides an extraordinary quota of four hundred thousand guilders monthly. He also negotiated a loan of a hundred and twenty thousand guilders from the citizens of Antwerp. Many new taxes were imposed by his direction, both upon income and upon consumption. By his advice, however, and with the consent of the States-General, the provinces of Holland and Zealand held no community of burdens with the other provinces, but of their own free will contributed more than the sums for which they would have been assessed. Mr. Leyton, who was about to return from his unsuccessful mission from Elizabeth to Don John, was requested by the States-General to convey to her Majesty a faithful report of the recent correspondence, and especially of the language held by the governor-general. He was also urged to use his influence with the queen, to the end that her promises of assistance might be speedily fulfilled.[1]

Troops were rapidly enrolled, and again, by the same honest but mistaken policy, the chief offices were conferred upon the great nobles—Aerschot, Champagny, Bossu, Egmont, Lalain, the Viscount of Ghent, Baron de Ville, and many others, most of whom were to desert the cause in the hour of its need. On the other hand, Don John was proceeding with his military preparations upon an extensive scale. The king had recently furnished him with one million nine hundred thousand dol-

[1] Bor, xii. 948, 949.

lars, and had promised to provide him with two hundred thousand more, monthly. With these funds his Majesty estimated that an army of thirty thousand foot, sixteen thousand cavalry, and thirty pieces of artillery could be levied and kept on foot. If more remittances should prove to be necessary, it was promised that they should be forthcoming.[1]

This was the result of many earnest remonstrances made by the governor concerning the dilatory policy of the king. Wearied with being constantly ordered "to blow hot and cold with the same breath,"[2] he had insisted that his Majesty should select the hot or the cold, and furnish him with the means of enforcing the choice. For himself, Don John assured his brother that the hottest measures were most to his taste, and most suitable to the occasion. Fire and sword could alone save the royal authority, for all the provinces had "abandoned themselves, body and soul, to the greatest heretic and tyrant that prince ever had for vassal."[3] Unceasing had been the complaints and entreaties of the captain-general, called forth by the apathy or irresolution of Philip. It was only by assuring him that the Netherlands actually belonged to Orange that the monarch could be aroused. "His they are, and none other's,"[4] said the governor, dole-

[1] Letter of Philip, in Cabrera, xii. 978.

[2] "Sin encargar me que soplo frio y caliente, porque no lo comporta el negocio, sino que bien lo uno ó lo otro," etc.—Carta del S. D. Juan al Rey, mano propria, MS. Bib. de Bourg., No. xvii. 385.

[3] "Estas gentes sean dado y entregado ya de todo punto a la obediencia y sucesion del mayor herese y tiranno que truvo nunca principe por vasallo."—Ibid.

[4] " . . . Solamente del P. de Oranxes, que suyas son y no de otro," etc.—Ibid.

fully. The king had accordingly sent back De Billy, Don John's envoy, with decided injunctions to use force and energy to put down the revolt at once, and with an intimation that funds might be thenceforth more regularly depended upon, as the Indian fleets were expected in July. Philip also advised his brother to employ a portion of his money in purchasing the governors and principal persons who controlled the cities and other strong places belonging to the states.[1]

Meantime Don John thundered forth a manifesto which had been recently prepared in Madrid, by which the estates, both general and particular, were ordered forthwith to separate, and forbidden to assemble again, except by especial license. All commissions, civil or military, granted by states' authority were, moreover, annulled, together with a general prohibition of any act of obedience to such functionaries, and of contribution to any imposts which might be levied by their authority.[2] Such thunders were now comparatively harmless, for the states had taken their course, and were busily engaged, both at home and abroad, in arming for the conflict. Sainte-Aldegonde was deputed to attend the imperial diet, then in session at Worms, where he delivered an oration, which was very celebrated in its day as a composition, but which can hardly be said to have produced much practical effect. The current was setting hard in Germany against the Reformed religion and against the Netherland cause, the Augsburg Confessionists showing hardly more sympathy with Dutch Calvinists than with Spanish papists.[3]

[1] Letter of Don John, MS. Bib. de Bourg. Compare Cabrera, xii. 978.

[2] Proclamation in Bor, xii. 946, 947. Compare Cabrera, xii. 978, 979; Hoofd, xiii. 560.

[3] Bor, xii. 953–960.

Envoys from Don John also attended the diet, and requested Sainte-Aldegonde to furnish them with a copy of his oration. This he declined to do. While in Germany, Sainte-Aldegonde was informed by John Casimir that Duke Charles of Sweden had been solicited to furnish certain ships of war for a contemplated operation against Amsterdam.[1] The duke had himself given information of this plot to the Prince Palatine. It was therefore natural that Sainte-Aldegonde should forthwith despatch the intelligence to his friends in the Netherlands, warning them of the dangers still to be apprehended from the machinations of the Catholic agents and functionaries in Amsterdam; for although the Reformation had made rapid progress in that important city since the conclusion of the Satisfaction, yet the magistracy remained Catholic.[2]

William Bardes, son of a former high sheriff, a warm partizan of Orange and of "the religion," had already determined to overthrow that magistracy and to expel the friars who infested the city. The recent information despatched by Sainte-Aldegonde confirmed him in his purpose. There had been much wrangling between the popish functionaries and those of the Reformed religion concerning the constitution of the burgher guard. The Calvinists could feel no security for their own lives or the repose of the commonwealth of Holland unless they were themselves allowed a full participation in the government of those important bands. They were, moreover, dissatisfied with the assignment which had been made of the churchyards to the members of their communion. These causes of discord had maintained

[1] Bor, xii. 952. Hoofd, xiii. 565.
[2] Bor, xii. 952.

a general irritation among the body of the inhabitants, and were now used as pretexts by Bardes for his design. He knew the city to be ripe for the overthrow of the magistracy, and he had arranged with Governor Sonoy to be furnished with a sufficient number of well-tried soldiers, who were to be concealed in the houses of the confederates. A large number of citizens were also ready to appear at his bidding with arms in their hands.[1]

On the 24th of May he wrote to Sonoy, begging him to hold himself in readiness, as all was prepared within the city. At the same time he requested the governor to send him forthwith "a morion and a buckler of proof," for he intended to see the matter fairly through.[2] Sonoy answered encouragingly, and sent him the armor as directed. On the 28th of May, Bardes, with four confederates, went to the council-room to remonstrate with the senate concerning the grievances which had been so often discussed. At about midday, one of the confederates, upon leaving the council-room, stepped out for a moment upon the balcony, which looked toward the public square. Standing there for a moment, he gravely removed his hat, and then as gravely replaced it upon his head. This was a preconcerted signal. At the next instant a sailor was seen to rush across the square, waving a flag in both hands. "All ye who love the Prince of Orange, take heart and follow me!" he shouted.[3] In a moment the square was alive. Soldiers and armed citizens suddenly

[1] Bor, xii. 953. Hoofd, xiii. 569. Wagenaer, Vad. Hist., vii. 205.

[2] Bor, xii. 953. Hoofd, xiii. 570.

[3] Hoofd, xiii. 571. Wagenaer, vii. 206.

sprang forth, as if from the bowels of the earth. Bardes led a strong force directly into the council-chamber, and arrested every one of the astonished magistrates. At the same time his confederates had scoured the town and taken every friar in the city into custody. Monks and senators were then marched solemnly down toward the quay, where a vessel was in readiness to receive them. "To the gallows with them! To the gallows with them!" shouted the populace, as they passed along. "To the gibbet, whither they have brought many a good fellow before his time!" Such were the openly expressed desires of their fellow-citizens, as these dignitaries and holy men proceeded to what they believed their doom. Although treated respectfully by those who guarded them, they were filled with trepidation, for they believed the execrations of the populace the harbingers of their fate. As they entered the vessel, they felt convinced that a watery death had been substituted for the gibbet. Poor old Heinrich Dirkzoon, ex-burgomaster, pathetically rejected a couple of clean shirts which his careful wife had sent him by the hands of the housemaid. "Take them away; take them home again," said the rueful burgomaster: "I shall never need clean shirts again in this world."[1] He entertained no doubt that it was the intention of his captors to scuttle the vessel as soon as they had put a little out to sea, and so to leave them to their fate. No such tragic end was contemplated, however, and, in fact, never was a complete municipal revolution accomplished in so good-natured and jocose a manner. The Catholic magistrates and friars escaped with their fright. They were simply turned out of town, and forbidden, for their lives, ever

[1] Wagenaer, vii. 207.

to come back again. After the vessel had proceeded a little distance from the city, they were all landed high and dry upon a dike, and so left unharmed within the open country.[1]

A new board of magistrates, of which stout William Bardes was one, was soon appointed; the train-bands were reorganized, and the churches thrown open to the Reformed worship—to the exclusion, at first, of the Catholics. This was certainly contrary to the Ghent treaty and to the recent Satisfaction; it was also highly repugnant to the opinions of Orange. After a short time, accordingly, the Catholics were again allowed access to the churches, but the tables had now been turned forever in the capital of Holland, and the Reformation was an established fact throughout that little province.

Similar events occurring upon the following day at Haarlem, accompanied with some bloodshed,—for which, however, the perpetrator was punished with death,—opened the great church of that city to the Reformed congregations, and closed it for a time to the Catholics.[2]

Thus the cause of the new religion was triumphant in Holland and Zealand, while it was advancing with rapid strides through the other provinces. Public preaching was of daily occurrence everywhere. On a single Sunday fifteen different ministers of the Reformed religion preached in different places in Antwerp.[3] "Do you think this can be put down?" said Orange to the remonstrating burgomaster of that city.

[1] Hoofd, xiii. 571. Bor, xii. 953. Wagenaer, vii. 207.

[2] Bor, xii. 953. Hoofd, xiii. 572. Wagenaer, vii. 209, 210.

[3] Bor, Hoofd, ubi sup.

"'T is for you to repress it," said the functionary; "I grant your Highness full power to do so." "And do you think," replied the prince, "that I can do at this late moment what the Duke of Alva was unable to accomplish in the very plenitude of his power?"[1] At the same time the Prince of Orange was more than ever disposed to rebuke his own Church for practising persecution in her turn. Again he lifted his commanding voice in behalf of the Anabaptists of Middelburg. He reminded the magistrates of that city that these peaceful burghers were always perfectly willing to bear their part in all the common burdens, that their word was as good as their oath, and that as to the matter of military service, although their principles forbade them to bear arms, they had ever been ready to provide and pay for substitutes. "We declare to you therefore," said he, "that you have no right to trouble yourselves with any man's conscience, so long as nothing is done to cause private harm or public scandal. We therefore expressly ordain that you desist from molesting these Baptists, from offering hindrance to their handicraft and daily trade, by which they can earn bread for their wives and children, and that you permit them henceforth to open their shops and to do their work, according to the custom of former days. Beware, therefore, of disobedience and of resistance to the ordinance which we now establish."[2]

Meantime the armies on both sides had been assembled, and had been moving toward each other. Don

[1] Languetii Ep. ad Aug. Sax., Ep. 147, p. 744.

[2] This letter of the prince to the Calvinist authorities at Middelburg is given by Bor, xii. 993, and by Brandt, Hist. der Ref., i. 609, 610.

John was at the head of nearly thirty thousand troops, including a large proportion of Spanish and Italian veterans.[1] The states' army hardly numbered eighteen thousand foot and two thousand cavalry, under the famous François de la Noue, surnamed *Bras de Fer*, who had been recently appointed maréchal-de-camp, and, under Count Bossu, commander-in-chief.[2] The muster-place of the provincial forces was in the plains between Herenthals and Lier. At this point they expected to be reinforced by Duke Casimir, who had been, since the early part of the summer, in the country of Zutphen, but who was still remaining there inglorious and inactive until he could be furnished with the requisite advance-money to his troops.[3]

Don John was determined, if possible, to defeat the states' army before Duke Casimir, with his twelve thousand Germans, should effect his juncture with Bossu. The governor therefore crossed the Demer, near Aerschot, toward the end of July, and offered battle, day after day, to the enemy. A series of indecisive skirmishes was the result, in the last of which, near Rijmenant, on the first day of August, the royalists were worsted and obliged to retire, after a desultory action of nearly eight hours, leaving a thousand dead upon the field.[4] Their offer of "double or quits," the following morning, was steadily refused by Bossu, who,

[1] Bor, xii. 987. Meteren, viii. 140. Strada, Bentivoglio, and others allow only sixteen or seventeen thousand men. Compare Hoofd, xiii. 581.

[2] Hoofd, xiii. 581.

[3] Ibid. Bor, xii. 987. Strada, x. 491.

[4] Bor, xii. 987. Meteren, viii. 140. Hoofd, xiii. 583. The Spaniards, however, only allow twenty killed and fifty wounded (compare Hoofd, ubi sup.). Not the least picturesque feature in

secure within his intrenchments, was not to be induced at that moment to encounter the chances of a general engagement. For this he was severely blamed by the more violent of the national party.[1] His patriotism, which was of such recent origin, was vehemently suspected; and his death, which occurred not long afterward, was supposed to have alone prevented his deserting the states to fight again under Spanish colors. These suspicions were probably unjust. Bossu's truth of character had been as universally recognized as was his signal bravery. If he refused upon this occasion a general battle, those who reflected upon the usual results to the patriot banner of such engagements might confess, perhaps, that one disaster the more had been avoided. Don John, finding it impossible to accomplish his purpose and to achieve another Gembloux victory, fell back again to the neighborhood of Namur.[2]

The states' forces remained waiting for the long-promised succor of John Casimir. It was the 26th of August, however, before the duke led his twelve thousand men to the neighborhood of Mechlin, where Bossu was encamped.[3] This young prince possessed neither the ability nor the generosity which were requisite for the heroic part which he was ambitious to perform

this celebrated action is one reported by Strada. The heat of the day was so oppressive that a band of Scotch veterans under Robert Stuart thought it more comfortable to strip themselves to their shirts, and at last, as the weather and the skirmish grew hotter, to lay aside even those integuments, and to fight all day long in the costume of ancient Picts (Strada, x. 497). The date of the battle in Strada and in Bentivoglio (x. 213) is the 1st of August. The same date is given by Hoofd. Bor says 31st of July.

[1] Bor, xii. 987. Hoofd, xiii. 584.

[2] Ibid. Ibid.

[3] Bor, xii. 997.

in the Netherland drama. He was inspired by a vague idea of personal aggrandizement, although he professed at the same time the utmost deference to William of Orange. He expressed the hope that he and the prince "should be but two heads under one hat";[1] but he would have done well to ask himself whether his own contribution to this partnership of brains would very much enrich the silent statesman. Orange himself regarded him with respectful contempt, and considered his interference with Netherland matters but as an additional element of mischief. The duke's right-hand man, however, Peter Peutterich, the "equestrian doctor," as Sir Philip Sidney called him, equally skilful with the sword as with the pen, had succeeded, while on a mission to England, in acquiring the queen's favor for his master.[2] To Casimir, therefore, had been intrusted the command of the levies, and the principal expenditure of the subsidies which she had placed at the disposition of the states. Upon Casimir she relied as a counterweight to the Duke of Alençon, who, as she knew, had already entered the provinces at the secret solicitation of a large faction among the nobles. She had as much confidence as ever in Orange, but she imagined herself to be strengthening his cause by providing him with such a lieutenant. Casimir's immediate friends had but little respect for his abilities. His father-in-law, Augustus of Saxony, did not approve his expedition. The Landgrave William, to whom he wrote for counsel, answered, in his quaint manner, that it was always difficult for one friend to advise another in three matters—to wit, in taking a wife, going to sea, and

[1] Groen v. Prinst., Archives de la Maison d'Orange, vi. 377.

[2] Ibid., vi. 376, 377, note 1.

going to war; but that, nevertheless, despite the ancient proverb, he would assume the responsibility of warning Casimir not to plunge into what he was pleased to call the "*confusum chaos* of Netherland politics." The duke felt no inclination, however, to take the advice which he had solicited. He had been stung by the sarcasm which Alva had once uttered, that the German potentates carried plenty of lions, dragons, eagles, and griffins on their shields, but that these ferocious animals were not given to biting or scratching. He was therefore disposed, once for all, to show that the teeth and claws of German princes could still be dangerous. Unfortunately, he was destined to add a fresh element of confusion to the chaos, and to furnish rather a proof than a refutation of the correctness of Alva's gibe.[1]

This was the hero who was now thrust, head and shoulders as it were, into the entangled affairs of the Netherlanders, and it was Elizabeth of England, more than ever alarmed at the schemes of Alençon, who had pushed forward this Protestant champion, notwithstanding the disinclination of Orange.

The queen was right in her uneasiness respecting the French prince. The Catholic nobles, relying upon the strong feeling still rife throughout the Walloon country against the Reformed religion, and inflamed more than

[1] Meteren, viii. 140. Hoofd, xiii. 584. Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., vi. 375, note. "Dann, zu weib nehmen, über mehr schiffen, undt zum Kriege, kein freundt dem andern, dem gemeynen Sprichwortt nach, rathen," etc.—Letter of Landgrave William, Archives de la Maison d'Orange, vi. 317. He adds that the Netherlanders were a wild, godless, and irresponsible crew, neither attached to the true religion nor having any real regard for the prince, etc. (ibid.). See also Archives et Correspondance, vi. 300, 427.

ever by their repugnance to Orange, whose genius threw them so completely into the shade, had already drawn closer to the duke. The same influences were at work to introduce Alençon which had formerly been employed to bring Matthias from Vienna. Now that the archduke, who was to have been the rival, had become the dependent of William, they turned their attention to the son of Catherine de' Medici, Orange himself having always kept the duke in reserve, as an instrument to overcome the political coquetry of Elizabeth. That great princess never manifested less greatness than in her earlier and most tormenting connection with the Netherlands. Having allured them for years with bright but changeful face, she still looked coldly down upon the desolate sea where they were drifting. She had promised much; her performance had been nothing. Her jealousy of French influence had at length been turned to account, a subsidy and a levy extorted from her fears. Her ministers and prominent advisers were one and all in favor of an open and generous support to the provinces. Walsingham, Burghley, Knollys, Davison, Sidney, Leicester, Fleetwood, Wilson, all desired that she should frankly espouse their cause. A bold policy they believed to be the only prudent one in this case; yet the queen considered it sagacious to despatch envoys both to Philip and to Don John, as if, after what they knew of her secret practices, such missions could effect any useful purpose. Better, therefore, in the opinion of the honest and intrepid statesmen of England, to throw down the gauntlet at once in the cause of the oppressed than to shuffle and palter until the dreaded rival should cross the frontier. A French Netherlands they considered even more dangerous than

a Spanish, and Elizabeth partook of their sentiments, although incapable of their promptness. With the perverseness which was the chief blot upon her character, she was pleased that the duke should be still a dangler for her hand, even while she was intriguing against his political hopes.[1] She listened with undisguised rapture to his proposals of love, while she was secretly thwarting the plans of his ambition.

Meanwhile Alençon had arrived at Mons, and we have seen already the feminine adroitness with which his sister of Navarre had prepared his entrance. Not in vain had she cajoled the commandant of Cambray citadel; not idly had she led captive the hearts of Lalain and his countess, thus securing the important province of Hainault for the duke. Don John might indeed gnash his teeth with rage as he marked the result of all the feasting and flattery, the piping and dancing, at Namur.

Francis, Duke of Alençon and—since the accession of his brother Henry to the French throne—Duke of Anjou, was, upon the whole, the most despicable personage who had ever entered the Netherlands. His previous career at home had been so flagrantly false that he had forfeited the esteem of every honest man in Europe, Catholic or Lutheran, Huguenot or Malcontent. The world has long known his character. History will always retain him as an example, to show mankind the amount of mischief which may be perpetrated by a prince ferocious without courage, ambitious without talent, and bigoted without opinions. Incapable of religious convictions himself, he had alternately aspired

[1] See, for example, a letter from Sir Amias Paulet to the Earl of Leicester, in Groen v. Prinst., vi. 421–423.

to be a commander of Catholic and of Huguenot zealots, and he had acquired nothing by his vacillating course, save the entire contempt of all parties and of both religions. Scared from the side of Navarre and Condé by the menacing attitude of the League, fearing to forfeit the succession to the throne unless he made his peace with the court, he had recently resumed his place among the Catholic commanders. Nothing was easier for him than to return shamelessly to a party which he had shamelessly deserted, save perhaps to betray it again, should his interest prompt him to do so, on the morrow. Since the peace of 1576 it had been evident that the Protestants could not count upon his friendship, and he had soon afterward been placed at the head of the army which was besieging the Huguenots of Issoire.[1] He sought to atone for having commanded the troops of the new religion by the barbarity with which he now persecuted its votaries. When Issoire fell into his hands, the luckless city was spared none of the misery which can be inflicted by a brutal and frenzied soldiery. Its men were butchered, its females outraged, its property plundered, with a thoroughness which rivaled the Netherland practice of Alva, or Frederick Toledo, or Julien Romero. The town was sacked and burned to ashes by furious Catholics under the command of Francis Alençon almost at the very moment when his fair sister Margaret was preparing the way in the Netherlands for the fresh treason[2] which he already meditated to the Catholic cause. The treaty of Bergerac, signed in the autumn of 1577,[3] again restored a sem-

[1] De Thou, t. vii. liv. lxiii. Mémoires de Marg. de Valois, liv. ii.

[2] But three men were spared, according to De Thou (t. vii. liv. lxiii. 502).

[3] Ibid., t. vii. liv. lxiv. 529.

blance of repose to France, and again afforded an opportunity for Alençon to change his politics and what he called his religion. Reeking with the blood of the Protestants of Issoire, he was now at leisure to renew his dalliance with the Queen of Protestant England, and to resume his correspondence with the great chieftain of the Reformation in the Netherlands.

It is perhaps an impeachment upon the perspicacity of Orange that he could tolerate this mischievous and worthless "son of France," even for the grave reasons which influenced him. Nevertheless, it must be remembered that he only intended to keep him in reserve, for the purpose of irritating the jealousy and quickening the friendship of the English queen. Those who see anything tortuous in such politics must beware of judging the intriguing age of Philip and Catherine de' Medici by the higher standard of later and possibly more candid times. It would have been puerile for a man of William the Silent's resources to allow himself to be outwitted by the intrigues of all the courts and cabinets in Europe. Moreover, it must be remembered that, if he alone could guide himself and his country through the perplexing labyrinth in which they were involved, it was because he held in his hand the clue of an honest purpose. His position in regard to the Duke of Alençon had now become sufficiently complicated, for the tiger that he had led in a chain had been secretly unloosed by those who meant mischief. In the autumn of the previous year the aristocratic and Catholic party in the States-General had opened their communications with a prince by whom they hoped to be indemnified for their previous defeat.

The ill effects of Elizabeth's coquetry too plainly

manifested themselves at last, and Alençon had now a foothold in the Netherlands. Precipitated by the intrigues of the party which had always been either openly or secretly hostile to Orange, his advent could no longer be delayed. It only remained for the prince to make himself his master, as he had already subdued each previous rival. This he accomplished with his customary adroitness. It was soon obvious, even to so dull and so base a nature as that of the duke, that it was his best policy to continue to cultivate so powerful a friendship. It cost him little to crouch, but events were fatally to prove, at a later day, that there are natures too malignant to be trusted or to be tamed. For the present, however, Alençon professed the most friendly sentiments toward the prince. Solicited by so ardent and considerable a faction, the duke was no longer to be withheld from trying the venture,[1] and if he could not effect his entrance by fair means, was determined to do so by force.[2] He would obtrude his assistance if it were declined. He would do his best to dismember the provinces, if only a portion of them would accept his proffered friendship. Under these circumstances, as the prince could no longer exclude him from the country, it became necessary to accept his friendship and to hold him in control. The duke had formally offered his assistance to the States-General directly after the defeat of Gembloux,[3] and early in July had made his appearance in Mons. Hence he despatched his envoys,

[1] See the remarks and citations of Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., vi. pp. 364–370. Compare Apologie d'Orange, p. 107, and Bor, xii. 975.

[2] Rés. MSS. des Es. Gx., in Groen v. Prinst., vi. 370.

[3] Meteren, viii. 140ᵃ. Bor, xii. 950.

Des Pruneaux and Rochefort, to deal with the States-General and with Orange, while he treated Matthias with contempt, and declared that he had no intention to negotiate with him. The archduke burst into tears when informed of this slight, and feebly expressed a wish that succor might be found in Germany which would render this French alliance unnecessary. It was not the first nor the last mortification which the future emperor was to undergo. The prince was addressed with distinguished consideration, Des Pruneaux protesting that he desired but three things—the glory of his master, the glory of God, and the glory of William of Orange.[1]

The French king was naturally supposed to be privy to his brother's schemes, for it was thought ridiculous to suggest that Henry's own troops could be led by his own brother, on this foreign expedition, without his connivance.[2] At the same time, private letters written by him at this epoch expressed disapprobation of the schemes of Alençon, and jealousy of his aggrandizement. It was, perhaps, difficult to decide as to the precise views of a monarch who was too weak to form opinions for himself, and too false to maintain those with which he had been furnished by others. With the Medicean mother it was different, and it was she who was believed to be at the bottom of the intrigue. There was even a vague idea that the Spanish sovereign himself might be privy to the plot, and that a possible marriage between Alençon and the Infanta might be on the

[1] Archives et Correspondance, vi. 404 sqq. Letter of Des Pruneaux, in Archives de la Maison d'Orange, vi. 399.

[2] This was Granvelle's opinion. See letter from Granvelle to Bellefontaine, Archives de la Maison d'Orange, vi. 426.

cards.[1] In truth, however, Philip felt himself outraged by the whole proceedings. He resolutely refused to accept the excuses proffered by the French court, or to doubt the complicity of the queen dowager, who, it was well known, governed all her sons. She had, to be sure, thought proper to read the envoys of the States-General a lecture upon the impropriety of subjects opposing the commands of their lawful prince, but such artifices were thought too transparent to deceive. Granvelle scouted the idea of her being ignorant of Anjou's scheme, or opposed to its success.[2] As for William of Hesse, while he bewailed more than ever the luckless plunge into "confusum chaos" which Casimir had taken, he unhesitatingly expressed his conviction that the invasion of Alençon was a masterpiece of Catherine. The whole responsibility of the transaction he divided, in truth, between the dowager and the comet which just then hung over the world, filling the soul of the excellent landgrave with dismal apprehension.[3]

The Queen of England was highly incensed by the actual occurrence of the invasion which she had so long dreaded. She was loud in her denunciations of the danger and dishonor which would be the result to the provinces of this French alliance. She threatened not only to withdraw herself from their cause, but even to take arms against a commonwealth which had dared to

[1] Remarks and citations of Groen v. Prinst., vi. 368, 424–427. Compare De Thou, vii. 698.

[2] Letter of Granvelle to Bellefontaine.

[3] " . . . Summa, der comett und die grosse *prodigia* so diesz jahr gesehenn wordenn, wollen ihre wirckung haben. Gott gebe dasz sie zu eynem guten ende lauffen."—Archives et Corresp., vi. 140. Compare Strada, ix. 463.

accept Alençon for its master. She had originally agreed to furnish one hundred thousand pounds by way of loan. This assistance had been afterward commuted into a levy of three thousand foot and two thousand horse, to be added to the forces of John Casimir, and to be placed under his command. It had been stipulated, also, that the Palatine should have the rank and pay of an English general-in-chief and be considered as the queen's lieutenant. The money had been furnished and the troops enrolled. So much had been already bestowed, and could not be recalled, but it was not probable that, in her present humor, the queen would be induced to add to her favors.[1]

The prince, obliged by the necessity of the case, had prescribed the terms and the title under which Alençon should be accepted. Upon the 13th of August the duke's envoy concluded a convention in twenty-three articles, which were afterward subscribed by the duke himself, at Mons, upon the 20th of the same month.[2] The substance of this arrangement was that Alençon should lend his assistance to the provinces against the intolerable tyranny of the Spaniards and the unjustifiable military invasion of Don John. He was, moreover, to bring into the field ten thousand foot and two thousand horse for three months. After the expiration of this term, his forces might be reduced to three thousand foot and five hundred horse. The states were to confer upon him the title of "Defender of the Liberty of the Netherlands against the Tyranny of the Spaniards and their Adherents." He was to undertake no hostilities against Queen Elizabeth. The states were to aid him,

[1] Bor, xii. 948, 949, 975, sqq. Compare Meteren, viii. 140.

[2] Bor, xii. 976–978. Meteren, viii. 140, 141.

whenever it should become necessary, with the same amount of force with which he now assisted them. He was to submit himself contentedly to the civil government of the country in everything regarding its internal polity. He was to make no special contracts or treaties with any cities or provinces of the Netherlands. Should the States-General accept another prince as sovereign, the duke was to be preferred to all others, upon conditions afterward to be arranged. All cities which might be conquered within the territory of the united provinces were to belong to the states. Such places not in that territory as should voluntarily surrender were to be apportioned, by equal division, between the duke and the states. The duke was to bring no foreign troops but French into the provinces. The month of August was reserved, during which the states were, if possible, to make a composition with Don John.[1]

These articles were certainly drawn up with skill. A high-sounding but barren title, which gratified the duke's vanity and signified nothing, had been conferred upon him, while at the same time he was forbidden to make conquests or contracts, and was obliged to submit himself to the civil government of the country; in short, he was to obey the Prince of Orange in all things. And so here was another plot of the prince's enemies neutralized. Thus, for the present at least, had the position of Anjou been defined.

As the month of August, during which it was agreed[2] that negotiations with the governor-general should remain open, had already half expired, certain articles,

[1] See especially Articles 4, 5, 10, 14, 15, 16, 21.

[2] Article 21 of the convention. See Bor, xii. 978; Meteren, viii. 141.

drawn up by the States-General, were at once laid before Don John. Lord Cobham and Sir Francis Walsingham were then in the Netherlands, having been sent by Elizabeth for the purpose of effecting a pacification of the estates with the governor, if possible. They had also explained—so far as an explanation was possible—the assistance which the English government had rendered to the rebels, upon the ground that the French invasion could be prevented in no other way.[1] This somewhat lame apology had been passed over in silence rather than accepted by Don John. In the same interview the envoys made an equally unsuccessful effort to induce the acceptance by the governor of the terms offered by the states. A further proposition, on their part, for an "interim,"[2] upon the plan attempted by Charles V. in Germany previously to the peace of Passau, met with no more favor than it merited, for certainly that name —which became so odious in Germany that cats and dogs were called "Interim" by the common people, in derision—was hardly a potent word to conjure with, at that moment, in the Netherlands. They then expressed their intention of retiring to England, much grieved at the result of their mission. The governor replied that they might do as they liked, but that he, at least, had done all in his power to bring about a peace, and that the king had been equally pacific in his intentions. He then asked the envoys what they themselves thought of

[1] "Y disculpando a la Reyna su ama de lo que avia hecho en favor de los Estados, y que avia sido por mejor y porque el frances no metiesse pie en ellos."—Lo que en substancia ha passado con su Alteza, 14 Agosto, 1578, Acta Stat. Belg., iii., MS., Hague Archives.

[2] Ibid.

the terms proposed. "Indeed, they *are too hard*, your Highness,"[1] answered Walsingham, "but 't is only by *pure menace* that we have extorted them from the states, unfavorable though they seem."

"Then you may tell them," replied the governor, "to keep their offers to themselves. Such terms will go but little way in any negotiation with me."

The envoys shrugged their shoulders.

"What is your own opinion on the whole affair?" resumed Don John. "Perhaps your advice may yet help me to a better conclusion."

The envoys continued silent and pensive.

"We can only answer," said Walsingham, at length, "by imitating the physician who would prescribe no medicine until he was quite sure that the patient was ready to swallow it. 'T is no use wasting counsel or drugs."[2]

The reply was not satisfactory, but the envoys had convinced themselves that the sword was the only surgical instrument likely to find favor at that juncture. Don John referred in vague terms to his peaceable inclinations, but protested that there was no treating with so unbridled a people as the Netherlanders. The ambassadors soon afterward took their leave. After this conference, which was on the 24th of August, 1578, Walsingham and Cobham addressed a letter to the States-General, deploring the disingenuous and procrastinating conduct of the governor, and begging that the failure to effect a pacification might

[1] "Que in veritá erano troppo duri." The conversation was carried on partly in Italian, partly in French, partly in Spanish (MS. memorandum, dict. act.).

[2] Ibid.

not be imputed to them.[1] They then returned to England.

The imperial envoy, Count Schwarzburg, at whose urgent solicitation this renewed attempt at a composition had been made, was most desirous that the governor should accept the articles.[2] They formed, indeed, the basis of a liberal, constitutional, representative government, in which the Spanish monarch was to retain only a strictly limited sovereignty.[3] The proposed convention required Don John, with all his troops and adherents, forthwith to leave the land after giving up all strongholds and cities in his possession. It provided that the Archduke Matthias should remain as governor-general, *under the conditions according to which he had been originally accepted.* It left the question of religious worship to the decision of the States-General. It provided for the release of all prisoners, the return of all exiles, the restoration of all confiscated property. It stipulated that upon the death or departure of Matthias his Majesty was not to appoint a governor-general *without the consent of the States-General.*[4]

When Count Schwarzburg waited upon the governor with these astonishing propositions—which Walsingham might well call somewhat hard—he found him less disposed to explode with wrath than he had been in previous conferences. Already the spirit of the impetuous young soldier was broken, both by the ill health which was rapidly undermining his constitution and by the helpless condition in which he had been left while con-

[1] Acta Stat. Belg., iii. f. 71, MS., Hague Archives.

[2] Bor, xii. 979. Hoofd, xiii. 587.

[3] See the thirteen articles in Bor, xii. 979, 980.

[4] Articles 5 and 12 of the proposed convention (ibid., xii. 979).

tending with the great rebellion. He had soldiers, but no money to pay them withal; he had no means of upholding that supremacy of crown and church which he was so vigorously instructed to maintain; and he was heartily wearied of fulminating edicts which he had no power to enforce. He had repeatedly solicited his recall, and was growing daily more impatient that his dismissal did not arrive. Moreover, the horrible news of Escovedo's assassination had sickened him to the soul.[1] The deed had flashed a sudden light into the abyss of dark duplicity in which his own fate was suspended. His most intimate and confidential friend had been murdered by royal command, while he was himself abandoned by Philip, exposed to insult, left destitute of defense. No money was forthcoming, in spite of constant importunities and perpetual promises.[2] Plenty of words were sent him, he complained, as if he possessed the art of extracting gold from them, or as if war could be carried on with words alone.[3]

Being in so desponding a mood, he declined entering into any controversy with regard to the new propositions, which, however, he characterized as most iniquitous. He stated merely that his Majesty had determined to refer the Netherland matters to the arbitration of the emperor; that the Duke de Terranova would soon be empowered to treat upon the subject at the imperial court; and that, in the meantime, he was himself most anxiously awaiting his recall.[4]

[1] That event had occurred, as already stated, upon the 31st of March of this year (1578).

[2] See the letter of Philip in Cabrera, xii. 978.

[3] Strada, x. 502.

[4] Bor, xii. 981. Compare Meteren, viii. 140, 141.

A synod of the Reformed churches had been held, during the month of June, at Dort. There they had laid down a platform of their principles of church government in one hundred and one articles.[1] In the same month the leading members of the Reformed Church had drawn up an ably reasoned address to Matthias and the council of state on the subject of a general peace of religion for the provinces.[2]

William of Orange did his utmost to improve the opportunity. He sketched a system of provisional toleration, which he caused to be signed by the Archduke Matthias, and which, at least for a season, was to establish religious freedom.[3] The brave, tranquil, solitary man still held his track across the raging waves, shedding as much light as one clear human soul could dispense; yet the dim lantern, so far in advance, was swallowed in the mist ere those who sailed in his wake could shape their course by his example. No man understood him. Not even his nearest friends comprehended his views, nor saw that he strove to establish, not freedom for Calvinism, but freedom for conscience. Sainte-Aldegonde complained that the prince would not persecute the Anabaptists,[4] Peter Dathenus denounced him as an atheist, while even Count John, the only one left of his valiant and generous brothers, opposed the religious peace—except where the advantage was on the side of the new religion. Where the Catholics had been effectually put down, as in Holland and Zealand, honest John saw no reason for allowing them to lift themselves

[1] Given in Bor, xii. 981–986.
[2] Ibid., xii. 971.
[3] Ibid., xii. 973.
[4] Hoofd, xiii. 575. Ev. Reid. Ann., ii. 23.

up again.[1] In the popish provinces, on the other hand, he was for a religious peace. In this bigoted spirit he was followed by too many of the Reforming mass, while, on their part, the Walloons were already banding themselves together in the more southern provinces, under the name of Malcontents. Stigmatized by the Calvinists as "Paternoster Jacks,"[2] they were daily drawing closer their alliance with Alençon, and weakening the bonds which united them with their Protestant brethren. Count John had at length become a permanent functionary in the Netherlands. Urgently solicited by the leaders and the great multitude of the Reformers, he had long been unwilling to abandon his home and to neglect the private affairs which his devotion to the Netherland cause had thrown into great confusion. The landgrave, too, whose advice he had asked, had strongly urged him not to "dip his fingers into the olla podrida."[3] The future of the provinces was, in his opinion, so big with disaster that the past, with all its horrors, under Alva and Requesens, had only furnished the *preludio* of that which was to ensue.[4] For these desperate views his main reason, as usual, was the comet, that mischievous luminary still continuing to cast a lurid glare across the landgrave's path.[5] Notwithstanding these direful warnings from a prince of the Reformation, notwithstanding the "olla podrida" and the "comet," Count John had nevertheless accepted the office of governor

[1] Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., vi. 434, 435.

[2] "Pater noster Knechten."—Meteren, viii. 143. Bor, xii. 998. Compare Bentivoglio, x. 216.

[3] Groen v. Prinst., Archives de la Maison d'Orange, vi. 317.

[4] Ibid., vi. 256.

[5] Letters of Landgrave William, ibid., v. 34, ii. 256–269.

of Gelderland, to which he had been elected by the estates of that province on the 11th of March.[1] That important bulwark of Holland, Zealand, and Utrecht on the one side, and of Groningen and Friesland on the other,—the main buttress, in short, of the nascent Republic,—was now in hands which would defend it to the last.

As soon as the discussion came up in the States-General on the subject of the Dort petitions, Orange requested that every member who had formed his opinions should express them fully and frankly. All wished, however, to be guided and governed by the sentiments of the prince. Not a man spoke, save to demand their leader's views, and to express adhesion in advance to the course which his wisdom might suggest.[2] The result was a projected convention, a draft for a religious peace,[3] which, if definitely established, would have healed many wounds and averted much calamity. It was not, however, destined to be accepted at that time by the states of the different provinces where it was brought up for discussion; and several changes were made, both of form and substance, before the system was adopted at all. Meantime, for the important city of Antwerp, where religious broils were again on the point of breaking out, the prince preferred a provisional arrangement, which he forthwith carried into execution. A proclamation, in the name of the Archduke Matthias

[1] Archives et Correspondance, vi. 308.

[2] Langueti Ep. Sec. ad Aug. Sax., Ep. 147, p. 744.

[3] According to Articles 3 and 4, the Catholic or the Reformed religion was to be reëstablished and freely exercised in any town or village where such reëstablishment should be demanded by one hundred families (Meteren, viii. 143ª).

and of the state council, assigned five special places in the city where the members of the "pretended Reformed religion" should have liberty to exercise their religious worship, with preaching, singing, and the sacraments.[1] The churchyards of the parochial churches were to be opened for the burial of their dead, but the funerals were to be unaccompanied with exhortation, or any public demonstration which might excite disturbance. The adherents of one religion were forbidden to disturb, to insult, or in any way to interfere with the solemnities of the other. All were to abstain from mutual jeerings—by pictures, ballads, books, or otherwise—and from all injuries to ecclesiastical property. Every man, of whatever religion, was to be permitted entrance to the churches of either religion, and when there all were to conform to the regulations of the church with modesty and respect. Those of the new religion were to take oaths of obedience to the authorities, and to abstain from meddling with the secular administration of affairs. Preachers of both religions were forbidden to preach out of doors, or to make use of language tending to sedition. All were to bind themselves to assist the magistrates in quelling riots and in sustaining the civil government.[2]

This example of religious peace, together with the active correspondence thus occasioned with the different state assemblies, excited the jealousy of the Catholic

[1] See the document in Bor, xii. 974, 975. Hoofd, xiii. 575.

[2] Bor, xii. 974, 975. The principle of the religious peace was adopted, and churches accordingly allotted to the members of the Reformed Church, in the cities of Antwerp, Brussels, Mechlin, Bergen, Breda, Lier, Bruges, Ypres, and in many cities of Gelderland and Friesland (Meteren, viii. 142).

leaders and of the Walloon population.[1] Champagny, who, despite his admirable qualities and brilliant services, was still unable to place himself on the same platform of toleration with Orange, now undertook a decided movement against the policy of the prince. Catholic to the core, he drew up a petition remonstrating most vigorously against the draft for a religious peace then in circulation through the provinces.[2] To this petition he procured many signatures among the more ardent Catholic nobles. De Héze, De Glimes, and others of the same stamp were willing enough to follow the lead of so distinguished a chieftain. The remonstrance was addressed to the archduke, the Prince of Orange, the state council, and the States-General, and called upon them all to abide by their solemn promises to permit no schism in the ancient Church. Should the exercise of the new religion be allowed, the petitioners insisted that the godless licentiousness of the Netherlands would excite the contempt of all peoples and potentates. They suggested, in conclusion, that all the principal cities of France—and in particular the city of Paris—had kept themselves clear of the exercise of the new religion, and that repose and prosperity had been the result.[3]

This petition was carried with considerable solemnity by Champagny, attended by many of his confederates, to the Hôtel de Ville, and presented to the magistracy of Brussels. These functionaries were requested to deliver it forthwith to the archduke and council. The magistrates demurred. A discussion ensued, which grew warmer and warmer as it proceeded. The

[1] Bor, xii. 975. Hoofd, xiii. 575.

[2] See the petition in Bor, xii. 989, 990. Compare Hoofd, xiii. 578; Meteren, viii. 142.

[3] Petition in Bor, xii. 989, 990.

younger nobles permitted themselves abusive language, which the civic dignitaries would not brook. The session was dissolved, and the magistrates, still followed by the petitioners, came forth into the street. The confederates, more inflamed than ever, continued to vociferate and to threaten. A crowd soon collected in the square. The citizens were naturally curious to know why their senators were thus browbeaten and insulted by a party of insolent young Catholic nobles. The old politician at their head, who, in spite of many services, was not considered a friend to the nation, inspired them with distrust.[1] Being informed of the presentation of the petition, the multitude loudly demanded that the document should be read. This was immediately done. The general drift of the remonstrance was anything but acceptable, but the allusion to Paris, at the close, excited a tempest of indignation. "Paris! Paris! St. Bartholomew! St. Bartholomew! Are we to have Paris weddings in Brussels also?" howled the mob, as is often the case, extracting but a single idea, and that a wrong one, from the public lecture which had just been made. "Are we to have a Paris massacre, a Paris blood-bath, here in the Netherland capital? God forbid! God forbid! Away with the conspirators! Down with the papists!"[2]

It was easily represented to the inflamed imaginations of the populace that a Brussels St. Bartholo-

[1] Bor, xii. 988. Champagny was a Catholic and the brother of Granvelle; he was also one of the most patriotic and honorable, as he was unquestionably one of the bravest, of the Netherland nobles. His character is interesting, and his services were remarkable. It is said that he could not rise to the same tolerance in religious matters which the Prince of Orange had attained.

[2] Ibid. Hoofd, xiii. 578, 579.

mew had been organized, and that Champagny, who stood there before them, was its originator and manager. The ungrateful Netherlanders forgot the heroism with which the old soldier had arranged the defense of Antwerp against the Spanish Fury but two years before. They heard only the instigations of his enemies; they remembered only that he was the hated Granvelle's brother; they believed only that there was a plot by which, in some utterly incomprehensible manner, they were all to be immediately engaged in cutting each other's throats and throwing each other out of the windows, as had been done half a dozen years before in Paris. Such was the mischievous intention ascribed to a petition which Champagny and his friends had as much right to offer—however narrow and mistaken their opinions might now be considered—as had the Synod of Dort to present their remonstrances. Never was a more malignant or more stupid perversion of a simple and not very alarming phrase. No allusion had been made to St. Bartholomew, but all its horrors were supposed to be concealed in the sentence which referred to Paris. The nobles were arrested on the spot and hurried to prison, with the exception of Champagny, who made his escape at first, and lay concealed for several days.[1] He was, however, finally ferreted out of his hiding-place and carried off to Ghent. There he was thrown into strict confinement, being treated in all respects as the accomplice of Aerschot and the other nobles who had been arrested in the time of Ryhove's revolution.[2] Certainly this conduct toward a brave

[1] Bor, xii. 988. Hoofd, xiii. 579. Meteren, viii. 142.

[2] Bor, Hoofd, Meteren, ubi sup. His captivity lasted several years.

and generous gentleman was ill calculated to increase general sympathy for the cause, or to merit the approbation of Orange. There was, however, a strong prejudice against Champagny. His brother Granvelle had never been forgotten by the Netherlanders, and was still regarded as their most untiring foe, while Champagny was supposed to be in close league with the cardinal. In these views the people were entirely wrong.

While these events were taking place in Brussels and Antwerp, the two armies of the states and of Don John were indolently watching each other. The sinews of war had been cut upon both sides. Both parties were cramped by the most abject poverty. The troops under Bossu and Casimir, in the camp near Mechlin, were already discontented, for want of pay. The one hundred thousand pounds of Elizabeth had already been spent, and it was not probable that the offended queen would soon furnish another subsidy. The states could with difficulty extort anything like the assessed quotas from the different provinces. The Duke of Alençon was still at Mons, from which place he had issued a violent proclamation of war against Don John—a manifesto which had, however, not been followed up by very vigorous demonstrations. Don John himself was in his fortified camp at Bouge, within a league of Namur, but the hero was consuming with mental and with bodily fever. He was, as it were, besieged. He was left entirely without funds, while his royal brother obstinately refused compliance with his earnest demands to be recalled, and coldly neglected his importunities for pecuniary assistance.[1]

[1] Bor, xii. 997, 998. Hoofd, xiv. 584, 585. The states had agreed to pay six hundred thousand guldens per month. The ex-

Compelled to carry on a war against an armed rebellion with such gold only as could be extracted from royal words; stung to the heart by the suspicion of which he felt himself the object at home, and by the hatred with which he was regarded in the provinces; outraged in his inmost feelings by the murder of Escovedo; foiled, outwitted, reduced to a political nullity by the masterly tactics of the "odious heretic of heretics" to whom he had originally offered his own patronage and the royal forgiveness, the high-spirited soldier was an object to excite the tenderness even of religious and political opponents. Wearied with the turmoil of camps without battle and of cabinets without counsel, he sighed for repose, even if it could be found only in a cloister or the grave. "I rejoice to see by your letter," he wrote, pathetically, to John Andrew Doria, at Genoa, "that your life is flowing on with such calmness, while the world around me is so tumultuously agitated. I consider you most fortunate that you are passing the remainder of your days for God and yourself; that you are not forced to put yourself perpetually in the scales of the world's events, nor to venture yourself daily on its hazardous games."[1] He proceeded to inform his friend of his own painful situation, surrounded by innumerable enemies, without means of holding out more than three months, and cut off from all assistance by a government which could not see that

penses of the army were estimated at eight hundred thousand guldens per month (Groen v. Prinst., Archives, vi. 397). Proclamation in Bor, xii. 996, 997.

[1] This remarkable and pathetic letter, as well as that addressed to Mendoza, is published in Bor, xii. 1004, 1005, and in Hoofd, xiv. 589, 590.

if the present chance were lost all was lost. He declared it impossible for him to fight in the position to which he was reduced, pressed as he was within half a mile of the point which he had always considered as his last refuge. He stated also that the French were strengthening themselves in Hainault, under Alençon, and that the King of France was in readiness to break in through Burgundy, should his brother obtain a firm foothold in the provinces. "I have besought his Majesty over and over again," he continued, "to send to me his orders; if they come they shall be executed, unless they arrive too late. *They have cut off our hands, and we have now nothing for it but to stretch forth our heads also to the ax.* I grieve to trouble you with my sorrows, but I trust to your sympathy as a man and a friend. I hope that you will remember me in your prayers, for you can put your trust where, in former days, I never could place my own."[1]

The dying crusader wrote another letter, in the same mournful strain, to another intimate friend, Don Pedro Mendoza, Spanish envoy in Genoa. It was dated upon the same day from his camp near Namur, and repeated the statement that the King of France was ready to invade the Netherlands so soon as Alençon should prepare an opening. "His Majesty," continued Don John, "is resolved upon nothing; at least, I am kept in ignorance of his intentions. *Our life is doled out to us here by moments.* I cry aloud, but it profits me little. Matters will soon be disposed, through our negligence, exactly as the devil would best wish them. It is plain that we are left here to pine away till our last breath. God direct us all as he may see fit; in his hands are all things."[2]

[1] Letter to Doria, in Bor, Hoofd, ubi sup.

[2] Letter to Pedro de Mendoza, in Bor, xii. 1005; Hoofd, xiv. 590.

Four days later he wrote to the king, stating that he was confined to his chamber with a fever, by which he was already as much reduced as if he had been ill for a month. "I assure your Majesty," said he, "that the work here is enough to destroy any constitution and any life." He reminded Philip how often he had been warned by him as to the insidious practices of the French. Those prophecies had now become facts. The French had entered the country, while some of the inhabitants were frightened, others disaffected. Don John declared himself in a dilemma. With his small force, hardly enough to make head against the enemy immediately in front, and to protect the places which required guarding, 't was impossible for him to leave his position to attack the enemy in Burgundy. If he remained stationary, the communications were cut off through which his money and supplies reached him. "Thus I remain," said he, "perplexed and confused, desiring, more than life, some decision on your Majesty's part, for which I have implored so many times." He urged the king most vehemently to *send him instructions as to the course to be pursued*,[1] adding that it wounded him to the soul to find them so long delayed. He begged to be informed whether he was to attack the enemy in Burgundy, whether he should await where he then was the succor of his Majesty, or whether he was to fight, and if so, with which of his enemies—in fine, what he was to do; because, losing or winning, he meant to conform to his Majesty's will. He felt deeply pained, he

[1] "La orden de como tengo de gobernar." These words in Don John's letter were underlined by Philip, who made, upon reading them, the following most characteristic annotation: "The marked request I will not grant. I will not tell" ("lo rayado no yo le diré").

said, at being disgraced and abandoned by the king, having served him, both as a brother and a man, with love and faith and heartiness. "Our lives," said he, "are at stake upon this game, and all we wish is to lose them honorably."[1] He begged the king to send a special envoy to France with remonstrances on the subject of Alençon, and another to the pope to ask for the duke's excommunication. He protested that he would give his blood rather than occasion so much annoyance to the king, but that he felt it his duty to tell the naked truth. The pest was ravaging his little army. Twelve hundred were now in hospital, besides those nursed in private houses, and he had no means or money to remedy the evil. Moreover, the enemy, seeing that they were not opposed in the open field, had cut off the passage into Liège by the Meuse, and had advanced to Nivelles and Chimay, for the sake of communications with France, by the same river.[2]

Ten days after these pathetic passages had been written, the writer was dead. Since the assassination of Escovedo, a consuming melancholy had settled upon his spirits, and a burning fever came, in the month of September, to destroy his physical strength. The house where he lay was a hovel, the only chamber of which had been long used as a pigeon-house. This wretched garret was cleansed as well as it could be of its filth, and hung with tapestry emblazoned with armorial bearings. In that dove-cote the hero of Lepanto was destined to expire. During the last few days of his illness he was delirious. Tossing upon his uneasy couch, he again

[1] "Nos van las vidas en esto juego," etc.

[2] Carta (descifrada) del S$^{or}$ D. Juan a Su Mag$^{d}$, September 20, 1578, MS., Royal Library, The Hague, f. 41–44$^{vo}$.

arranged in imagination the combinations of great battles, again shouted his orders to rushing squadrons, and listened with brightening eye to the trumpet of victory. Reason returned, however, before the hour of death, and permitted him the opportunity to make the dispositions rendered necessary by his condition. He appointed his nephew, Alexander of Parma, who had been watching assiduously over his death-bed, to succeed him, provisionally, in the command of the army and in his other dignities, received the last sacraments with composure, and tranquilly breathed his last upon the first day of October, the month which, since the battle of Lepanto, he had always considered a festive and a fortunate one.[1]

It was inevitable that suspicions of poison should be at once excited by his decease. Those suspicions have been never set at rest, and never proved. Two Englishmen, Ratcliff and Gray by name, had been arrested and executed on a charge of having been employed by Secretary Walsingham to assassinate the governor.[2] The charge was doubtless an infamous falsehood; but had Philip, who was suspected of being the real criminal, really compassed the death of his brother, it was none the less probable that an innocent victim or two would be executed to save appearances. Now that time has unveiled to us many mysteries, now that we have learned from Philip's own lips and those of his accomplices the exact manner in which Montigny and Escovedo were put to death, the world will hardly be very charitable with regard to other imputations. It

[1] Van der Hammen y Leon, vi. 324. Bor, xii. 1005. Cabrera, xii. 1008, 1009. Strada, x. 503, 505, 506. Hoofd, 591.

[2] De Thou, vii. 699. Compare Cabrera, xii. 1006.

was vehemently suspected that Don John had been murdered by the command of Philip, but no such fact was ever proved.

The body, when opened that it might be embalmed, was supposed to offer evidence of poison. The heart was dry, the other internal organs were likewise so desiccated as to crumble when touched, and the general color of the interior was of a blackish brown, as if it had been singed. Various persons were mentioned as the probable criminals, various motives assigned for the commission of the deed. Nevertheless, it must be admitted that there were causes, which were undisputed, for his death, sufficient to render a search for the more mysterious ones comparatively superfluous. A disorder called the pest was raging in his camp, and had carried off a thousand of his soldiers within a few days, while his mental sufferings had been acute enough to turn his heart to ashes. Disappointed, tormented by friend and foe, suspected, insulted, broken-spirited, it was not strange that he should prove an easy victim to a pestilent disorder before which many stronger men were daily falling.[1]

[1] "Namque in defuncti corpore extitisse non obscura veneni vestigia affirmant, qui viderunt."—Strada, x. 512. The Jesuit does not express any opinion as to the truth of the report. Compare Cabrera, xii. 1009; Van der Vynckt, ii. 253, 254. ". . . hallaron la parte del coraçon seca i todo lo interior i lo esterior denegrido i come tostado, que se deshazia con el toque; i lo demas de color palido de natural difunto."—Cabrera, xii. 1009. The Seigneur de Brantôme, after expressing his regrets that such a brave son of Mars should have died in his bed (". . . comme si c'eust esté quelque mignon de Venus"), suggests that he was poisoned by *means of perfumed boots* (certainly an original method, and one which was not likely to make his "interior" look as if "toasted"): ". . . car on tient tout qu'il mourut empoissonné par

On the third day after his decease the funeral rites were celebrated. A dispute between the Spaniards, Germans, and Netherlanders in the army arose, each claiming precedence in the ceremony, on account of superior national propinquity to the illustrious deceased. All were, in truth, equally near to him, for different reasons, and it was arranged that all should share equally in the obsequies. The corpse, disemboweled and embalmed, was laid upon a couch of state. The hero was clad in complete armor; his sword, helmet, and steel gauntlets lying at his feet, a coronet, blazing with precious stones, upon his head, the jeweled chain and insignia of the Golden Fleece about his neck, and perfumed gloves upon his hands. Thus royally and martially arrayed, he was placed upon his bier and borne forth from the house where he had died by the gentlemen of his bedchamber. From them he was received by the colonels of the regiments stationed next his own quarters. These chiefs, followed by their troops with inverted arms and muffled drums, escorted the body to the next station, where it was received by the commanding officers of other national regiments, to be again transmitted to those of the third. Thus by soldiers of the three nations it was successively conducted to the gates of Namur, where it was received by the civic authorities. The pall-bearers, old Peter Ernest Mansfeld, Ottavio Gonzaga, the Marquis de Villafranca,

des bottines parfumées."—Hommes Illust. et Gr. Cap., ii. 140. The poisoning was attributed to various persons—to Philip, to the Prince of Orange, and to the Abbot of St. Gertrude, who is said to have effected the deed through one Guerin, a well-known poisoner of Marseilles (Van Wyn Aanm. op Wagenaer, vii. 65. See also Hoofd, xiv. 591; Bor, xii. 1004).

and the Count de Roeulx, then bore it to the church, where it was deposited until the royal orders should be received from Spain. The heart of the hero was permanently buried beneath the pavement of the little church, and a monumental inscription, prepared by Alexander Farnese, still indicates the spot where that lion-heart returned to dust.[1]

It had been Don John's dying request to Philip that his remains might be buried in the Escorial by the side of his imperial father, and the prayer being granted, the royal order in due time arrived for the transportation of the corpse to Spain. Permission had been asked and given for the passage of a small number of Spanish troops through France. The thrifty king had, however, made no allusion to the fact that those soldiers were to bear with them the mortal remains of Lepanto's hero, for he was disposed to save the expense which a public transportation of the body and the exchange of pompous courtesies with the authorities of every town upon the long journey would occasion. The corpse was accordingly divided into three parts, and packed in three separate bags; and thus the different portions, *to save weight*, being suspended at the saddle-bows of different troopers, the body of the conqueror was conveyed to its distant resting-place.[2]

> Expende Hannibalem: quot libras in duce summo
> Invenies? . . .

[1] Strada, x. 515. Hoofd, xiv. 591. Relacion de la enfermedad y muerte del S. D. Juan, Documentos Ineditos, vii. 443–448. Compare Tassis, iv. 326; Hoofd, xiv. 591; Haraeus, Ann., iii. 285. The inscription on the tablet may yet be read at Namur, although a new church has replaced the one in which the heart was originally deposited.

[2] Strada, x. 516, 519. Relacion de la enfermedad y muerte, pp. 443–448. Hoofd, xiv. 592.

Thus irreverently, almost blasphemously, the disjointed relics of the great warrior were hurried through France —France, which the romantic Saracen slave had traversed but two short years before, filled with high hopes, and pursuing extravagant visions. It has been recorded by classic historians[1] that the different fragments, after their arrival in Spain, were reunited, and fastened together with wire; that the body was then stuffed, attired in magnificent habiliments, placed upon its feet, and supported by a martial staff, and that, thus prepared for a royal interview, the mortal remains of Don John were presented to his Most Catholic Majesty. Philip is said to have manifested emotion at sight of the hideous specter—for hideous and spectral, despite of jewels, balsams, and brocades, must have been that unburied corpse, aping life in attitude and vestment, but standing there only to assert its privilege of descending into the tomb. The claim was granted, and Don John of Austria at last found repose by the side of his imperial father.[2]

A sufficient estimate of his character has been appa-

[1] ". . . ubi ossibus iterum commissis, æreique nexu fili colligatis, totam facile articulavere compagem corporis."—Strada, x. 519. ". . . Quod tomento expletum, ac superindutis armis, pretiosis vestibus exornatum ita Regis obtulere oculis quasi pedibus innitens, Imperatorii videlicet baculi adjumento, *plane vivere ac spirare videretur*."—Ibid. The story must be received, however, with extreme caution, as being perhaps only one of the imaginative embroideries of that genial Jesuit, Strada. There is no mention of the circumstance in the Relacion de la enfermedad, etc., but, on the contrary, the body of the hero is there represented as having been wrapped decently in a shroud of "delicate hollands," and placed in a coffin covered within and without with black velvet (Documentos Ineditos, vii. 443–448).

[2] Strada, x. 519.

rent in the course of the narrative. Dying before he had quite completed his thirty-third year,[1] he excites pity and admiration almost as much as censure. His military career was a blaze of glory. Commanding in the Moorish wars at twenty-three, and in the Turkish campaigns at twenty-six, he had achieved a matchless renown before he had emerged from early youth; but his sun was destined to go down at noon. He found neither splendor nor power in the Netherlands, where he was deserted by his king and crushed by the superior genius of the Prince of Orange. Although he vindicated his martial skill at Gembloux, the victory was fruitless. It was but the solitary spring of the tiger from his jungle, and after that striking conflict his life was ended in darkness and obscurity. Possessing military genius of a high order, with extraordinary personal bravery, he was the last of the paladins and the crusaders. His accomplishments were also considerable, and he spoke Italian, German, French, and Spanish with fluency. His beauty was remarkable, his personal fascinations acknowledged by either sex; but as a commander of men, excepting upon the battle-field, he possessed little genius. His ambition was the ambition of a knight errant, an adventurer, a Norman pirate; it was a personal and tawdry ambition. Vague and contradictory dreams of crowns, of royal marriages, of extemporized dynasties, floated ever before him; but he was himself always the hero of his own romance. He sought a throne in Africa or in Britain; he dreamed of espousing Mary of Scotland at the expense of Elizabeth, and was even thought to aspire secretly to the hand of the

[1] Tassis, iv. 326. Cabrera, xii. 1009. Strada, x. 503. Bentivoglio, x. 218.

great English queen herself.[1] Thus, crusader and bigot as he was, he was willing to be reconciled with heresy, if heresy could furnish him with a throne.

It is superfluous to state that he was no match, by mental endowments, for William of Orange; but even had he been so, the moral standard by which each measured himself placed the conqueror far below the father of a people. It must be admitted that Don John is entitled to but small credit for his political achievements in the Netherlands. He was incapable of perceiving that the great contest between the Reformation and the Inquisition could never be amicably arranged in those provinces, and that the character of William of Orange was neither to be softened by royal smiles nor perverted by appeals to sordid interests. It would have been perhaps impossible for him, with his education and temperament, to have embraced what seems to us the right cause, but it ought, at least, to have been in his power to read the character of his antagonist, and to estimate his own position with something like accuracy. He may be forgiven that he did not succeed in reconciling hostile parties, when his only plan to accomplish such a purpose was the extermination of the most considerable faction; but although it was not to be expected that he would look on the provinces with the eyes of William the Silent, he might have compre-

[1] This project, among other visions, may have occupied the dreamy mind of Don John himself, but it seems astonishing that grave historians should record their opinion that such a scheme had ever been sanctioned by Elizabeth. Yet Cabrera, Bentivoglio, Strada, and even the more modern Van der Vynckt allude to the report. Vide Cabrera, xii. 971; Bentivoglio, x. 518; Strada, x. 503; Van der Vynckt, ii. 254. Compare Groen v. Prinsterer, vi. 453.

hended that the Netherland chieftain was neither to be purchased nor cajoled. The only system by which the two religions could live together in peace had been discovered by the prince; but toleration, in the eyes of Catholics and of many Protestants, was still thought the deadliest heresy of all.

# PART VI

## ALEXANDER OF PARMA

1578–1584

# CHAPTER I

Birth, education, marriage, and youthful character of Alexander Farnese—His private adventures—Exploits at Lepanto and at Gembloux—He succeeds to the government—Personal appearance and characteristics—Aspect of affairs—Internal dissensions—Anjou at Mons—John Casimir's intrigues at Ghent—Anjou disbands his soldiers—The Netherlands ravaged by various foreign troops—Anarchy and confusion in Ghent—Imbize and Ryhove—Fate of Hessels and Visch—New Pacification drawn up by Orange—Representations of Queen Elizabeth—Remonstrance of Brussels—Riots and image-breaking in Ghent—Displeasure of Orange—His presence implored at Ghent, where he establishes a religious peace—Painful situation of John Casimir—Sharp rebukes of Elizabeth—He takes his departure—His troops apply to Farnese, who allows them to leave the country—Anjou's departure and manifesto—Elizabeth's letters to the States-General with regard to him—Complimentary addresses by the estates to the duke—Death of Bossu—Calumnies against Orange—Venality of the Malcontent grandees—La Motte's treason—Intrigues of the prior of Renty—Sainte-Aldegonde at Arras—The prior of St. Vaast's exertions—Opposition of the clergy in the Walloon provinces to the taxation of the general government—Triangular contest—Municipal revolution in Arras led by Gosson and others—Counter-revolution—Rapid trials and executions—"Reconciliation" of the Malcontent chieftains—Secret treaty of Mount St. Eloi—Mischief made by the prior of Renty—His accusations against the reconciled lords—Vengeance taken upon him—Counter-movement by the liberal party—Union of Utrecht—The act analyzed and characterized.

A FIFTH governor now stood in the place which had been successively vacated by Margaret of Parma, by Alva, by the Grand Commander, and by Don John of

Austria. Of all the eminent personages to whom Philip had confided the reins of that most difficult and dangerous administration, the man who was now to rule was by far the ablest and the best fitted for his post. If there were living charioteer skilful enough to guide the wheels of state, whirling now more dizzily than ever through "confusum chaos," Alexander Farnese was the charioteer to guide, his hand the only one which could control.

He was now in his thirty-third year, his uncle Don John, his cousin Don Carlos, and himself having all been born within a few months of each other. His father was Ottavio Farnese, the faithful lieutenant of Charles V., and grandson of Pope Paul III.; his mother was Margaret of Parma, first regent of the Netherlands after the departure of Philip from the provinces. He was one of the twins by which the reunion of Margaret and her youthful husband had been blessed, and the only one that survived. His great-grandfather Paul, whose secular name of Alexander he had received, had placed his hand upon the new-born infant's head, and prophesied that he would grow up to become a mighty warrior.[1] The boy, from his earliest years, seemed destined to verify the prediction. Though apt enough at his studies, he turned with impatience from his literary tutors to military exercises and the hardiest sports. The din of arms surrounded his cradle. The trophies of Ottavio, returning victorious from beyond the Alps, had dazzled the eyes of his infancy, and when but six years of age he had witnessed the siege of his native Parma, and its vigorous defense by his martial father. When Philip was in the Netherlands—in the years immediately

[1] Strada, ix. 451, x. 508.

succeeding the abdication of the emperor—he had received the boy from his parents as a hostage for their friendship. Although but eleven years of age, Alexander had begged earnestly to be allowed to serve as a volunteer on the memorable day of St.-Quentin, and had wept bitterly when the amazed monarch refused his request.[1] His education had been completed at Alcalá and at Madrid, under the immediate supervision of his royal uncle, and in the companionship of the Infante Carlos and the brilliant Don John. The imperial bastard was alone able to surpass, or even to equal, the Italian prince in all martial and manly pursuits. Both were equally devoted to the chase and to the tourney; both longed impatiently for the period when the irksome routine of monkish pedantry, and the fictitious combats which formed their main recreation, should be exchanged for the substantial delights of war. At the age of twenty he had been affianced to Maria of Portugal, daughter of Prince Edward, granddaughter of King Emanuel, and his nuptials with that peerless princess were, as we have seen, celebrated soon afterward with much pomp in Brussels. Sons and daughters were born to him in due time, during his subsequent residence in Parma. Here, however, the fiery and impatient spirit of the future illustrious commander was doomed for a time to fret under restraint and to corrode in distasteful repose. His father, still in the vigor of his years, governing the family duchies of Parma and Piacenza, Alexander had no occupation in the brief period of peace which then existed. The martial spirit, pining for a wide and lofty sphere of action, in which alone its energies could be fitly exercised, now sought delight in

[1] Strada, ix. 458.

the pursuits of the duelist and gladiator. Nightly did the hereditary prince of the land perambulate the streets of his capital, disguised, well armed, alone, or with a single confidential attendant.[1] Every chance passenger of martial aspect whom he encountered in the midnight streets was forced to stand and measure swords with an unknown, almost unseen, but most redoubtable foe, and many were the single combats which he thus enjoyed, so long as his incognito was preserved. Especially, it was his wont to seek and defy every gentleman whose skill or bravery had ever been commended in his hearing. At last, upon one occasion it was his fortune to encounter a certain Count Torelli, whose reputation as a swordsman and duelist was well established in Parma. The blades were joined, and the fierce combat had already been engaged in the darkness, when the torch of an accidental passenger flashed full in the face of Alexander. Torelli, recognizing thus suddenly his antagonist, dropped his sword and implored forgiveness;[2] for the wily Italian was too keen not to perceive that even if the death of neither combatant should be the result of the fray, his own position was, in every event, a false one. Victory would insure him the hatred, defeat the contempt, of his future sovereign. The unsatisfactory issue and subsequent notoriety of this encounter put a termination to these midnight joys of Alexander, and for a season he felt obliged to assume more pacific habits, and to solace himself with the society of that "phenix of Portugal" who had so long sat brooding on his domestic hearth.

At last the Holy League was formed, the new and last crusade proclaimed, his uncle and bosom friend ap-

[1] Strada, ix. 454, 455. [2] Ibid., ix. 455.

pointed to the command of the united troops of Rome, Spain, and Venice. He could no longer be restrained. Disdaining the pleadings of his mother and of his spouse, he extorted permission from Philip, and flew to the seat of war in the Levant. Don John received him with open arms, just before the famous action of Lepanto, and gave him an excellent position in the very front of the battle, with the command of several Genoese galleys. Alexander's exploits on that eventful day seemed those of a fabulous hero of romance. He laid his galley alongside of the treasure-ship of the Turkish fleet, a vessel, on account of its importance, doubly manned and armed. Impatient that the crescent was not lowered after a few broadsides, he sprang on board the enemy alone, waving an immense two-handed sword —his usual weapon—and mowing a passage right and left through the hostile ranks for the warriors who tardily followed the footsteps of their vehement chief. Mustapha Bey, the treasurer and commander of the ship, fell before his sword, besides many others, whom he hardly saw or counted. The galley was soon his own, as well as another, which came to the rescue of the treasure-ship only to share its defeat. The booty which Alexander's crew secured was prodigious, individual soldiers obtaining two and three thousand ducats each.[1] Don John received his nephew after the battle with commendations, not, however, unmingled with censure. The successful result alone had justified such insane and desperate conduct, for had he been slain or overcome, said the commander-in-chief, there would have been few to applaud his temerity. Alexander gaily replied by assuring his uncle that he had felt sustained by

[1] Strada, ix. 456, 457.

a more than mortal confidence, the prayers which his saintly wife was incessantly offering in his behalf since he went to the wars being a sufficient support and shield in even greater danger than he had yet confronted.[1]

This was Alexander's first campaign, nor was he permitted to reap any more glory for a few succeeding years. At last Philip was disposed to send both his mother and himself to the Netherlands, removing Don John from the rack where he had been enduring such slow torture. Granvelle's intercession proved fruitless with the duchess, but Alexander was all eagerness to go where blows were passing current, and he gladly led the reinforcements which were sent to Don John at the close of the year 1577. He had reached Luxemburg on the 18th of December of that year, in time, as we have seen, to participate, and, in fact, to take the lead, in the signal victory of Gembloux. He had been struck with the fatal change which disappointment and anxiety had wrought upon the beautiful and haughty features of his illustrious kinsman.[2] He had since closed his eyes in the camp, and erected a marble tablet over his heart in the little church. He now governed in his stead.

His personal appearance corresponded with his character. He had the head of a gladiator, round, compact, combative, with something alert and snake-like in its movements. The black, closely shorn hair was erect and bristling. The forehead was lofty and narrow. The features were handsome, the nose regularly aquiline, the eyes well opened, dark, piercing, but with something dangerous and sinister in their expression.[3] There was

[1] Strada, ix. 458. [2] Ibid., ix. 460.

[2] "Een fel gesicht," says Bor, 3, xxix. 661, and the portraits confirm the statement.

an habitual look askance, as of a man seeking to parry or inflict a mortal blow—the look of a swordsman and professional fighter. The lower part of the face was swallowed in a bushy beard, the mouth and chin being quite invisible. He was of middle stature, well formed and graceful in person, princely in demeanor, sumptuous and stately in apparel.[1] His high ruff of point-lace, his badge of the Golden Fleece, his gold-inlaid Milan armor, marked him at once as one of high degree. On the field of battle he possessed the rare gift of inspiring his soldiers with his own impetuous and chivalrous courage. He ever led the way upon the most dangerous and desperate ventures, and, like his uncle and his imperial grandfather, well knew how to reward the devotion of his readiest followers with a poniard, a feather, a riband, a jewel, taken with his own hands from his own attire.[2]

His military abilities—now for the first time to be largely called into employment—were unquestionably superior to those of Don John, whose name had been surrounded with such splendor by the world-renowned battle of Lepanto. Moreover, he possessed far greater power for governing men, whether in camp or cabinet. Less attractive and fascinating, he was more commanding than his kinsman. Decorous and self-poised, he was only passionate before the enemy, but he rarely permitted a disrespectful look or word to escape condign and deliberate chastisement. He was no schemer or dreamer. He was no knight errant. He would not have crossed seas and mountains to rescue a captive queen, nor have sought to place her crown on his own head as a reward for his heroism. He had a single and

1 "Kostelijck en overdadig in kleederen."—Bor, loc. cit.

2 Strada, 2, iii. 150.

concentrated kind of character. He knew precisely the work which Philip required, and felt himself to be precisely the workman that had so long been wanted. Cool, incisive, fearless, artful, he united the unscrupulous audacity of a condottiere with the wily patience of a Jesuit. He could coil unperceived through unsuspected paths, could strike suddenly, sting mortally. He came prepared not only to smite the Netherlanders in the open field, but to cope with them in tortuous policy, to outwatch and outweary them in the game to which his impatient predecessor had fallen a baffled victim. He possessed the art and the patience—as time was to prove—not only to undermine their most impregnable cities, but to delve below the intrigues of their most accomplished politicians. To circumvent at once both their negotiators and their men-at-arms was his appointed task. Had it not been for the courage, the vigilance, and the superior intellect of a single antagonist, the whole of the Netherlands would have shared the fate which was reserved for the more southern portion. Had the life of William of Orange been prolonged, perhaps the evil genius of the Netherlands might have still been exorcised throughout the whole extent of the country.

As for religion, Alexander Farnese was, of course, strictly Catholic, regarding all seceders from Romanism as mere heathen dogs. Not that he practically troubled himself much with sacred matters, for during the lifetime of his wife he had cavalierly thrown the whole burden of his personal salvation upon her saintly shoulders. She had now flown to higher spheres, but Alexander was, perhaps, willing to rely upon her continued intercessions in his behalf. The life of a bravo

in time of peace, the deliberate project in war to exterminate whole cities full of innocent people who had different notions on the subject of image-worship and ecclesiastical ceremonies from those entertained at Rome, did not seem to him at all incompatible with the precepts of Jesus. Hanging, drowning, burning, and butchering heretics were the legitimate deductions of his theology. He was no casuist nor pretender to holiness; but in those days every man was devout, and Alexander looked with honest horror upon the impiety of the heretics whom he persecuted and massacred. He attended mass regularly,—in the winter mornings by torch-light,—and would as soon have foregone his daily tennis as his religious exercises. Romanism was the creed of his caste. It was the religion of princes and gentlemen of high degree. As for Lutheranism, Zwinglism, Calvinism, and similar systems, they were but the fantastic rites of weavers, brewers, and the like—an ignoble herd whose presumption in entitling themselves Christian, while rejecting the pope, called for their instant extermination. His personal habits were extremely temperate. He was accustomed to say that he ate only to support life; and he rarely finished a dinner without having risen three or four times from table to attend to some public business which, in his opinion, ought not to be deferred.[1]

His previous connections in the Netherlands were of use to him, and he knew how to turn them to immediate account. The great nobles, who had been uniformly actuated by jealousy of the Prince of Orange, who had been baffled in their intrigue with Matthias, whose half-blown designs upon Anjou had already been nipped in

[1] Bor, xxix. 661b, d. iii.

the bud, were now peculiarly in a position to listen to the wily tongue of Alexander Farnese. The Montignys, the La Mottes, the Meluns, the Egmonts, the Aerschots, the Havrés, foiled and doubly foiled in all their small intrigues and their base ambition, were ready to sacrifice their country to the man they hated, and to the ancient religion which they thought that they loved. The Malcontents ravaging the land of Hainault and threatening Ghent, the "Paternoster Jacks" who were only waiting for a favorable opportunity and a good bargain to make their peace with Spain, were the very instruments which Parma most desired to use at this opening stage of his career. The position of affairs was far more favorable for him than it had been for Don John when he first succeeded to power. On the whole, there seemed a bright prospect of success. It seemed quite possible that it would be in Parma's power to reduce, at last, this chronic rebellion, and to reëstablish the absolute supremacy of church and king. The pledges of the Ghent treaty had been broken, while, in the unions of Brussels which had succeeded, the fatal religious clause had turned the instrument of peace into a sword. The "religion-peace" which had been proclaimed at Antwerp had hardly found favor anywhere. As the provinces, for an instant, had seemingly got the better of their foe, they turned madly upon each other, and the fires of religious discord, which had been extinguished by the common exertions of a whole race trembling for the destruction of their fatherland, were now relighted with a thousand brands plucked from the sacred domestic hearth. Fathers and children, brothers and sisters, husbands and wives, were beginning to wrangle and were prepared to persecute. Catholic and Protes-

tant, during the momentary relief from pressure, forgot their voluntary and most blessed Pacification, to renew their internecine feuds. The banished reformers, who had swarmed back in droves at the tidings of peace and good will to all men, found themselves bitterly disappointed. They were exposed in the Walloon provinces to the persecutions of the Malcontents, in the Frisian regions to the still powerful coercion of the royal stadholders.

Persecution begat counter-persecution. The city of Ghent became the center of a system of insurrection by which all the laws of God and man were outraged under the pretense of establishing a larger liberty in civil and religious matters. It was at Ghent that the opening scenes in Parma's administration took place. Of the high-born suitors for the Netherland bride, two were still watching each other with jealous eyes. Anjou was at Mons, which city he had secretly but unsuccessfully attempted to master for his own purposes. John Casimir was at Ghent,[1] fomenting an insurrection which he had neither skill to guide nor intelligence to comprehend. There was a talk of making him Count of Flanders,[2] and his paltry ambition was dazzled by the glittering prize. Anjou, who meant to be Count of Flanders himself, as well as duke or count of all the other Netherlands, was highly indignant at this report, which he chose to consider true. He wrote to the estates to express his indignation. He wrote to Ghent to offer his mediation between the burghers and the Malcontents. Casimir wanted money for his troops. He obtained a liberal supply, but he wanted more. Meantime the mercenaries were expatiating on their own account

[1] Bor, 3, xiii. 3. [2] Ibid.

throughout the southern provinces; eating up every green leaf, robbing and pillaging, where robbery and pillage had gone so often that hardly anything was left for rapine.[1] Thus dealt the soldiers in the open country, while their master at Ghent was plunging into the complicated intrigues spread over that unfortunate city by the most mischievous demagogues that ever polluted a sacred cause. Well had Cardinal Granvelle, his enemy, William of Hesse, his friend and kinsman, understood the character of John Casimir. Robbery and pillage were his achievements, to make chaos more confounded was his destiny. Anjou—disgusted with the temporary favor accorded to a rival whom he affected to despise—disbanded his troops in dudgeon, and prepared to retire to France.[2] Several thousand of these mercenaries took service immediately with the Malcontents[3] under Montigny, thus swelling the ranks of the deadliest foes to that land over which Anjou had assumed the title of protector. The states' army, meanwhile, had been rapidly dissolving. There were hardly men enough left to make a demonstration in the field, or properly to garrison the more important towns. The unhappy provinces, torn by civil and religious dissensions, were overrun by hordes of unpaid soldiers of all nations, creeds, and tongues—Spaniards, Italians, Burgundians, Walloons, Germans, Scotch, and English; some who came to attack and others to protect, but who all achieved nothing and agreed in nothing save to maltreat and to outrage the defenseless peasantry and denizens of the smaller towns. The contemporary chronicles are full of harrowing domestic tragedies, in

[1] Bor, 3, xiii. 3.
[2] Ibid., 3, xiii. 12.
[3] Ibid. Meteren, viii. 114d.

CONSTANTER
FERO
Marguerite de Valois Fille de Henri II. Soeur de
Henri III. & Femme de Henri IV. Rois de France.
Née 14. May 1552. et morte
le 27 Mars 1615.

*Margaret of Valois.*

which the actors are always the insolent foreign soldiery and their desperate victims.[1]

Ghent—energetic, opulent, powerful, passionate, unruly Ghent—was now the focus of discord, the center from whence radiated not the light and warmth of reasonable and intelligent liberty, but the bale-fires of murderous license and savage anarchy. The second city of the Netherlands, one of the wealthiest and most powerful cities of Christendom, it had been its fate so often to overstep the bounds of reason and moderation in its devotion to freedom, so often to incur ignominious chastisement from power which its own excesses had made more powerful, that its name was already becoming a byword. It now, most fatally and forever, was to misunderstand its true position. The Prince of Orange, the great architect of his country's fortunes, would have made it the keystone of the arch which he was laboring to construct. Had he been allowed to perfect his plan, the structure might have endured for ages, a perpetual bulwark against tyranny and wrong. The temporary and slender frame by which the great artist had supported his arch while still unfinished was plucked away by rude and ribald hands; the keystone plunged into the abyss, to be lost forever, and the great work of Orange remained a fragment from its commencement. The acts of demagogues, the conservative disgust at license, the jealousy of rival nobles, the venality of military leaders, threw daily fresh stumbling-blocks in his heroic path. It was not six months after the advent of Farnese to power before that bold and subtle chieftain had seized the double-edged sword of religious dissension as firmly as he had grasped his

[1] Bor, b. xiii. Hoofd, b. xiv. Meteren, b. viii. passim.

celebrated brand when he boarded the galley of Mustapha Bey, and the Netherlands were cut in twain, to be reunited nevermore. The separate treaty of the Walloon provinces was soon destined to separate the Celtic and Romanesque elements from the Batavian and Frisian portion of a nationality which, thoroughly fused in all its parts, would have formed as admirable a compound of fire and endurance as history has ever seen.

Meantime the grass was growing and the cattle were grazing in the streets of Ghent,[1] where once the tramp of workmen going to and from their labor was like the movement of a mighty army.[2] The great majority of the burghers were of the Reformed religion, and disposed to make effectual resistance to the Malcontents, led by the disaffected nobles. The city, considering itself the natural head of all the southern country, was indignant that the Walloon provinces should dare to reassert that supremacy of Romanism which had been so effectually suppressed, and to admit the possibility of friendly relations with a sovereign who had been virtually disowned. There were two parties, however, in Ghent. Both were led by men of abandoned and dangerous character.[3] Imbize, the worse of the two demagogues, was inconstant, cruel, cowardly, and treacherous, but possessed of eloquence and a talent for intrigue. Ryhove was a bolder ruffian—wrathful, bitter, and unscrupulous. Imbize was at the time opposed to Orange, disliking his moderation, and trem-

[1] Van der Vynckt, iii. 3.

[2] Guicciardini, Descript. Gandav.

[3] Van der Vynckt, iii. 38, 39. Bor, xiii. 5 sqq. Hoofd, xiv. 589, 599.

bling at his firmness. Ryhove considered himself the friend of the prince. We have seen that he had consulted him previously to his memorable attack upon Aerschot, in the autumn of the preceding year, and we know the result of that conference.

The prince, with the slight dissimulation which belonged less to his character than to his theory of politics, and which was perhaps not to be avoided, in that age of intrigue, by any man who would govern his fellow-men, whether for good or evil, had winked at a project which he would not openly approve. He was not thoroughly acquainted, however, with the desperate character of the man, for he would have scorned an instrument so thoroughly base as Ryhove subsequently proved. The violence of that personage on the occasion of the arrest of Aerschot and his colleagues was mildness compared with the deed with which he now disgraced the cause of freedom. He had been ordered out from Ghent to oppose a force of Malcontents which was gathering in the neighborhood of Courtray;[1] but he swore that he would not leave the gates so long as two of the gentlemen whom he had arrested on the 28th of the previous October, and who yet remained in captivity, were still alive.[2] These two prisoners were ex-Procurator Visch and Blood-Councilor Hessels. Hessels, it seemed, had avowed undying hostility to Ryhove for the injury sustained at his hands, and he had sworn, "by his gray beard," that the ruffian should yet hang for the outrage. Ryhove, not feeling very safe in the position of affairs which then existed, and knowing that he could neither trust Imbize, who had formerly been his friend, nor the imprisoned nobles,

[1] Bor, xiii. 5. [2] Ibid.

who had ever been his implacable enemies, was resolved to make himself safe in one quarter at least, before he set forth against the Malcontents. Accordingly, Hessels and Visch, as they sat together in their prison, at chess, upon the 4th of October, 1578, were suddenly summoned to leave the house, and to enter a carriage which stood at the door. A force of armed men brought the order, and were sufficiently strong to enforce it. The prisoners obeyed, and the coach soon rolled slowly through the streets, left the Courtray gate, and proceeded a short distance along the road toward that city.[1]

After a few minutes a halt was made. Ryhove then made his appearance at the carriage window, and announced to the astonished prisoners that they were forthwith to be hanged upon a tree which stood by the roadside. He proceeded to taunt the aged Hessels with his threat against himself, and with his vow "by his gray beard." "Such gray beard shalt thou never live thyself to wear, ruffian," cried Hessels, stoutly, furious rather than terrified at the suddenness of his doom. "There thou liest, false traitor!" roared Ryhove, in reply, and to prove the falsehood, he straightway tore out a handful of the old man's beard, and fastened it upon his own cap like a plume. His action was imitated by several of his companions, who cut for themselves locks from the same gray beard, and decorated themselves as their leader had done. This preliminary ceremony having been concluded, the two aged prisoners were forthwith hanged on a tree, without the least pretense of trial or even sentence.[2]

[1] Hoofd, xiv. 593. Bor, xiii. 5.

[2] Hoofd, xiv. 593, 594. Bor, xiii. 5 sqq. Meteren, viii. 143. Wagenaer, Vad. Hist., vii. 234.

Such was the end of the famous councilor who had been wont to shout "Ad patibulum" in his sleep. It was cruel that the fair face of civil liberty, showing itself after years of total eclipse, should be insulted by such bloody deeds on the part of her votaries. It was sad that the crimes of men like Imbize and Ryhove should have cost more to the cause of religious and political freedom than the lives of twenty thousand such ruffians were worth. But for the influence of demagogues like these, counteracting the lofty efforts and pure life of Orange, the separation might never have occurred between the two portions of the Netherlands. The prince had not power enough, however, nor the nascent commonwealth sufficient consistency, to repress the disorganizing tendency of a fanatical Romanism on the one side, and a retaliatory and cruel ochlocracy on the other.

Such events, with the hatred growing daily more intense between the Walloons and the Ghenters, made it highly important that some kind of an accord should be concluded, if possible. In the country, the Malcontents, under pretense of protecting the Catholic clergy, were daily abusing and plundering the people, while in Ghent the clergy were maltreated, the cloisters pillaged, under the pretense of maintaining liberty.[1] In this emergency the eyes of all honest men turned naturally to Orange.

Deputies went to and fro between Antwerp and Ghent. Three points were laid down by the prince as indispensable to any arrangement—first, that the Catholic clergy should be allowed the free use of their property; secondly, that they should not be disturbed in

[1] Bor, xiii. Hoofd, xiv. Van der Vynckt, 3, iii. 33 sqq.

the exercise of their religion; thirdly, that the gentlemen kept in prison since the memorable 28th of October should be released.[1] If these points should be granted, the Archduke Matthias, the States-General, and the Prince of Orange would agree to drive off the Walloon soldiery, and to defend Ghent against all injury.[2] The two first points were granted, upon condition that sufficient guaranties should be established for the safety of the Reformed religion. The third was rejected, but it was agreed that the prisoners, Champagny, Sweveghem, and the rest,—who, after the horrid fate of Hessels and Visch, might be supposed to be sufficiently anxious as to their own doom,—should have legal trial, and be defended in the meantime from outrage.[3]

On the 3d of November, 1578, a formal act of acceptance of these terms was signed at Antwerp.[4] At the same time there was murmuring at Ghent, the extravagant portion of the liberal party averring that they had no intention of establishing the "religious peace" when they agreed not to molest the Catholics. On the 11th of November the Prince of Orange sent messengers to Ghent in the name of the archduke and the States-General, summoning the authorities to a faithful execution of the act of acceptance. Upon the same day the English envoy, Davison, made an energetic representation to the same magistrates, declaring that the conduct of the Ghenters was exciting regret throughout the world and affording a proof that it was their object to protract, not suppress, the civil war which had so long been raging. Such proceedings, he observed, created

[1] Bor, xiii. 5. [2] Ibid.

[3] See the act of acceptance, ibid., xiii. 5 sqq.

[4] Ibid., xiii. 6, 7.

doubts whether they were willing to obey any law or any magistracy. As, however, it might be supposed that the presence of John Casimir in Ghent at that juncture was authorized by Queen Elizabeth, inasmuch as it was known that he had received a subsidy from her, the envoy took occasion to declare that her Majesty entirely disavowed his proceedings. He observed further that, in the opinion of her Majesty, it was still possible to maintain peace by conforming to the counsels of the Prince of Orange and of the States-General. This, however, could be done only by establishing the three points which he had laid down. Her Majesty likewise warned the Ghenters that their conduct would soon compel her to abandon the country's cause altogether, and, in conclusion, she requested, with characteristic thriftiness, to be immediately furnished with a city bond for forty-five thousand pounds sterling.[1]

Two days afterward envoys arrived from Brussels to remonstrate, in their turn, with the sister city, and to save her, if possible, from the madness which had seized upon her. They recalled to the memory of the magistrates the frequent and wise counsels of the Prince of Orange. He had declared that he knew of no means to avert the impending desolation of the fatherland save union of all the provinces and obedience to the general government. His own reputation and the honor of his house he felt now to be at stake; for, by reason of the offices which he now held, he had been ceaselessly calumniated as the author of all the crimes which had been committed at Ghent. Against these calumnies he had avowed his intention of publishing his defense.[2] After thus citing the opinion of the prince, the envoys im-

[1] Bor, xiii. 7. [2] Ibid., xiii. 8.

plored the magistrates to accept the religious peace which he had proposed, and to liberate the prisoners as he had demanded. For their own part, they declared that the inhabitants of Brussels would never desert him; for, next to God, there was no one who understood their cause so entirely or who could point out the remedy so intelligently.[1]

Thus reasoned the envoys from the States-General and from Brussels, but even while they were reasoning, a fresh tumult occurred at Ghent. The people had been inflamed by demagogues and by the insane howlings of Peter Dathenus, the unfrocked monk of Poperingen, who had been the servant and minister both of the pope and of Orange, and who now hated each with equal fervor. The populace, under these influences, rose in its wrath upon the Catholics, smote all their images into fragments, destroyed all their altar-pictures, robbed them of much valuable property, and turned all the papists themselves out of the city. The riot was so furious that it seemed, says a chronicler, as if all the inhabitants had gone raving mad.[2] The drums beat the alarm, the magistrates went forth to expostulate, but no commands were heeded till the work of destruction had been accomplished, when the tumult expired at last by its own limitation.

Affairs seemed more threatening than ever. Nothing more excited the indignation of the Prince of Orange

[1] "Als naest God niemand kennende die de gemeine sake en inwendigen nood beter verstaet en de remedien beter kan dirigeren."—Bor, ubi sup.

[2] "Met sulken geraes, getier en gebaer datmen geseid soude hebben dat alle de inwoonders dol en rasende waren."—Ibid., xiii. 9. Meteren, ix. 149.

than such senseless iconomachy. In fact, he had at one time procured an enactment by the Ghent authorities making it a crime punishable with death.[1] He was of Luther's opinion, that idol-worship was to be eradicated from the heart, and that then the idols in the churches would fall of themselves. He felt, too, with Landgrave William, that "the destruction of such worthless idols was ever avenged by torrents of good human blood."[2] Therefore it may be well supposed that this fresh act of senseless violence, in the very teeth of his remonstrances, in the very presence of his envoys, met with his stern disapprobation. He was on the point of publishing his defense against the calumnies which his toleration had drawn upon him from both Catholic and Calvinist. He was deeply revolving the question whether it were not better to turn his back at once upon a country which seemed so incapable of comprehending his high purposes or seconding his virtuous efforts. From both projects he was dissuaded; and although bitterly wronged by both friend and foe, although feeling that even in his own Holland[3] there were whispers against his purity, since his favorable inclinations toward Anjou had become the general topic, yet he still preserved his majestic tranquillity, and smiled at the arrows which fell harmless at his feet. "I admire his wisdom daily more and more," cried Hubert Languet; "I see those who profess themselves his friends causing him more annoyance than his foes; while, nevertheless, he ever remains true to himself, is

[1] Gh. Gesch., ii. 39; cited by Groen v. Prinst., vi. 465.

[2] Letter of Landgrave William of Hesse, Groen v. Prinst., Archives et Correspondance, vi. 451 sqq.

[3] Ibid., vi. 481, 482.

driven by no tempests from his equanimity, nor provoked by repeated injuries to immoderate action."[1]

The prince had that year been chosen unanimously by the four "members" of Flanders to be governor of that province, but had again declined the office.[2] The inhabitants, notwithstanding the furious transactions at Ghent, professed attachment to his person and respect for his authority. He was implored to go to the city. His presence, and that alone, would restore the burghers to their reason, but the task was not a grateful one. It was also not unattended with danger, although this was a consideration which never influenced him from the commencement of his career to its close. Imbize and his crew were capable of resorting to any extremity or any ambush to destroy the man whom they feared and hated. The presence of John Casimir was an additional complication; for Orange, while he despised the man, was unwilling to offend his friends. Moreover, Casimir had professed a willingness to assist the cause, and to defer to the better judgment of the prince. He had brought an army into the field, with which, however, he had accomplished nothing except a thorough pillaging of the peasantry, while, at the same time, he was loud in his demands upon the states to pay his soldiers' wages. The soldiers of the different armies who now overran the country, indeed, vied with each other in extravagant insolence. "Their outrages are most execrable," wrote Marquis Havré; "they demand the most exquisite food, and drink champagne and Burgundy by the bucketful."[3] Nevertheless, on the 4th of

[1] Letter to Sir P. Sidney.

[2] Bor, xiii. 9. Apologie d'Orange, pp. 108, 109.

[3] Kervyn de Volkersbeke et Diegerick, Documents Historiques, i. 156, 157.

December the prince came to Ghent.[1] He held constant and anxious conferences with the magistrates. He was closeted daily with John Casimir, whose vanity and extravagance of temper he managed with his usual skill. He even dined with Imbize, and thus, by smoothing difficulties and reconciling angry passions, he succeeded at last in obtaining the consent of all to a religious peace, which was published on the 27th of December, 1578. It contained the same provisions as those of the project prepared and proposed during the previous summer throughout the Netherlands. Exercise of both religions was established; mutual insults and irritations—whether by word, book, picture, song, or gesture—were prohibited, under severe penalties, while all persons were sworn to protect the common tranquillity by blood, purse, and life. The Catholics, by virtue of this accord, reëntered into possession of their churches and cloisters, but nothing could be obtained in favor of the imprisoned gentlemen.[2]

The Walloons and Malcontents were now summoned to lay down their arms; but, as might be supposed, they expressed dissatisfaction with the religious peace, proclaiming it hostile to the Ghent treaty and the Brussels Union.[3] In short, nothing would satisfy them but total suppression of the Reformed religion, as nothing would content Imbize and his faction but the absolute extermination of Romanism. A strong man might well seem powerless in the midst of such obstinate and worthless fanatics.

The arrival of the prince in Ghent was, on the whole,

[1] Bor, xiii. 10.

[2] Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., vi. 507 sqq. See the accord in Bor, 2, xiii. 10, 11.

[3] Bor, xiii. 12.

a relief to John Casimir. As usual, this addle-brained individual had plunged headlong into difficulties, out of which he was unable to extricate himself. He knew not what to do, or which way to turn. He had tampered with Imbize and his crew, but he had found that they were not the men for a person of his quality to deal with. He had brought a large army into the field, and had not a stiver in his coffers. He felt bitterly the truth of the landgrave's warning—"that 't was better to have thirty thousand devils at one's back than thirty thousand German troopers, with no money to give them; it being possible to pay the devils with the sign of the cross, while the soldiers could be discharged only with money or hard knocks."[1] Queen Elizabeth, too, under whose patronage he had made this most inglorious campaign, was incessant in her reproofs, and importunate in her demands for reimbursement. She wrote to him personally, upbraiding him with his high pretensions and his shortcomings. His visit to Ghent, so entirely unjustified and mischievous; his failure to effect that junction of his army with the states' force under Bossu, by which the royal army was to have been surprised and annihilated; his having given reason to the common people to suspect her Majesty and the Prince of Orange of collusion with his designs, and of a disposition to seek their private advantage and not the general good of the whole Netherlands; the imminent danger, which he had aggravated, that the Walloon provinces, actuated by such suspicions, would fall away from the "generality" and seek a private accord with Parma—these and similar sins of omission and commission were sharply and shrewishly set forth in the queen's

[1] Archives et Correspondance, vi. 479.

epistle.[1] 'T was not for such marauding and intriguing work that she had appointed him her lieutenant and furnished him with troops and subsidies. She begged him forthwith to amend his ways, for the sake of his name and fame, which were sufficiently soiled in the places where his soldiers had been plundering the country which they came to protect.[2]

The queen sent Daniel Rogers with instructions of similar import to the States-General, repeatedly and expressly disavowing Casimir's proceedings and censuring his character. She also warmly insisted on her bonds. In short, never was unlucky prince more soundly berated by his superiors, more thoroughly disgraced by his followers. In this contemptible situation had Casimir placed himself by his rash ambition to prove before the world that German princes could bite and scratch like griffins and tigers as well as carry them in their shields. From this position Orange partly rescued him. He made his peace with the States-General. He smoothed matters with the extravagant reformers, and he even extorted from the authorities of Ghent the forty-five-thousand-pound bond on which Elizabeth had insisted with such obduracy.[3] Casimir repaid these favors of the prince in the coin with which narrow minds and jealous tempers are apt to discharge such obligations—ingratitude. The friendship which he openly manifested at first grew almost immediately cool. Soon afterward he left Ghent and departed for Germany, leaving behind him a long and tedious remonstrance, addressed to the States-General, in which document he narrated the history of his exploits and

[1] Bor, 3, xiii. 13 sqq.

[2] Ibid., xiii. 13.

[3] Ibid., xiii. 11 sqq.

endeavored to vindicate the purity of his character. He concluded this very tedious and superfluous manifesto by observing that—for reasons which he thought proper to give at considerable length—he felt himself "neither too useful nor too agreeable to the provinces." As he had been informed, he said, that the States-General had requested the Queen of England to procure his departure, he had resolved, in order to spare her and them inconvenience, to return of his own accord, "leaving the issue of the war in the high and mighty hand of God."[1]

The estates answered this remonstrance with words of unlimited courtesy, expressing themselves "obliged to all eternity" for his services, and holding out vague hopes that the moneys which he demanded on behalf of his troops should ere long be forthcoming.[2]

Casimir, having already answered Queen Elizabeth's reproachful letter by throwing the blame of his apparent misconduct upon the States-General, and having promised soon to appear before her Majesty in person, tarried accordingly but a brief season in Germany, and then repaired to England. Here he was feasted, flattered, caressed, and invested with the order of the Garter.[3] Pleased with royal blandishments, and highly enjoying the splendid hospitalities of England, he quite forgot the "thirty thousand devils" whom he had left running loose in the Netherlands, while these wild soldiers, on their part, being absolutely in a starving condition,—for there was little left for booty in a land which had been so often plundered,—now had the effrontery to apply to

[1] See the document at length in Bor, xiii. 13-17.

[2] Ibid., 3, xiii. 17 (ii.).

[3] Ibid., xiii. 34, 35. Hoofd, xvi. 609.

the Prince of Parma for payment of their wages.[1] Alexander Farnese laughed heartily at the proposition, which he considered an excellent jest. It seemed, in truth, a jest, although but a sorry one. Parma replied to the messenger of Maurice of Saxony, who had made the proposition, that the Germans must be mad to ask him for money, instead of offering to pay him a heavy sum for permission to leave the country. Nevertheless, he was willing to be so far indulgent as to furnish them with passports, provided they departed from the Netherlands instantly. Should they interpose the least delay, he would set upon them without further preface, and he gave them notice, with the arrogance becoming a Spanish general, that the courier was already waiting to report to Spain the number of them left alive after the encounter. Thus deserted by their chief and hectored by the enemy, the mercenaries, who had little stomach for fight without wages, accepted the passports proffered by Parma.[2] They revenged themselves for the harsh treatment which they had received from Casimir and from the States-General by singing everywhere, as they retreated, a doggerel ballad—half Flemish, half German—in which their wrongs were expressed with uncouth vigor.

Casimir received the news of the departure of his ragged soldiery on the very day which witnessed his investment with the Garter by the fair hands of Elizabeth herself.[3] A few days afterward he left England, accompanied by an escort of lords and gentlemen, especially appointed for that purpose by the queen. He landed in Flushing, where he was received with distin-

[1] Bor, xiii. 34 sqq. Strada, December 2, i. 26 sqq.
[2] Strada, 2, i. 27, 28. [3] Ibid., 2, i. 28.

guished hospitality, by order of the Prince of Orange, and on the 14th of February, 1579, he passed through Utrecht.[1] Here he conversed freely at his lodgings in the "German House" on the subject of his vagabond troops, whose final adventures and departure seemed to afford him considerable amusement; and he, moreover, diverted his company by singing, after supper, a few verses of the ballad already mentioned.[2]

The Duke of Anjou, meantime, after disbanding his troops, had lingered for a while near the frontier. Upon taking his final departure, he sent his resident minister, Des Pruneaux, with a long communication to the States-General, complaining that they had not published their contract with himself, nor fulfilled its conditions. He excused as well as he could the awkward fact that his disbanded troops had taken refuge with the Walloons, and he affected to place his own departure upon the ground of urgent political business in France, to arrange which his royal brother had required his immediate attendance. He furthermore most hypocritically expressed a desire for a speedy

[1] Langueti ad Sydnæum, 90. Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., vi. 571, 572. Bor, xiii. 34 (ii.).

[2] Bor, who heard the duke sing the song at the German House in Utrecht (3, xiii. 34).

A translation of a single verse may serve as a specimen of the song:

"Oh, have you been in Brabant, fighting for the states?
Oh, have you brought back anything except your broken pates?
Oh, I have been in Brabant, myself and all my mates.
We 'll go no more to Brabant, unless our brains were addle;
We 're coming home on foot, we went there in the saddle;
For there 's neither gold nor glory got in fighting for the states,"
etc.

reconciliation of the provinces with their sovereign, and a resolution that, although for their sake he had made himself a foe to his Catholic Majesty, he would still interpose no obstacle to so desirable a result.[1]

To such shallow discourse the states answered with infinite urbanity, for it was the determination of Orange not to make enemies, at that juncture, of France and England in the same breath. They had foes enough already, and it seemed obvious at that moment, to all persons most observant of the course of affairs, that a matrimonial alliance was soon to unite the two crowns. The probability of Anjou's marriage with Elizabeth was, in truth, a leading motive with Orange for his close alliance with the duke. The political structure, according to which he had selected the French prince as protector of the Netherlands, was sagaciously planned; but unfortunately its foundation was the shifting sand-bank of female and royal coquetry. Those who judge only by the result will be quick to censure a policy which might have had very different issue. They who place themselves in the period anterior to Anjou's visit to England will admit that it was hardly human not to be deceived by the political aspects of that moment. The queen, moreover, took pains to upbraid the States-General, by letter, with their disrespect and ingratitude toward the Duke of Anjou—behavior with which he had been "justly scandalized." For her own part, she assured them of her extreme displeasure at learning that such a course of conduct had been held with a view to her especial contentment—"as if the person of Monsieur, son of France, brother of the king, were disagreeable to her, or as if she wished him ill";

[1] Bor, xiii. 12 sqq.

whereas, on the contrary, they would best satisfy her wishes by showing him all the courtesy to which his high degree and his eminent services entitled him.[1]

The estates, even before receiving this letter, had, however, acted in its spirit. They had addressed elaborate apologies and unlimited professions to the duke. They thanked him heartily for his achievements, expressed unbounded regret at his departure, with sincere hopes for his speedy return, and promised "eternal remembrance of his heroic virtues."[2] They assured him, moreover, that should the 1st of the following March arrive without bringing with it an honorable peace with his Catholic Majesty, they should then feel themselves compelled to declare that the king had forfeited his right to the sovereignty of these provinces. In this case they concluded that, as the inhabitants would be then absolved from their allegiance to the Spanish monarch, it would then be in their power to treat with his Highness of Anjou concerning the sovereignty, according to the contract already existing.[3]

These assurances were ample, but the states, knowing the vanity of the man, offered other inducements, some of which seemed sufficiently puerile. They promised that "his statue, in copper, should be placed in the public squares of Antwerp and Brussels, for the eternal admiration of posterity," and that a "crown of olive-leaves should be presented to him every year."[4] The

[1] Archives, etc., de la Maison d'Orange, vi. 535 sqq.

[2] "Sijn bewesen bystand en sijne heroike deugt souden sy nimmermeer vergeten."—Bor, xiii. 12 sqq.

[3] Ibid.

[4] Meteren, ix. 145[a]. "Accompanied, however, by substantial

duke, not inexorable to such courteous solicitations, was willing to achieve both immortality and power by continuing his friendly relations with the states, and he answered accordingly in the most courteous terms. The result of this interchange of civilities it will be soon our duty to narrate.

At the close of the year the Count of Bossu died, much to the regret of the Prince of Orange, whose party, since his release from prison by virtue of the Ghent treaty, he had warmly espoused. "We are in the deepest distress in the world," wrote the prince to his brother, three days before the count's death, "for the dangerous malady of M. de Bossu. Certainly the country has much to lose in his death, but I hope that God will not so much afflict us."[1] Yet the calumniators of the day did not scruple to circulate, nor the royalist chroniclers to perpetuate, the most senseless and infamous fables on the subject of this nobleman's death. He died of poison, they said, administered to him "*in oysters*,"[2] by command of the Prince of Orange, who had likewise made a point of standing over him on his death-bed, for the express purpose of sneering at the Catholic ceremonies by which his dying agonies were solaced.[3] Such were the tales which grave historians have recorded concerning the death of Maximilian of Bossu, who owed so much to the prince. The command of the states' army, a yearly pension of five thousand florins, granted at the especial request of Orange but a few months before, and the profound words of regret in

presents to the value of one hundred thousand livres Artois."—Meteren, ubi sup.

[1] Archives et Corresp., vi. 513.

[2] J. B. Tassis, Comment., lib. v. 329

[3] Strada, 2, i. 37.

the private letter just cited, are a sufficient answer to such slanders.[1]

The personal courage and profound military science of Parma were invaluable to the royal cause; but his subtle, unscrupulous, and subterranean combinations of policy were even more fruitful at this period. No man ever understood the art of bribery more thoroughly or practised it more skilfully. He bought a politician, or a general, or a grandee, or a regiment of infantry, usually at the cheapest price at which those articles could be purchased, and always with the utmost delicacy with which such traffic could be conducted. Men conveyed themselves to government for a definite price,—fixed accurately in florins and groats, in places and pensions,—while a decent gossamer of conventional phraseology was ever allowed to float over the nakedness of unblushing treason. Men high in station, illustrious by ancestry, brilliant in valor, huckstered themselves and swindled a confiding country for as ignoble motives as ever led counterfeiters or bravos to the gallows, but they were dealt with in public as if actuated only by the loftiest principles. Behind their ancient shields, ostentatiously emblazoned with fidelity to church and king, they thrust forth their itching palms with the mendicity which would be hardly credible, were it not attested by the monuments, more perennial than brass, of their own letters and recorded conversations.

Already, before the accession of Parma to power, the true way to dissever the provinces had been indicated by the famous treason of the Seigneur de la Motte.

[1] Compare Groen v. Prinst., vi. 511, 512. Bor, 2, xiii. 25b. Wagenaer, Vad. Hist., vii. 243, 244.

This nobleman commanded a regiment in the service of the States-General, and was governor of Gravelines. On promise of forgiveness for all past disloyalty, of being continued in the same military posts under Philip which he then held for the patriots, and of a merced large enough to satisfy his most avaricious dreams, he went over to the royal government.[1] The negotiation was conducted by Alonzo Curiel, financial agent of the king, and was not very nicely handled. The paymaster, looking at the affair purely as a money transaction,—which in truth it was,—had been disposed to drive rather too hard a bargain. He offered only fifty thousand crowns for La Motte and his friend Baron Montigny, and assured his government that those gentlemen, with the soldiers under their command, were very dear at the price.[2] La Motte higgled very hard for more, and talked pathetically of his services and his wounds,—for he had been a most distinguished and courageous campaigner,—but Alonzo was implacable.[3] Moreover, one Robert Bien-Aimé, prior of Renty, was present at all the conferences. This ecclesiastic was a busy intriguer, but not very adroit. He was disposed to make himself useful to government, for he had set his heart upon putting the miter of St. Omer upon his head, and he had accordingly composed a very ingenious libel upon the Prince of Orange, in which production, "although

[1] Reconciliation des Provinces Wallones, i. 2–12, 202, 213–216, 227–234, 271, 272. Letters of La Motte and Don John of Austria, etc., MS., Royal Archives at Brussels.

[2] Lettres interceptées du Contador Alonzo Curiel au Pce de Parme (Plantin, Anvers, 1579): ". . . parece á me que son soldados comprados á muy alto precio."

[3] ". . . con cien mil remonstraciones y historias de sus servicios y heridas," etc.—Ibid.

the prior did not pretend to be Apelles or Lysippus," he hoped that the governor-general would recognize a portrait colored to the life.[1] This accomplished artist was, however, not so successful as he was picturesque and industrious. He was inordinately vain of his services, thinking himself, said Alonzo, splenetically, worthy to be carried in a procession like a little saint,[2] and as he had a busy brain, but an unruly tongue, it will be seen that he possessed a remarkable faculty of making himself unpleasant. This was not the way to earn his bishopric. La Motte, through the candid communications of the prior, found himself the subject of mockery in Parma's camp and cabinet, where treachery to one's country and party was not, it seemed, regarded as one of the loftier virtues, however convenient it might be at the moment to the royal cause. The prior intimated especially that Ottavio Gonzaga had indulged in many sarcastic remarks at La Motte's expense. The brave but venal warrior, highly incensed at thus learning the manner in which his conduct was estimated by men of such high rank in the royal service, was near breaking off the bargain. He was eventually secured, however, by still larger offers, Don John allowing him three hundred florins a month, presenting him with the two best horses in his stable, and sending him an open form, which he was to fill out in the most stringent language which he could devise, binding the government to the payment of an ample and entirely satisfactory merced.[3] Thus La Motte's bargain was

[1] Renty to Prince of Parma, Rec. Prov. Wall., iii. 97, MS.

[2] ". . . que avia V^a Alteza de mandar traer en palmas o andas," etc.—Lettres interceptées de Curiel.

[3] Don John to La Motte, Rec. Prov. Wall., MS., i. 271, 272. Lettres de Curiel.

completed—a crime which, if it had only entailed the loss of the troops under his command, and the possession of Gravelines, would have been of no great historic importance. It was, however, the first blow of a vast and carefully sharpened treason, by which the country was soon to be cut in twain forever—the first in a series of bargains by which the noblest names of the Netherlands were to be contaminated with bribery and fraud.

While the negotiations with La Motte were in progress, the government of the States-General at Brussels had sent Sainte-Aldegonde to Arras. The states of Artois, then assembled in that city, had made much difficulty in acceding to an assessment of seven thousand florins laid upon them by the central authority. The occasion was skilfully made use of by the agents of the royal party to weaken the allegiance of the province, and of its sister Walloon provinces, to the patriot cause. Sainte-Aldegonde made his speech before the assembly, taking the ground boldly that the war was made for liberty of conscience and of fatherland, and that all were bound, whether Catholic or Protestant, to contribute to the sacred fund. The vote passed, but it was provided that a moiety of the assessment should be paid by the ecclesiastical branch, and the stipulation excited a tremendous uproar. The clerical bench regarded the tax as both a robbery and an affront. "We came nearly to knife-playing," said the most distinguished priest in the assembly, "and if we had done so, the ecclesiastics would not have been the first to cry, 'Enough!'"[1]

[1] ". . . les communs forcerent les ecclésiastiques d'en prendre la juste moitié a leur charge—et de fait la chose étoit venue jusques de venir aux mains et jouer des cousteaux pour veoir quy aurait

They all withdrew in a rage, and held a private consultation upon "these exorbitant and more than Turkish demands." John Sarrasin, prior of St. Vaast, the keenest, boldest, and most indefatigable of the royal partizans of that epoch, made them an artful harangue. This man—a better politician than the other prior—was playing for a miter too, and could use his cards better. He was soon to become the most invaluable agent in the great treason preparing. No one could be more delicate, noiseless, or unscrupulous, and he was soon recognized both by governor-general and king as the individual above all others to whom the reëstablishment of the royal authority over the Walloon provinces was owing. With the shoes of swiftness on his feet, the coat of darkness on his back, and the wishing purse in his hand, he sped silently and invisibly from one great Malcontent chieftain to another, buying up centurions and captains and common soldiers; circumventing Orangists, Ghent democrats, Anjou partizans; weaving a thousand intrigues, ventilating a hundred hostile mines, and passing unharmed through the most serious dangers and the most formidable obstacles. Eloquent, too, at a pinch, he always understood his audience, and

belle amye—les ecclésiastiques n'eussent fait joucq," etc.—MS. letter of the prior of St. Vaast, Rec. Prov. Wall., i. 76, 135, 136. The whole history of these Walloon intrigues is narrated in the numerous letters—entirely unpublished—of the prior with much piquancy and spirit. They are in the collection of correspondence between Don John, Parma, and others, and the Malcontent nobles, entitled "Reconciliation des Provinces Wallones," 5 vols., Royal Archives in Brussels. An examination of these most interesting documents is indispensable to a thorough understanding of the permanent separation of the Netherlands effected in the years 1578 and 1579.

upon this occasion unsheathed the most incisive, if not the most brilliant, weapon which could be used in the debate. It was most expensive to be patriotic, he said, while silver was to be saved and gold to be earned by being loyal. They ought to keep their money to defend themselves, not give it to the Prince of Orange, who would only put it into his private pocket on pretense of public necessities. The ruward would soon be slinking back to his lair, he observed, and leave them all in the fangs of their enemies. Meantime it was better to rush into the embrace of a bountiful king, who was still holding forth his arms to them. They were approaching a precipice, said the prior; they were entering a labyrinth; and not only was the "sempiternal loss of body and soul impending over them, but their property was to be taken also, and the cat to be thrown against their legs." By this sudden descent into a very common proverbial expression, Sarrasin meant to intimate that they were getting themselves into a difficult position, in which they were sure to reap both danger and responsibility.[1]

The harangue had much effect upon his hearers, who were now more than ever determined to rebel against the government which they had so recently accepted, preferring, in the words of the prior, "to be maltreated by their prince rather than to be barbarously tyrannized over by a heretic." So much anger had been excited in celestial minds by a demand of thirty-five hundred florins.

Sainte-Aldegonde was entertained in the evening at a great banquet, followed by a theological controversy, in which John Sarrasin complained that "he had been attacked upon his own dunghill." Next day the distin-

[1] Letters of St. Vaast, before cited.

guished patriot departed on a canvassing tour among the principal cities, the indefatigable monk employing the interval of his absence in aggravating the hostility of the Artesian orders to the pecuniary demands of the general government. He was assisted in his task by a peremptory order which came down from Brussels, ordering, in the name of Matthias, a levy upon the ecclesiastical property, "rings, jewels, and reliquaries," unless the clerical contribution should be forthcoming. The rage of the bench was now intense, and by the time of Sainte-Aldegonde's return a general opposition had been organized. The envoy met with a chilling reception; there were no banquets any more, no discussions of any kind. To his demands for money "he got a fine *nihil*," said St. Vaast; and as for polemics, the only conclusive argument for the country would be, as he was informed on the same authority, the "finishing of Orange and of his minister along with him." More than once had the prior intimated to government—as so many had done before him—that to "despatch Orange, author of all the troubles," was the best preliminary to any political arrangement. From Philip and his governor-general, down to the humblest partizan, this conviction had been daily strengthening. The knife or bullet of an assassin was the one thing needful to put an end to this incarnated rebellion.[1]

[1] "Ils commencent à desestimer leur Rouart et ont opinion que si les affaires bastent mal, il se retirera en sa tasnière. Il semble aux bons que sy l'on peut dépescher le chef des troubles, que ce seroit le moyen pour réunir ce quy est tant divisé. Ste Aldegonde s'est bien apercheu que chacun se desgouste du Pce d'Orange. Et où auparavant tout le monde l'adorait et tenoit pour son saulveur, maintenant l'on ose bien dire qu'il le fault tuer et son ministre aussi."—MS. letters of St. Vaast, before cited.

Thus matters grew worse and worse in Artois. The prior, busier than ever in his schemes, was one day arrested along with other royal emissaries, kept fifteen days "in a stinking cellar, where the scullion washed the dishes," and then sent to Antwerp to be examined by the States-General. He behaved with great firmness, although he had good reason to tremble for his neck. Interrogated by Leoninus on the part of the central government, he boldly avowed that these pecuniary demands upon the Walloon estates, and particularly upon their ecclesiastical branches, would never be tolerated. "In Alva's time," said Sarrasin, "men were flayed, but not shorn." Those who were more attached to their skin than their fleece might have thought the practice in the good old times of the duke still more objectionable. Such was not the opinion of the prior and the rest of his order. After an unsatisfactory examination and a brief duress, the busy ecclesiastic was released; and as his secret labors had not been detected, he resumed them after his return more ardently than ever.[1]

A triangular intrigue was now fairly established in the Walloon country. The Duke of Alençon's headquarters were at Mons; the rallying-point of the royalist faction was with La Motte at Gravelines; while the ostensible leader of the states' party, Viscount Ghent, was governor of Artois, and supposed to be supreme in Arras. La Motte was provided by government with a large fund of secret-service money, and was instructed to be very liberal in his bribes to men of distinction, having a tender regard, however, to the excessive demands of this nature now daily made upon the royal

[2] MS. letters of St. Vaast, Rec. Prov. Wall., i. 269, 270, MS.

purse.[1] The "little count," as the prior called Lalain, together with his brother, Baron Montigny, were considered highly desirable acquisitions for government, if they could be gained. It was thought, however, that they had the "fleur-de-lis imprinted too deeply upon their hearts,"[2] for the effect produced upon Lalain, governor of Hainault, by Margaret of Valois had not yet been effaced. His brother also had been disposed to favor the French prince, but his mind was more open to conviction. A few private conferences with La Motte and a course of ecclesiastical tuition from the prior—whose golden opinions had irresistible resonance—soon wrought a change in the Malcontent chieftain's mind. Other leading seigniors were secretly dealt with in the same manner. Lalain, Héze, Havré, Capres, Egmont, and even the Viscount of Ghent, all seriously inclined their ears to the charmer, and looked longingly and lovingly as the wily prior rolled in his tangles before them—"to mischief swift." Few had yet declared themselves; but of the grandees who commanded large bodies of troops, and whose influence with their order was paramount, none were safe for the patriot cause throughout the Walloon country.[3]

[1] Parma to La Motte, Rec. Prov. Wall., ii. 140–142, MS.

[2] Moncheaux to Parma, Ibid., 216–218, MS. Emanuel de Lalain, Seigneur de Montigny, and afterward Marquis de Renty, was brother to Count de Lalain, governor of Hainault, and cousin to Count Hoogstraaten and Count Renneberg. He was not related to the unfortunate Baron Montigny, whose tragical fate has been recorded in the third volume of this history, and who was a Montmorency.

[3] MS. correspondence of Parma with St. Vaast, La Motte, Lalain, Montigny, Capres, Longueval, and others, Ibid., ii. 3, 4, 19, 20, 31–42, 44, 61–77, 87, 88, 104, 105, 115, 116, 140–142.

The nobles and ecclesiastics were ready to join hands in support of church and king, but in the city of Arras, the capital of the whole country, there was a strong Orange and liberal party. Gosson, a man of great wealth, one of the most distinguished advocates in the Netherlands, and possessing the gift of popular eloquence to a remarkable degree, was the leader of this burgess faction. In the earlier days of Parma's administration, just as a thorough union of the Walloon provinces in favor of the royal government had nearly been formed, these Orangists of Arras risked a daring stroke. Inflamed by the harangues of Gosson, and supported by five hundred foot-soldiers and fifty troopers under one Captain Ambrose, they rose against the city magistracy, whose sentiments were unequivocally for Parma, and thrust them all into prison.[1] They then constituted a new board of fifteen, some Catholics and some Protestants, but all patriots, of whom Gosson was chief. The stroke took the town by surprise, and was for a moment successful. Meantime they depended upon assistance from Brussels. The royal and ecclesiastical party was, however, not so easily defeated, and an old soldier named Bourgeois loudly denounced Captain Ambrose, the general of the revolutionary move-

[1] MS. anonymous letter from Arras (October 26, 1578), in Rec. Prov. Wall., i. 440–442. The whole episode is also most admirably related in a manuscript fragment by an eye-witness, entitled "Discours Véritable de ce que s'est passé en la ville d'Arras," Bibl. de Bourgogne, No. 6042. The author was Pontus Payen, Seigneur des Essarts, a warm Catholic and partizan of the royal cause, whose larger work—also unpublished—upon the earlier troubles in the Netherlands has been often cited in the former volumes of this history. A chapter in the history of Renom de France is also devoted to this series of events (Troubles des P. B., iv. c. 3).

ment, as a vile coward, and affirmed that with thirty good men-at-arms he would undertake to pound the whole rebel army to powder—"a pack of scarecrows," he said, "who were not worth as many owls for military purposes."

Three days after the imprisonment of the magistracy, a strong Catholic rally was made in their behalf in the Fish Market, the ubiquitous prior of St. Vaast flitting about among the Malcontents, blithe and busy as usual when storms were brewing. Matthew Doucet, of the revolutionary faction,—a man both martial and pacific in his pursuits, being eminent both as a gingerbread baker and a sword-player,[1]—swore he would have the little monk's life if he had to take him from the very horns of the altar; but the prior had braved sharper threats than these. Moreover, the grand altar would have been the last place to look for him on that occasion. While Gosson was making a tremendous speech in favor of conscience and fatherland at the Hôtel de Ville, practical John Sarrasin, purse in hand, had challenged the rebel general Ambrose to private combat. In half an hour that warrior was routed, and fled from the field at the head of his scarecrows,[2] for there was no resisting the power before which the Montignys and the La Mottes had succumbed. Eloquent Gosson was left to his fate. Having the Catholic magistracy in durance, and with nobody to guard them, he felt, as was well observed by an ill-natured contemporary, like a man holding a wolf by the ears, equally afraid to let go or to retain his grasp.

[1] "Faiseur des pains d'espices . . . epicier et joueur d'espée." —Letter from Arras, before cited, P. Payen, Troubles d'Arras, MS.

[2] Ibid.

His dilemma was soon terminated. While he was deliberating with his colleagues—Mordacq, an old campaigner, Crugeot, Bertoul, and others—whether to stand or fly, the drums and trumpets of the advancing royalists were heard. In another instant the Hôtel de Ville was swarming with men-at-arms, headed by Bourgeois, the veteran who had expressed so slighting an opinion as to the prowess of Captain Ambrose. The tables were turned, the miniature revolution was at an end, the counter-revolution effected. Gosson and his confederates escaped out of a back door, but were soon afterward arrested. Next morning Baron Capres, the great Malcontent seignior, who was stationed with his regiment in the neighborhood, and who had long been secretly coquetting with the prior and Parma, marched into the city at the head of a strong detachment, and straightway proceeded to erect a very tall gibbet in front of the Hôtel de Ville.[1] This looked practical in the eyes of the liberated and reinstated magistrates, and Gosson, Crugeot, and the rest were summoned at once before them. The advocate thought, perhaps, with a sigh, that his judges, so recently his prisoners, might have been the fruit for another gallows-tree, had he planted it when the ground was his own; but taking heart of grace, he encouraged his colleagues—now his fellow-culprits. Crugeot, undismayed, made his appearance before the tribunal arrayed in a corselet of proof, with a golden-hilted sword, a scarf embroidered with pearls and gold, and a hat bravely plumaged with white, blue, and orange feathers,—the colors of William the Silent,—of all which finery he was stripped, however, as soon as he entered the court.[2]

[1] P. Payen, Troubles d'Arras, MS. [2] Ibid.

The process was rapid. A summons from Brussels was expected every hour from the general government, ordering the cases to be brought before the federal tribunal, and as the Walloon provinces were not yet ready for open revolt, the order would be an inconvenient one. Hence the necessity for haste. The superior court of Artois, to which an appeal from the magistrates lay, immediately held a session in another chamber of the Hôtel de Ville while the lower court was trying the prisoners, and Bertoul, Crugeot, Mordacq, with several others, were condemned in a few hours to the gibbet. They were invited to appeal, if they chose, to the council of Artois, but hearing that the court was sitting next door, so that there was no chance of a rescue in the streets, they declared themselves satisfied with the sentence. Gosson had not been tried, his case being reserved for the morrow.

Meantime the short autumnal day had drawn to a close. A wild, stormy, rainy night then set in, but still the royalist party,—citizens and soldiers intermingled,—all armed to the teeth, and uttering fierce cries, while the whole scene was fitfully illuminated with the glare of flambeaux and blazing tar-barrels, kept watch in the open square around the city hall. A series of terrible Rembrandt-like night-pieces succeeded—grim, fantastic, and gory. Bertoul, an old man, who for years had so surely felt himself predestined to his present doom that he had kept a gibbet in his own house to accustom himself to the sight of the machine, was led forth the first and hanged at ten in the evening.[1] He was a good man, of perfectly blameless life, a sincere Catholic, but a warm partizan of Orange.

[1] P. Payen, Troubles d'Arras, MS.

Valentine de Mordacq, an old soldier, came from the Hôtel de Ville to the gallows at midnight. As he stood on the ladder, amid the flaming torches, he broke forth into furious execrations, wagging his long white beard to and fro, making hideous grimaces, and cursing the hard fate which, after many dangers on the battle-field and in beleaguered cities, had left him to such a death. The cord strangled his curses. Crugeot was executed at three in the morning, having obtained a few hours' respite in order to make his preparations, which he accordingly occupied himself in doing as tranquilly as if he had been setting forth upon an agreeable journey. He looked like a phantom, according to eye-witnesses, as he stood under the gibbet, making a most pious and Catholic address to the crowd.

The whole of the following day was devoted to the trial of Gosson. He was condemned at nightfall, and heard by appeal before the superior court directly afterward. At midnight of the 25th of October, 1578, he was condemned to lose his head, the execution to take place without delay. The city guards and the infantry under Capres still bivouacked upon the square; the howling storm still continued, but the glare of fagots and torches made the place as light as day. The ancient advocate, with haggard eyes and features distorted by wrath, walking between the sheriff and a Franciscan monk, advanced through the long lane of halberdiers in the grand hall of the town house, and thence emerged upon the scaffold erected before the door. He shook his fists with rage at the released magistrates, so lately his prisoners, exclaiming that to his misplaced mercy it was owing that his head, instead of their own, was to be placed upon the block. He bitterly reproached the

citizens for their cowardice in shrinking from dealing a blow for their fatherland, and in behalf of one who had so faithfully served them. The clerk of the court then read the sentence amid a silence so profound that every syllable he uttered, and every sigh and ejaculation of the victim, were distinctly heard in the most remote corner of the square. Gosson then, exclaiming that he was murdered without cause, knelt upon the scaffold. His head fell while an angry imprecation was still upon his lips.[1]

Several other persons of lesser note were hanged during the week—among others, Matthew Doucet, the truculent man of gingerbread, whose rage had been so judiciously but so unsuccessfully directed against the prior of St. Vaast. Captain Ambrose, too, did not live long to enjoy the price of his treachery. He was arrested very soon afterward by the states' government in Antwerp, put to the torture, hanged, and quartered.[2] In troublous times like those, when honest men found it difficult to keep their heads upon their shoulders, rogues were apt to meet their deserts, unless they had the advantage of lofty lineage and elevated position.

Ille crucem sceleris pretium tulit, hic diadema.

This municipal revolution and counter-revolution, obscure though they seem, were in reality of very grave importance. This was the last blow struck for freedom in the Walloon country. The failure of the movement made that scission of the Netherlands certain which has endured till our days, for the influence of the ecclesiastics in the states of Artois and Hainault,

[1] P. Payen, Troubles d'Arras, MS.

[2] Letter of St. Vaast, Rec. Prov. Wall., ii. 41, 42, MS.

together with the military power of the Malcontent grandees, whom Parma and John Sarrasin had purchased, could no longer be resisted. The liberty of the Celtic provinces was sold, and a few high-born traitors received the price. Before the end of the year (1578) Montigny had signified to the Duke of Alençon that a prince who avowed himself too poor to pay for soldiers was no master for him.[1] The baron, therefore, came to an understanding with La Motte and Sarrasin, acting for Alexander Farnese, and received the command of the infantry in the Walloon provinces, a merced of four thousand crowns a year, together with as large a slice of La Motte's hundred thousand florins for himself and soldiers as that officer could be induced to part with.[2]

Baron Capres, whom Sarrasin—being especially enjoined to purchase him—had, in his own language, "sweated blood and water" to secure, at last agreed to reconcile himself with the king's party upon condition of receiving the government-general of Artois, together with the particular government of Hesdin—very lucrative offices, which the Viscount of Ghent then held by commission of the States-General.[3] That politic personage, however, whose disinclination to desert the liberal party, which had clothed him with such high functions, was apparently so marked that the prior had caused an ambush to be laid both for him and the Marquis Havré, in order to obtain bodily possession of two

[1] Mémoire de ce qui s'est passé à l'entrevue entre le S[r] de Montigny, Comte de Lalain, Duc d' Aerschot, Marquis d'Havré, et al., Rec. Prov. Wall., ii. 104, 105, MS.

[2] MS. letters of Parma, St. Vaast, Montigny, La Motte, et al., Ibid., ii. 35–37, 115; iii. 120; iv. 221.

[3] Ibid., ii. 130–133, MS.

such powerful enemies,[1] now, at the last moment, displayed his true colors. He consented to reconcile himself also, on condition of receiving the royal appointment to the same government which he then held from the patriot authorities, together with the title of Marquis de Richebourg, the command of all the cavalry in the royalist provinces, and certain rewards in money besides. By holding himself at a high mark and keeping at a distance, he had obtained his price. Capres, for whom Philip, at Parma's suggestion, had sent the commission as governor of Artois and of Hesdin, was obliged to renounce those offices, notwithstanding his earlier "reconciliation," and the "blood and water" of John Sarrasin.[2] Ghent was not even contented with these guerdons, but insisted upon the command of all the cavalry, including the band of ordnance which, with handsome salary, had been assigned to Lalain as a part of the wages for his treason,[3] while the "little count"—fiery as his small and belligerent cousin[4] whose exploits have been recorded in the earlier pages of this history—boldly taxed Parma and the king with cheating him out of his promised reward, in order to please a noble whose services had been less valuable than those of the Lalain family.[5] Having thus obtained the lion's share,

[1] Rec. Prov. Wall., ii., f. 73, MS. Compare Corresp. Alex. Farnese, p. 61, Parma to Philip II.

[2] MS. letters of Vicomte de Gand to Philip II., and of Philip II. to Vicomte de Gand, Marquis de Richebourg, Rec. Prov. Wall., ii. 197–210. Compare Correspondance Alex. Farnese, 81, 85, 89, 97.

[3] Rec. Prov. Wall., iv. 223, Lalain to Parma, MS.

[4] Anthony, Count of Hoogstraaten, the friend of Orange.

[5] ". . . j'espère que S. M. ne jugera les services que j'ay fait et fais journellement à icelle moindres que ceulx du dit Marquis de Richebourg, et que pour son seul respect elle ne m'estimera si

due, as he thought, to his well-known courage and military talents, as well as to the powerful family influence which he wielded,—his brother, the Prince of Espinoy, hereditary seneschal of Hainault, having likewise rallied to the king's party,—Ghent jocosely intimated to Parma his intention of helping himself to the two best horses in the prince's stables in exchange for those lost at Gembloux,[1] in which disastrous action he had commanded the cavalry for the states. He also sent two terriers to Farnese, hoping that they would "prove more useful than beautiful."[2] The prince might have thought, perhaps, as much of the viscount's treason.

John Sarrasin, the all-accomplished prior, as the reward of his exertions, received from Philip the abbey of St. Vaast, the richest and most powerful ecclesiastical establishment in the Netherlands. At a subsequent period his grateful sovereign created him Archbishop of Cambray.[3]

Thus the "troubles of Arras," as they were called, terminated. Gosson, the respected, wealthy, eloquent, and virtuous advocate, together with his colleagues,—all Catholics, but at the same time patriots and liberals,—died the death of felons for their unfortunate attempt to save their fatherland from an ecclesiastical and venal conspiracy; while the actors in the plot, having all performed well their parts, received their full meed of prizes and applause.

peu, de me frauder, de ce que le Comte de Mansfeld m'avait auparavant fait entendre de la part de V. E.," etc.—Lalain to Parma, Rec. Prov. Wall., iv. 278, MS. Parma to Lalain, ibid., ii. 75–77.

[1] Ibid., ii. 202–204, MS.

[2] Ibid., iii. 127, Marquis de Richebourg to Parma, MS.

[3] Correspondance Alex. Farnese, 41, 46, 55.

The private treaty by which the Walloon provinces of Artois, Hainault, Lille, Douai, and Orchies united themselves in a separate league was signed upon the 6th of January, 1579, but the final arrangements for the reconciliation of the Malcontent nobles and their soldiers were not completed until April 6, upon which day a secret paper was signed at Mount St. Eloi.

The secret current of the intrigue had not, however, flowed on with perfect smoothness until this placid termination. On the contrary, there had been much bickering, heartburning, and mutual suspicions and recriminations. There had been violent wranglings among the claimants of the royal rewards. Lalain and Capres were not the only Malcontents who had cause to complain of being cheated of the promised largess. Montigny, in whose favor Parma had distinctly commanded La Motte to be liberal of the king's secret-service money, furiously charged the governor of Gravelines with having received a large supply of gold from Spain, and of "locking the rascal counters from his friends," so that Parma was obliged to quiet the baron, and many other barons in the same predicament, out of his own purse. All complained bitterly, too, that the king, whose promises had been so profuse to the nobles while the reconciliation was pending, turned a deaf ear to their petitions and left their letters unanswered after the deed was accomplished.[1]

The unlucky prior of Renty, whose disclosures to La Motte concerning the Spanish sarcasms upon his venality had so nearly caused the preliminary negotiation with that seignior to fail, was the cause of still further

[1] Montigny to La Motte, Rec. Prov. Wall., iii. 120, and v. 145. MS. Mansfeld to Parma. Compare Corresp. Alex. Farnese, 135.

mischief through the interception of Alonzo Curiel's private letters. Such revelations of corruption, and of contempt on the part of the corrupters, were eagerly turned to account by the states' government. A special messenger was despatched to Montigny[1] with the intercepted correspondence, accompanied by an earnest prayer that he would not contaminate his sword and his noble name by subserviency to men who despised even while they purchased traitors. That noble, both confounded and exasperated, was for a moment inclined to listen to the voice of honor and patriotism, but reflection and solitude induced him to pocket up his wrongs and his merced together. The States-General also sent the correspondence to the Walloon provincial authorities, with an eloquent address, begging them to study well the pitiful part which La Motte had enacted in the private comedy then performing, and to behold as in a mirror their own position, if they did not recede ere it was too late.[2]

The only important effect produced by the discovery was upon the prior of Renty himself. Ottavio Gonzaga, the intimate friend of Don John, and now high in the confidence of Parma, wrote to La Motte, indignantly denying the truth of Bien-Aimé's tattle, and affirming that not a word had ever been uttered by himself or by any gentleman in his presence to the disparagement of the governor of Gravelines. He added that if the prior had worn another coat, and were of quality equal to his own, he would have made him eat his words or a

[1] Groen v. Prinsterer, Archives, vi. 606.

[2] MS. letter of the States-General to the estates of Artois, Hainault, Lille, Douai, and Orchies, Ord. Depêchen Boek der St.-Gen., A° 1579, f. 200, Royal Archives at The Hague.

few inches of steel. In the same vehement terms he addressed a letter to Bien-Aimé himself.[1] Very soon afterward, notwithstanding his coat and his quality, that unfortunate ecclesiastic found himself beset one dark night by two soldiers, who left him severely wounded and bleeding nearly to death upon the high-road;[2] but escaping with life, he wrote to Parma, recounting his wrongs and the "sword-thrust in his left thigh," and made a demand for a merced.

The prior recovered from this difficulty only to fall into another, by publishing what he called an apologue, in which he charged that the reconciled nobles were equally false to the royal and to the rebel government, and that, although "the fatted calf had been killed for them, after they had so long been feeding with perverse heretical pigs," they were, in truth, as mutinous as ever, being bent upon establishing an oligarchy in the Netherlands, and dividing the territory among themselves, to the exclusion of the sovereign. This naturally excited the wrath of the viscount and others. The Seigneur d'Auberlieu, in a letter written in what the writer himself called the "gross style of a gendarme," charged the prior with maligning honorable lords and—in the favorite colloquial phrase of the day—with attempting "to throw the cat against their legs." The real crime of the meddling priest, however, was to have let that troublesome animal out of the bag. He was accordingly waylaid again, and thrown into prison by Count Lalain. While in durance he published an abject apology for his apologue, explaining that his allusions to

[1] Rec. Prov. Wall., ii. 270, 270vo, MS. letters of Ottavio Gonzaga.

[2] Prieur de Renty to Parma, MS., ibid.. Wall., iii. 140.

"returned prodigals," "heretic swine," and to "Sodom and Gomorrah" had been entirely misconstrued. He was, however, retained in custody until Parma ordered his release on the ground that the punishment had been already sufficient for the offense. He then requested to be appointed Bishop of St. Omer, that see being vacant. Parma advised the king by no means to grant the request,—the prior being neither endowed with the proper age nor discretion for such a dignity,—but to bestow some lesser reward, in money or otherwise, upon the discomfited ecclesiastic, who had rendered so many services and incurred so many dangers.[1]

The States-General and the whole national party regarded with prophetic dismay the approaching dismemberment of their common country. They sent deputation on deputation to the Walloon states to warn them of their danger, and to avert, if possible, the fatal measure. Meantime, as by the already accomplished movement the "generality" was fast disappearing, and was indeed but the shadow of its former self, it seemed necessary to make a vigorous effort to restore something like unity to the struggling country. The Ghent Pacification had been their outer wall, ample enough and strong enough to inclose and to protect all the provinces. Treachery and religious fanaticism had undermined the bulwark almost as soon as reared. The whole beleaguered country was in danger of becoming utterly exposed to a foe who grew daily more threatening. As in besieged cities a sudden breastwork is thrown up internally when the outward defenses are

[1] Rec. Prov. Wall., iv. 81–83, 264, 275 sqq., 336, v. 25, MS. letters of Renty, Auberlieu, and Parma. Compare Corresp. Alex. Farnese, 74, 99.

crumbling, so the energy of Orange had been silently preparing the Union of Utrecht as a temporary defense until the foe should be beaten back and there should be time to decide on their future course of action.[1]

During the whole month of December an active correspondence had been carried on by the prince and his brother John with various agents in Gelderland, Friesland, and Groningen, as well as with influential personages in the more central provinces and cities.[2] Gelderland, the natural bulwark to Holland and Zealand, commanding the four great rivers of the country, had been fortunately placed under the government of the trusty John of Nassau, that province being warmly in favor of a closer union with its sister provinces, and particularly with those more nearly allied to itself in religion and in language.

Already, in December (1578), Count John, in behalf of his brother, had laid before the states of Holland and Zealand, assembled at Gorcum, the project of a new union with "Gelderland, Ghent, Friesland, Utrecht, Overyssel, and Groningen."[3] The proposition had been favorably entertained, and commissioners had been appointed to confer with other commissioners at Utrecht, whenever they should be summoned by Count John. The prince, with the silence and caution which belonged to his whole policy, chose not to be the ostensible mover in the plan himself. He did not choose to startle unnecessarily the Archduke Matthias—the cipher who had been placed by his side, whose sudden subtraction would occasion more loss than his presence had conferred benefit. He did not choose to be cried

[1] Groen v. Prinsterer, vi. 537.

[2] Ibid., vi. 479 sqq., 536 sqq.

[3] Ibid., vi. 479 sqq.

out upon as infringing the Ghent Pacification, although the whole world knew that treaty to be hopelessly annulled. For these and many other weighty motives he proposed that the new union should be the apparent work of other hands, and only offered to him and to the country when nearly completed.

After various preliminary meetings in December and January, the deputies of Gelderland and Zutphen, with Count John, stadholder of these provinces, at their head, met with the deputies of Holland, Zealand, and the provinces between the Ems and the Lauwers, early in January, 1579, and on the 23d of that month, without waiting longer for the deputies of the other provinces, they agreed provisionally upon a treaty of union, which was published afterward, on the 29th, from the town house of Utrecht.[1]

This memorable document—which is ever regarded as the foundation of the Netherland Republic—contained twenty-six articles.[2]

The preamble stated the object of the union. It was to strengthen, not to forsake, the Ghent Pacification, already nearly annihilated by the force of foreign soldiery. For this purpose, and in order more conveniently to defend themselves against their foes, the deputies of Gelderland, Zutphen, Holland, Zealand, Utrecht, and the Frisian provinces thought it desirable to form a still closer union. The contracting provinces agreed to remain eternally united, as if they were but one province. At the same time it was understood that each was to

[1] Kluit, Hist. der Holl. Staatsreg., i. 170 sqq. Bor, xiii. 21 sqq.

[2] The whole document is given by Bor, xiii. 26–30, and, somewhat abridged, by Wagenaer, vii. 251–262; Meteren, ix. 151, 152; Tassis, v. 339 sqq.; Hoofd, xiv. 609–615.

retain its particular privileges, liberties, laudable and traditionary customs, and other laws. The cities, corporations, and inhabitants of every province were to be guaranteed as to their ancient constitutions. Disputes concerning these various statutes and customs were to be decided by the usual tribunals, by "good men," or by amicable compromise. The provinces, by virtue of the union, were to defend each other "with life, goods, and blood" against all force brought against them in the king's name or behalf. They were also to defend each other against all foreign or domestic potentates, provinces, or cities, provided such defense were controlled by the generality of the union.[1] For the expense occasioned by the protection of the provinces, certain imposts and excises were to be equally assessed and collected. No truce or peace was to be concluded, no war commenced, no impost established affecting the generality, but by unanimous advice and consent of the provinces. Upon other matters the majority was to decide, the votes being taken in the manner then customary in the assembly of States-General. In case of difficulty in coming to a unanimous vote when required, the matter was to be referred to the stadholders then in office. In case of their inability to agree, they were to appoint arbitrators, by whose decision the parties were to be governed. None of the United Provinces, or of their cities or corporations, were to make treaties with other potentates or states without consent of their confederates. If neighboring princes, provinces, or cities wished to enter into this confederacy, they were to be received by the unanimous consent of the United Provinces. A common currency was to be

[1] Articles 1, 2, 3.

established for the confederacy. In the matter of divine worship, Holland and Zealand were to conduct themselves as they should think proper. The other provinces of the union, however, were either to conform to the religious peace already laid down by Archduke Matthias and his council, or to make such other arrangements as each province should for itself consider appropriate for the maintenance of its internal tranquillity—provided always that every individual should remain free in his religion, and that no man should be molested or questioned on the subject of divine worship, as had been already established by the Ghent Pacification.[1] As a certain dispute arose concerning the meaning of this important clause, an additional paragraph was inserted a few days afterward. In this it was stated that there was no intention of excluding from the confederacy any province or city which was wholly Catholic, or in which the number of the Reformed was not sufficiently large to entitle them, by the religious peace, to public worship. On the contrary, the intention was to admit them, provided they obeyed the articles of union and conducted themselves as good patriots; it being intended that no province or city should interfere with another in the matter of divine service. Disputes between two provinces were to be decided by the others, or—in case the generality were concerned—by the provisions of the ninth article.

The confederates were to assemble at Utrecht whenever summoned by those commissioned for that purpose. A majority of votes was to decide on matters then brought before them, even in case of the absence of some members of the confederacy, who might, how-

[1] Articles 5, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13.

ever, send written proxies. Additions or amendments to these articles could only be made by unanimous consent. The articles were to be signed by the stadholders, magistrates, and principal officers of each province and city, and by all the train-bands, fraternities, and sodalities which might exist in the cities or villages of the union.[1]

Such were the simple provisions of that instrument which became the foundation of the powerful commonwealth of the United Netherlands. On the day when it was concluded there were present deputies from five provinces only.[2] Count John of Nassau signed first, as stadholder of Gelderland and Zutphen. His signature was followed by those of four deputies from that double province; and the envoys of Holland, Zealand, Utrecht, and the Frisian provinces then signed the document.[3]

The prince himself, although in reality the principal director of the movement, delayed appending his signature until May 3, 1579.[4] Herein he was actuated by the reasons already stated, and by the hope which he still entertained that a wider union might be established,

[1] Articles 16, 19, 22.

[2] Bor, 3, xiii. 26. Kluit, Holl. Staatsreg., i. 173 sqq. Wagenaer, Vad. Hist., vii. 263 sqq.

[3] Bor, Kluit, Wagenaer, ubi sup. Count Renneberg, as stadholder of Friesland, Overyssel, Groningen, Drente, etc., did not give his final adhesion until June 11, 1579. His subsequent treason kept the city of Groningen out of the union, and it was not admitted till the year 1594 (Wag., vii. 266). On the other hand, several cities which were not destined eventually to form parts of the confederacy became members soon after its formation—as Ghent, on February 4, 1579; Antwerp, July 28, 1579; Bruges, February 1, 1580, etc. (Bor, xiii. 31 et seq).

[4] Bor, 2, xiii. 30.

with Matthias for its nominal chief. His enemies, as usual, attributed this patriotic delay to baser motives. They accused him of a desire to assume the governor-generalship himself, to the exclusion of the archduke —an insinuation which the states of Holland took occasion formally to denounce as a calumny.[1] For those who have studied the character and history of the man, a defense against such slander is superfluous. Matthias was but the shadow, Orange the substance. The archduke had been accepted only to obviate the evil effects of a political intrigue, and with the express condition that the prince should be his lieutenant-general in name, his master in fact. Directly after his departure in the following year, the prince's authority, which nominally departed also, was reëstablished in his own person, and by express act of the States-General.[2]

The Union of Utrecht was the foundation-stone of the Netherland Republic; but the framers of the confederacy did not intend the establishment of a republic, or of an independent commonwealth of any kind. They had not forsworn the Spanish monarch. It was not yet their intention to forswear him. Certainly the act of union contained no allusion to such an important step. On the contrary, in the brief preamble they expressly stated their intention to strengthen the Ghent Pacification, and the Ghent Pacification acknowledged obedience to the king. They intended no political innovation of any kind. They expressly accepted matters as they were. All statutes, charters, and privileges of provinces, cities, or corporations were to remain untouched. They intended to form neither an independent state nor

[1] Resol. Holl., May 8, f. 93. Kluit, Holl. Staatsreg., i. 180.

[2] Kluit, i. 180, 181, note 15.

an independent federal system.[1] No doubt the formal renunciation of allegiance, which was to follow within two years, was contemplated by many as a future probability; but it could not be foreseen with certainty.

The simple act of union was not regarded as the constitution of a commonwealth. Its object was a single one—defense against a foreign oppressor. The contracting parties bound themselves together to spend all their treasure and all their blood in expelling the foreign soldiery from their soil. To accomplish this purpose, they carefully abstained from intermeddling with internal politics and with religion. Every man was to worship God according to the dictates of his conscience. Every combination of citizens, from the provincial states down to the humblest rhetoric club, was to retain its ancient constitution. The establishment of a republic which lasted two centuries, which threw a girdle of rich dependencies entirely round the globe, and which attained so remarkable a height of commercial prosperity and political influence, was the result of the Utrecht Union; but it was not a premeditated result. A state single toward the rest of the world, a unit in its external relations, while permitting internally a variety of sovereignties and institutions,—in many respects the prototype of our own much more extensive and powerful Union,—was destined to spring from the act thus signed by the envoys of five provinces. Those envoys were acting, however, under the pressure of extreme necessity, and for what was believed an evanescent purpose. The future confederacy was not to resemble the system of the German Empire, for it was to acknowledge no single

[1] Kluit, Holl. Staatsreg., i. 182 sqq. Compare Groen v. Prinst., Archives de la Maison d'Orange, vi. 536–564.

head. It was to differ from the Achæan League in the far inferior amount of power which it permitted to its general assembly, and in the consequently greater proportion of sovereign attributes which were retained by the individual states. It was, on the other hand, to furnish a closer and more intimate bond than that of the Swiss Confederacy, which was only a union for defense and external purposes of cantons otherwise independent.[1] It was, finally, to differ from the American federal commonwealth in the great feature that it was to be merely a confederacy of sovereignties, not a representative republic. Its foundation was a compact, not a constitution. The contracting parties were states and corporations, who considered themselves as representing small nationalities *de jure et de facto*, and as succeeding to the supreme power at the very instant in which allegiance to the Spanish monarch was renounced. The general assembly was a collection of diplomatic envoys, bound by instructions from independent states. The voting was not by heads, but by states. The deputies were not representatives of the people, but of the states; for the people of the United States of the Netherlands never assembled, as did the people of the United States of America two centuries later, to lay down a constitution by which they granted a generous amount of power to the union, while they reserved enough of sovereign attributes to secure that local self-government which is the life-blood of liberty.

The Union of Utrecht, narrowed as it was to the nether portion of that country which, as a whole, might have formed a commonwealth so much more powerful, was in origin a proof of this lamentable want of patriot-

[1] Compare Kluit, i. 193, 194.

ism. Could the jealousy of great nobles, the rancor of religious differences, the Catholic bigotry of the Walloon population on the one side, contending with the democratic insanity of the Ghent populace on the other, have been restrained within bounds by the moderate counsels of William of Orange, it would have been possible to unite seventeen provinces instead of seven, and to save many long and blighting years of civil war.

The Utrecht Union was, however, of inestimable value. It was time for some step to be taken if anarchy were not to reign until the Inquisition and absolutism were restored. Already, out of Chaos and Night, the coming Republic was assuming substance and form. The union, if it created nothing else, at least constructed a league against a foreign foe whose armed masses were pouring faster and faster into the territory of the provinces. Further than this it did not propose to go. It maintained what it found. It guaranteed religious liberty, and accepted the civil and political constitutions already in existence. Meantime the defects of those constitutions, although visible and sensible, had not grown to the large proportions which they were destined to attain.

Thus by the Union of Utrecht on the one hand, and the fast-approaching reconciliation of the Walloon provinces on the other, the work of decomposition and of construction went hand in hand.

## CHAPTER II

Parma's feint upon Antwerp—He invests Maestricht—Deputation and letters from the States-General, from Brussels, and from Parma, to the Walloon provinces—Active negotiations by Orange and by Farnese—Walloon envoys in Parma's camp before Maestricht—Festivities—The treaty of reconciliation—Rejoicings of the royalist party—Comedy enacted at the Paris theaters—Religious tumults in Antwerp, Utrecht, and other cities—Religious peace enforced by Orange—Philip Egmont's unsuccessful attempt upon Brussels—Siege of Maestricht—Failure at the Tongres Gate—Mining and countermining—Partial destruction of the Tongres ravelin—Simultaneous attack upon the Tongres and Bois-le-Duc gates—The Spaniards repulsed with great loss—Gradual encroachments of the besiegers—Bloody contests—The town taken—Horrible massacre—Triumphal entrance and solemn thanksgiving—Calumnious attacks upon Orange—Renewed troubles in Ghent—Imbize and Dathenus—The presence of the prince solicited—*Coup d'état* of Imbize—Order restored and Imbize expelled by Orange.

THE political movements in both directions were to be hastened by the military operations of the opening season. On the night of the 2d of March, 1579, the Prince of Parma made a demonstration against Antwerp. A body of three thousand Scotch and English lying at Borgerhout was rapidly driven in, and a warm skirmish ensued, directly under the walls of the city. The Prince of Orange, with the Archduke Matthias, being in Antwerp at the time, remained on the fortifications, super-

intending the action, and Parma was obliged to retire after an hour or two of sharp fighting, with a loss of four hundred men.[1] This demonstration was, however, only a feint. His real design was upon Maestricht, before which important city he appeared in great force ten days afterward, when he was least expected.[2]

Well fortified, surrounded by a broad and deep moat, built upon both sides of the Meuse, upon the right bank of which river, however, the portion of the town was so inconsiderable that it was merely called the village of Wyk, this key to the German gate of the Netherlands was, unfortunately, in brave but feeble hands. The garrison was hardly one thousand strong; the trained bands of burghers amounted to twelve hundred more; while between three and four thousand peasants, who had taken refuge within the city walls, did excellent service as sappers and miners. Parma, on the other hand, had appeared before the walls with twenty thousand men, to which number he received constant reinforcements. The Bishop of Liège, too, had sent him four thousand pioneers—a most important service, for mining and countermining was to decide the fate of Maestricht.[3]

Early in January the royalists had surprised the strong château of Carpen, in the neighborhood of the city, upon which occasion the garrison were all hanged by moonlight on the trees in the orchard. The commandant shared their fate; and it is a curious fact that he had, precisely a year previously, hanged the royalist

[1] Bor, xiii. 35, 36. Hoofd, xv. 620.

[2] Bor, xiii. 36. Hoofd, ubi sup. Strada, 2, ii. 58.

[3] Bentivoglio, 2, lib. i. 235. Bor, xiii. 36. According to Strada (2, ii. 81), three thousand.

captain Blomaert on the same spot, who, with the rope around his neck, had foretold a like doom to his destroyer.[1]

The Prince of Orange, feeling the danger of Maestricht, lost no time in warning the states to the necessary measures, imploring them "not to fall asleep in the shade of a peace negotiation,"[2] while meantime Parma threw two bridges over the Meuse, above and below the city, and then invested the place so closely that all communication was absolutely suspended. Letters could pass to and fro only at extreme peril to the messengers, and all possibility of reinforcing the city at the moment was cut off.[3]

While this eventful siege was proceeding, the negotiations with the Walloons were ripening. The siege and the conferences went hand in hand. Besides the secret arrangements already described for the separation of the Walloon provinces, there had been much earnest and eloquent remonstrance on the part of the States-General and of Orange—many solemn embassies and public appeals. As usual, the Pacification of Ghent was the two-sided shield which hung between the parties to cover or to justify the blows which each dealt at the other. There is no doubt as to the real opinion entertained concerning that famous treaty by the royal party. "Through the peace of Ghent," said St. Vaast, "all our woes have been brought upon us." La Motte informed Parma that it was necessary to pretend a respect

[1] Letter of G. de Merode, Ordinaris Depêchen Boek der Staten-Gen., Ao 1579, f. 42, MS., Hague Archives.

[2] Letter of Orange to States-General, ibid., f. 41vo, MS.

[3] Bor, xiii. 17–36 sqq. Hoofd, xv. 622–628. Strada, 2, i. 37, 57–61. Meteren, ix. 134.

for the Pacification, however, on account of its popularity, but that it was well understood by the leaders of the Walloon movement that the intention was to restore the system of Charles V. Parma signified his consent to make use of that treaty as a basis, "provided always it were interpreted healthily, and not dislocated by cavillations and sinister interpolations, as had been done by the Prince of Orange." The Malcontent generals of the Walloon troops were inexpressibly anxious lest the cause of religion should be endangered; but the arguments by which Parma convinced those military casuists as to the compatibility of the Ghent peace with sound doctrine have already been exhibited. The influence of the reconciled nobles was brought to bear with fatal effect upon the states of Artois, Hainault, and of a portion of French Flanders. The Gallic element in their blood, and an intense attachment to the Roman ceremonial, which distinguished the Walloon population from their Batavian brethren, were used successfully by the wily Parma to destroy the unity of the revolted Netherlands.[1] Moreover, the king offered good terms. The monarch, feeling safe on the religious point, was willing to make liberal promises upon the political questions. In truth, the great grievance of which the Walloons complained was the insolence and intolerable outrages of the foreign soldiers. This, they said, had alone made them malcontent.[2] It was, therefore, obviously the cue of Parma to promise the immediate departure of the troops. This could be done the more easily as he had no intention of keeping the promise.

[1] Bor, Hoofd, Strada, ubi sup. Archives, etc., de la Maison d'Orange, vi. 610–613.

[2] Strada, 2, i. 50, 51.

Meantime the efforts of Orange and of the States-General, where his influence was still paramount, were unceasing to counteract the policy of Parma. A deputation was appointed by the generality to visit the estates of the Walloon provinces.[1] Another was sent by the authorities of Brussels. The Marquis of Havré, with several colleagues on behalf of the States-General, waited upon the Viscount of Ghent, by whom they were received with extreme insolence. He glared upon them, without moving, as they were admitted to his presence, "looking like a dead man from whom the soul had entirely departed." Recovering afterward from this stony trance of indignation, he demanded a sight of their instructions. This they courteously refused, as they were accredited not to him, but to the states of Artois. At this he fell into a violent passion, and threatened them with signal chastisement for daring to come thither with so treasonable a purpose. In short, according to their own expression, he treated them "as if they had been rogues and vagabonds."[2] The Marquis of Havré, high-born though he was, had been sufficiently used to such conduct. The man who had successively served and betrayed every party, who had been the obsequious friend and the avowed enemy of Don John within the same fortnight, and who had been able to swallow and inwardly digest many an insult from that fiery warrior, was even fain to brook the insolence of Robert Melun.

The papers which the deputation had brought were finally laid before the states of Artois, and received replies as prompt and bitter as the addresses were ear-

[1] Bor, xiii. 37, 38. Hoofd, xv. 622 sqq. Meteren, ix. 150, 151.

[2] Report of the commissioners, Bor, xiii. 45.

nest and eloquent. The Walloons, when summoned to hold to that ægis of national unity, the Ghent peace, replied that it was not they, but the heretic portion of the States-General, who were for dashing it to the ground. The Ghent treaty was never intended to impair the supremacy of the Catholic religion, said those provinces, which were already on the point of separating forever from the rest. The Ghent treaty was intended expressly to destroy the Inquisition and the placards, answered the national party. Moreover, the "very marrow of that treaty"[1] was the departure of the foreign soldiers, who were even then overrunning the land. The Walloons answered that Alexander had expressly conceded the withdrawal of the troops. "Believe not the fluting and the piping of the crafty foe," urged the patriots.[2] "Promises are made profusely enough, but only to lure you to perdition. Your enemies allow you to slake your hunger and thirst with this idle hope of the troops' departure, but you are still in fetters, although the chain be of Spanish pinchbeck, which you mistake for gold." "'T is not we," cried the Walloons, "who wish to separate from the generality; 't is the generality which separates from us. We had rather die the death than not maintain the union."[3] In the very same breath, however, they boasted of the ex-

[1] "De substantie en principael merg van selve pacificatie."—Bor, xiii. 39.

[2] "De vijand hem sal behelpen met het woord van de Religie aes met een bedriegelijk pijpken of fluijken om ons met de Tarre te vangen."—Address of the States-General, March 3, 1579, ibid., xiii. 41. "'T gefluit en gepijp van de gene die komen van onser vijanden wegen—om namaels te gecken en te spotten met onse bederfenisse."—Ibid.

[3] Ibid., xiii. 38.

cellent terms which the monarch was offering, and of their strong inclination to accept them. "Kings struggling to recover a lost authority always promise golden mountains and every sort of miracles," replied the patriots;[1] but the warning was uttered in vain.

Meantime the deputation from the city of Brussels arrived on the 28th of March at Mons, in Hainault, where they were received with great courtesy by Count de Lalain, governor of the province. The enthusiasm with which he had espoused the cause of Queen Margaret and her brother Anjou had cooled, but the count received the Brussels envoys with a kindness in marked contrast with the brutality of Melun. He made many fine speeches,—protesting his attachment to the union, for which he was ready to shed the last drop of his blood,—entertained the deputies at dinner, proposed toasts to the prosperity of the United Provinces, and dismissed his guests at last with many flowery professions. After dancing attendance for a few days, however, upon the estates of the Walloon provinces, both sets of deputies were warned to take their instant departure as mischief-makers and rebels. They returned, accordingly, to Brussels, bringing the written answers which the estates had vouchsafed to send.[2]

The States-General, too, inspired by William of Orange, addressed a solemn appeal to their sister provinces, thus about to abjure the bonds of relationship forever.[3] It seemed right, once for all, to grapple with the Ghent Pacification for the last time, and to strike a

[1] "Gewoont sijn te beloven goude berge en wonderlijke saken." —Address of the States-General, Bor, xiii. 44.

[2] Ibid., xiii. 44, 45. Hoofd, xv. 622 sqq. Meteren, ix. 139, 150.

[3] Bor (xiii. 39–42) gives the text in full.

final blow in defense of that large, statesmanlike interpretation which alone could make the treaty live. This was done eloquently and logically. The Walloons were reminded that at the epoch of the Ghent peace the number of reformers outside of Holland and Zealand was supposed small. Now the new religion had spread its roots through the whole land, and innumerable multitudes desired its exercise. If Holland and Zealand chose to reëstablish the Catholic worship within their borders, they could manifestly do so without violating the treaty of Ghent. Why then was it not competent to other provinces, with equal allegiance to the treaty, to sanction the Reformed religion within their limits?[1]

Parma, on his part, publicly invited the States-General, by letter, to sustain the Ghent treaty by accepting the terms offered to the Walloons, and by restoring the system of the Emperor Charles of very lofty memory. To this superfluous invitation the States-General replied, on the 19th of March, that it had been the system of the Emperor Charles of lofty memory to maintain the supremacy of Catholicism and of Majesty in the Netherlands by burning Netherlanders—a custom which the states, with common accord, had thought it desirable to do away with.[2]

In various fervently written appeals by Orange, by the States-General, and by other bodies, the wavering provinces were warned against seduction. They were reminded that the Prince of Parma was using this minor negotiation "as a second string to his bow"; that nothing could be more puerile than to suppose the Spaniards capable, after securing Maestricht, of sending

[1] Address of the states, apud Bor, 3, xiii. 40 sqq.

[2] Letter of the States-General, ibid., xiii. 48.

away their troops—thus "deserting the bride in the midst of the honeymoon." They expressed astonishment at being invited to abandon the great and general treaty which had been made upon the theater of the whole world by the intervention of the principal princes of Christendom, in order to partake in underhand negotiation with the commissioners of Parma—men "who, it would not be denied, were felons and traitors." They warned their brethren not to embark on the enemy's ships in the dark, for that, while chaffering as to the price of the voyage, they would find that the false pilots had hoisted sail and borne them away in the night. In vain would they then seek to reach the shore again. The example of La Motte and others, "birdlimed with Spanish gold," should be salutary for all—men who were now driven forward with a whip, laughed to scorn by their new masters, and forced to drink the bitter draught of humiliation along with the sweet poison of bribery. They were warned to study well the intercepted letters of Curiel, in order fully to fathom the deep designs and secret contempt of the enemy.[1]

Such having been the result of the negotiations between the States-General and the Walloon provinces, a strong deputation now went forth from those provinces, toward the end of April, to hold a final colloquy with Parma, then already busied with the investment of Maestricht. They were met upon the road with great ceremony, and escorted into the presence of Farnese with drum, trumpet, and flaunting banners.[2] He re-

[1] Réponse des États-Généraux sur les lettres des États d'Artois, Haynault, Lille, Douay et Orchies, Ord. Depêch. Boek der St.-Gen., 1579, f. 35–51, MS., Hague Archives.

[2] Strada, 2, i. 49 sqq.

ceived them with stately affability, in a magnificently decorated pavilion, carelessly inviting them to a repast, which he called an afternoon's lunch, but which proved a most sumptuous and splendidly appointed entertainment.[1] This "trifling, foolish banquet" finished, the deputies were escorted with great military parade to the lodgings which had been provided for them in a neighboring village. During the period of their visit, all the chief officers of the army and the household were directed to entertain the Walloons with showy festivals, dinners, suppers, dances, and carousals of all kinds. At one of the most brilliant of these revels—a magnificent ball, to which all the matrons and maids of the whole country round had been bidden—the Prince of Parma himself unexpectedly made his appearance. He gently rebuked the entertainers for indulging in such splendid hospitality without, at least, permitting him to partake of it. Charmingly affable to the ladies assembled in the ball-room, courteous, but slightly reserved, toward the Walloon envoys, he excited the admiration of all by the splendid decorum of his manners. As he moved through the halls, modulating his steps in grave cadence to the music, the dignity and grace of his deportment seemed truly majestic; but when he actually danced a measure himself the enthusiasm was at its height.[2] They should, indeed, be rustics, cried the Walloon envoys in a breath, not to give the hand of fellowship at once to a prince so condescending and amiable.[3]

[1] "Regiis epulis quas extenuato ad superbiam vocabulo, pomeridianam gustationem appellabant, excepti sunt."—Strada, 2, i. 52.

[2] Strada (2, i. 53), who describes the scene with laughable gravity.

[3] Ibid.: "Agrestes se plus nimio visum iri, nisi adeo benigni amabilisque ingenii viro manus darent."

The exclamation seemed to embody the general wish, and to foreshadow a speedy conclusion.

Very soon afterward a preliminary accord was signed between the king's government and the Walloon provinces. The provisions on his Majesty's part were sufficiently liberal. The religious question furnishing no obstacle, it was comparatively easy for Philip to appear benignant. It was stipulated that the provincial privileges should be respected, that a member of the king's own family, legitimately born, should always be governor-general, and that the foreign troops should be immediately withdrawn.[1] The official exchange and ratification of this treaty were delayed till the 4th of the following September,[2] but the news that the reconciliation had been definitely settled soon spread through the country. The

[1] The preliminary accord was signed May 17, 1579. A copy was sent by the Prince of Orange to the United States on August 1, 1579 (Bor, xiii. 95–98. Tratado de Reconciliacion de las Provinias d'Artois, Haynau, Lille, Douay, y Orchies, Rec. Prov. Wall., iii. f. 289–296, MS.). The terms of the treaty were not bad. The Ghent Pacification was to be maintained and the foreign troops were to be removed. Unfortunately, the secret correspondence of the parties shows that the faithful observance of that Pacification was very far from their thoughts, while the subsequent history of the country was to prove the removal of the troops to have been a comedy, in which the principal actor soon renounced the part which he had reluctantly consented to sustain.

[2] Rec. Prov. Wall., iii. f. 179, 180, MS. There is something almost comic in the preamble to the ratification. "Certain good personages in our provinces of Artois, etc.," says Philip, "zealous in the service of God and desirous to escape danger to their property, and seeing the attempt to establish over the ecclesiastics, nobles, and good burgesses a popular tyranny, which, by exorbitant contributions, is gnawing the nation to the bone, having at length opened their own eyes, have done their best to awaken their neighbors," etc.

Catholics were elated, the patriots dismayed. Orange, —the "Prince of Darkness,"[1] as the Walloons of the day were fond of calling him,—still unwilling to despair, reluctant to accept this dismemberment, which he foresaw was to be a perpetual one, of his beloved country, addressed the most passionate and solemn adjurations to the Walloon provinces and to their military chieftains. He offered all his children as hostages for his good faith in keeping sacredly any covenant which his Catholic countrymen might be willing to close with him. It was in vain. The step was irretrievably taken; religious bigotry, patrician jealousy, and wholesale bribery had severed the Netherlands in twain forever. The friends of Romanism, the enemies of civil and religious liberty, exulted from one end of Christendom to the other, and it was recognized that Parma had, indeed, achieved a victory which, although bloodless, was as important to the cause of absolutism as any which even his sword was likely to achieve.

The joy of the Catholic party in Paris manifested itself in a variety of ways. At the principal theater[2] an uncouth pantomime was exhibited, in which his Catholic Majesty was introduced upon the stage, leading by a halter a sleek cow, typifying the Netherlands. The animal, by a sudden effort, broke the cord, and capered wildly about. Alexander of Parma hastened to fasten the fragments together, while sundry personages, representing the States-General, seized her by the horns, some leaping upon her back, others calling upon

[1] "Le Prince d'Orenges, qu'ils nommérent en ce temps Prince des Tenèbres," etc.—Renom de France, iv. c. xii., MS. At least, in poor Tom's phrase, "the prince of darkness was a gentleman."

[2] Strada, 2, i. 55.

the bystanders to assist in holding the restive beast. The emperor, the King of France, and the Queen of England—which last personage was observed now to smile upon one party, now to affect deep sympathy with the other—remained stationary; but the Duke of Alençon rushed upon the stage and caught the cow by the tail. The Prince of Orange and Hans Casimir then appeared with a bucket, and set themselves busily to milk her, when Alexander again seized the halter. The cow gave a plunge, upset the pail, prostrated Casimir with one kick and Orange with another, and then followed Parma with docility as he led her back to Philip.[1] This seems not very "admirable fooling," but it was highly relished by the polite Parisians of the sixteenth century, and has been thought worthy of record by classical historians.

The Walloon accord was an auspicious prelude, in the eyes of the friends of absolutism, to the negotiations which were opened in the month of May at Cologne. Before sketching as rapidly as possible those celebrated but barren conferences, it is necessary, for the sake of unity in the narrative, to cast a glance at certain synchronical events in different parts of the Netherlands.

The success attained by the Catholic party in the Walloon negotiations had caused a corresponding bitterness in the hearts of the reformers throughout the country. As usual, bitterness had begot bitterness; intolerance engendered intolerance. On the 28th of May, 1579, as the Catholics of Antwerp were celebrating the *Ommegang*,—the same festival which had been the exciting cause of the memorable tumults of the year 1565,—the irritation of the populace could not be

[1] Strada, 2, i. 55, 56.

repressed.[1] The mob rose in its wrath to put down these demonstrations—which, taken in connection with recent events, seemed ill-timed and insolent—of a religion whose votaries then formed but a small minority of the Antwerp citizens. There was a great tumult. Two persons were killed. The Archduke Matthias, who was himself in the Cathedral of Notre Dame assisting at the ceremony, was in danger of his life. The well-known cry of "Paapen uit!" ("Out with the papists!") resounded through the streets, and the priests and monks were all hustled out of town amid a tempest of execrations.[2] Orange did his utmost to quell the mutiny, nor were his efforts fruitless, for the uproar, although seditious and disgraceful, was hardly sanguinary. Next day the prince summoned the magistracy, the Monday council, the gild officers, with all the chief municipal functionaries, and expressed his indignation in decided terms. He protested that if such tumults, originating in that very spirit of intolerance which he most deplored, could not be repressed for the future, he was determined to resign his offices, and no longer to affect authority in a city where his counsels were derided. The magistrates, alarmed at his threats and sympathizing with his anger, implored him not to desert them, protesting that if he should resign his offices they would instantly lay down their own. An ordinance was then drawn up and immediately proclaimed at the town house, permitting the Catholics to reënter the city and to enjoy the privileges of religious worship. At the same time it was announced that a new draft of a religious peace would be forthwith issued for the adoption of every city.[3]

[1] Bor, xiii. 67. [2] Ibid. Meteren, ix. 153[a]. [3] Bor, xiii. 68.

A similar tumult, arising from the same cause, at Utrecht, was attended with the like result.[1] On the other hand, the city of Brussels was astonished by a feeble and unsuccessful attempt[2] at treason, made by a youth who bore an illustrious name. Philip, Count of Egmont, eldest son of the unfortunate Lamoral, had command of a regiment in the service of the states. He had, besides, a small body of cavalry in immediate attendance upon his person. He had for some time felt inclined—like the Lalains, Meluns, La Mottes, and others —to reconcile himself with the crown, and he wisely thought that the terms accorded to him would be more liberal if he could bring the capital of Brabant with him as a peace-offering to his Majesty. His residence was in Brussels. His regiment was stationed outside the gates, but in the immediate neighborhood of the city. On the morning of the 4th of June he despatched his troopers, as had been frequently his custom, on various errands into the country. On their return, after having summoned the regiment, they easily mastered and butchered the guard at the gate through which they had reentered, supplying their place with men from their own ranks. The Egmont regiment then came marching through the gate in good order, Count Philip at their head, and proceeded to station themselves upon the Grande Place in the center of the city. All this was at dawn of day. The burghers who looked forth from their houses were astounded and perplexed by this movement at so unwonted an hour, and hastened to seize their weapons. Egmont sent a detachment to take possession of the palace. He was too late. Colonel van der Tympel,

[1] Bor, xiii. 70–73.

[2] Ibid., xiii. 66 sqq. Meteren, ix. 153. Hoofd, xv. 637 sqq.

commandant of the city, had been beforehand with him, had got his troops under arms, and now secured the rebellious detachment. Meantime the alarm had spread. Armed burghers came from every house, and barricades were hastily thrown up across every one of the narrow streets leading to the square. Every issue was closed. Not a man of Egmont's adherents—if he indeed had adherents among the townsmen—dared to show his face. The young traitor and his whole regiment, drawn up on the Grande Place, were completely entrapped. He had not taken Brussels, but assuredly Brussels had taken him. All day long he was kept in his self-elected prison and pillory, bursting with rage and shame. His soldiers, who were without meat or drink, became insolent and uproarious, and he was doomed also to hear the bitter and well-merited taunts of the townspeople. A thousand stinging gibes, suggested by his name and the locality, were mercilessly launched upon him. He was asked if he came thither to seek his father's head. He was reminded that the morrow was the anniversary of that father's murder—upon that very spot—by those with whom the son would now make his treasonable peace. He was bidden to tear up but a few stones from the pavement beneath his feet, that the hero's blood might cry out against him from the very ground.[1] Tears of shame and fury sprang from the young man's eyes[2] as he listened to these biting sarcasms, but the night closed upon that memorable square, and still the count was a prisoner. Eleven years before, the summer stars had looked down upon a more dense array

[1] Bor, xiii. 66. Hoofd, xv. 638.

[2] Meteren, ix. 153: "Sulcx dat de tranen hem van passie ontoponghen," etc. Bor, Hoofd, ubi sup.

of armed men within that place. The preparations for the pompous and dramatic execution, which on the morrow was to startle all Europe, had been carried out in the midst of a hushed and overawed population; and now, on the very anniversary of the midnight in which that scaffold had risen, should not the grand specter of the victim have started from the grave to chide his traitorous son?

Thus for a whole day and night was the baffled conspirator compelled to remain in the ignominious position which he had selected for himself. On the morning of the 5th of June he was permitted to depart, by a somewhat inexplicable indulgence, together with all his followers. He rode out of the gate at early dawn, contemptible and crestfallen, at the head of his regiment of traitors, and shortly afterward, pillaging and levying blackmail as he went, made his way to Montigny's quarters.[1]

It might have seemed natural, after such an exhibition, that Philip Egmont should accept his character of renegade, and confess his intention of reconciling himself with the murderers of his father. On the contrary, he addressed a letter to the magistracy of Brussels, denying with vehemence "any intention of joining the party of the pernicious Spaniards," warmly protesting his zeal and affection for the states, and denouncing the "perverse inventors of these calumnies against him as the worst enemies of the poor afflicted country." The magistrates replied by expressing their inability to comprehend how the count, who had suffered villainous wrongs from the Spaniards, such as he could never sufficiently deplore or avenge, should ever be willing to enslave

[1] Bor, Hoofd, Meteren, ubi sup.

himself to those tyrants. Nevertheless, exactly at the moment of this correspondence, Egmont was in close negotiation with Spain, having, fifteen days before the date of his letter to the Brussels senate, conveyed to Parma his resolution to "embrace the cause of his Majesty and the ancient religion"—an intention which he vaunted himself to have proved "by cutting the throats of three companies of states' soldiers at Nivelles, Grandmont, and Ninove." Parma had already written to communicate the intelligence to the king, and to beg encouragement for the count. In September the monarch wrote a letter to Egmont, full of gratitude and promises, to which the count replied by expressing lively gratification that his Majesty was pleased with his little services, by avowing profound attachment to church and king, and by asking eagerly for money, together with the government of Alost. He soon became singularly importunate for rewards and promotion, demanding, among other posts, the command of the "band of ordnance" which had been his father's. Parma, in reply, was prodigal of promises, reminding the young noble "that he was serving a sovereign who well knew how to reward the distinguished exploits of his subjects." Such was the language of Philip II. and his governor to the son of the headless hero of St.-Quentin; such was the fawning obsequiousness with which Egmont could kiss that royal hand reeking with his father's blood.[1]

Meanwhile the siege of Maestricht had been advan-

[1] Ordin. Depêchen Boek der Staten-Gen., A° 1579, f. 287, Hague Archives, MS. Reconciliation des Provinces Wallones, iv. f. 110, 116, Brussels Royal Archives, MS. Compare Correspondance d'Alexandre Farnese avec Phil. II., Gachard (1853); Kervyn und Diegerich, Documents Inédits, i. 428.

cing with steady precision. To military minds of that epoch—perhaps of later ages—this achievement of Parma seemed a masterpiece of art. The city commanded the Upper Meuse, and was the gate into Germany. It contained thirty-four thousand inhabitants. An army numbering almost as many souls was brought against it; and the number of deaths by which its capture was at last effected was probably equal to that of a moiety of the population.[1] To the technical mind the siege no doubt seemed a beautiful creation of human intelligence. To the honest student of history, to the lover of human progress, such a manifestation of intellect seems a sufficiently sad exhibition. Given a city with strong walls and towers, a slender garrison, and a devoted population, on one side; a consummate chieftain on the other, with an army of veterans at his back, no interruption to fear, and a long season to work in: it would not seem to an unsophisticated mind a very lofty exploit for the soldier to carry the city at the end of four months' hard labor.

The investment of Maestricht was commenced upon the 12th of March, 1579. In the city, besides the population, there were two thousand peasants, both men and women, a garrison of one thousand soldiers, and a trained burgher guard numbering about twelve hundred.[2] The name of the military commandant was Melchior. Sebastian Tappin, a Lorraine officer of much experience

[1] Strada, 2, iii. 59, 130. At the termination of the siege the army of Parma was estimated at twenty thousand men, and four thousand had fallen in the two assaults of April alone (Bor, ubi sup.).

[2] Bor, xiii. 36. Hoofd, xv. 628. Meteren, ix. 154. Compare Strada, 2, ii. 59, who reckons the civic guards at six thousand, and the boors at as many more.

and bravery, was next in command, and was, in truth, the principal director of the operations. He had been despatched thither by the Prince of Orange, to serve under La Noue, who was to have commanded in Maestricht, but had been unable to enter the city.[1] Feeling that the siege was to be a close one, and knowing how much depended upon the issue, Sebastian lost no time in making every needful preparation for coming events. The walls were strengthened everywhere; shafts were sunk, preparatory to the countermining operations which were soon to become necessary; the moat was deepened and cleared, and the forts near the gates were put in thorough repair. On the other hand, Alexander had encircled the city, and had thrown two bridges, well fortified, across the river. There were six gates to the town, each provided with ravelins, and there was a doubt in what direction the first attack should be made. Opinions wavered between the Gate of Bois-le-Duc, next the river, and that of Tongres, on the southwestern side, but it was finally decided to attempt the Gate of Tongres.

Over against that point the platforms were accordingly constructed, and after a heavy cannonade from forty-six great guns continued for several days, it was thought, by the 25th of March, that an impression had been made upon the city. A portion of the brick curtain had crumbled, but through the breach was seen a massive terre-plein, well moated, which, after six thousand shots already delivered on the outer wall, still remained uninjured.[2] It was recognized that the Gate of Tongres was not the most assailable, but rather the strongest portion of the defenses, and Alexander there-

[1] Strada, 2, ii. 59. Hoofd, xv. 628.

[2] Strada, ii. 65, 66.

fore determined to shift his batteries to the Gate of Bois-le-Duc. At the same time the attempt upon that of Tongres was to be varied, but not abandoned. Four thousand miners, who had passed half their lives in burrowing for coal in that anthracite region, had been furnished by the Bishop of Liège, and this force was now set to their subterranean work.[1] A mine having been opened at a distance, the besiegers slowly worked their way toward the Tongres Gate, while at the same time the more ostensible operations were in the opposite direction. The besieged had their miners also, for the peasants in the city had been used to work with mattock and pickax. The women, too, enrolled themselves into companies, chose their officers,—or "mine-mistresses," as they were called,[2]—and did good service daily in the caverns of the earth. Thus a whole army of gnomes were noiselessly at work to destroy and defend the beleaguered city. The mine advanced toward the gate; the besieged delved deeper and intersected it with a transverse excavation, and the contending forces met daily, in deadly encounter, within these sepulchral gangways. Many stratagems were mutually employed. The citizens secretly constructed a dam across the Spanish mine, and then deluged their foe with hogsheads of boiling water. Hundreds were thus scalded to death. They heaped branches and light fagots in the hostile mine, set fire to the pile, and blew thick volumes of smoke along the passage with organ-bellows brought from the churches for the purpose. Many were thus suffocated. The discomfited besiegers abandoned the mine where they had met with such able counter-

[1] Bor, xiii. 36. Hoofd, xv. 628. Strada.

[2] "Magistras cunicularias appellabant."—Strada, 70.

mining, and sank another shaft, at midnight, in secret, at a long distance from the Tongres Gate. Still toward that point, however, they burrowed in the darkness, guiding themselves to their destination with magnet, plumb-line, and level, as the mariner crosses the trackless ocean with compass and chart. They worked their way unobstructed till they arrived at their subterranean port, directly beneath the doomed ravelin. Here they constructed a spacious chamber, supporting it with columns, and making all their architectural arrangements with as much precision and elegance as if their object had been purely esthetic. Coffers full of powder, to an enormous amount, were then placed in every direction across the floor, the train was laid, and Parma informed that all was ready. Alexander, having already arrayed the troops destined for the assault, then proceeded in person to the mouth of the shaft, and gave orders to spring the mine. The explosion was prodigious; a part of the tower fell with the concussion, and the moat was choked with heaps of rubbish. The assailants sprang across the passage thus afforded, and mastered the ruined portion of the fort. They were met in the breach, however, by the unflinching defenders of the city, and after a fierce combat of some hours were obliged to retire, remaining masters, however, of the moat and of the ruined portion of the ravelin. This was upon the 3d of April.[1]

Five days afterward a general assault was ordered. A new mine having been already constructed toward the Tongres ravelin, and a faithful cannonade having been kept up for a fortnight against the Bois-le-Duc Gate, it was thought advisable to attack at both points

[1] Strada, 2, ii. 666–671.

at once. On the 8th of April, accordingly, after uniting in prayer and listening to a speech from Alexander Farnese, the great mass of the Spanish army advanced to the breach. The moat had been rendered practicable in many places by the heaps of rubbish with which it had been encumbered, and by the fagots and earth with which it had been filled by the besiegers. The action at the Bois-le-Duc Gate was exceedingly warm. The tried veterans of Spain, Italy, and Burgundy were met face to face by the burghers of Maestricht, together with their wives and children. All were armed to the teeth, and fought with what seemed superhuman valor. The women, fierce as tigresses defending their young, swarmed to the walls, and fought in the foremost rank. They threw pails of boiling water on the besiegers, they hurled firebrands in their faces, they quoited blazing pitch-hoops with unerring dexterity about their necks. The rustics, too, armed with their ponderous flails, worked as cheerfully at this bloody harvesting as if threshing their corn at home. Heartily did they winnow the ranks of the royalists who came to butcher them, and thick and fast fell the invaders, fighting bravely, but baffled by these novel weapons used by peasant and woman, coming to the aid of the sword, spear, and musket of trained soldiery. More than a thousand had fallen at the Bois-le-Duc Gate, and still fresh besiegers mounted the breach, only to be beaten back, or to add to the mangled heap of the slain.[1] At the Tongres Gate, meanwhile, the assault had fared no better. A herald had been despatched thither in hot haste to shout at the top of his lungs, "Santiago! Santiago! the Lombards have the Gate of Bois-le-Duc!"

[1] Strada, 2, ii. 68–71.

while the same stratagem was employed to persuade the invaders on the other side of the town that their comrades had forced the Gate of Tongres.[1] The soldiers, animated by this fiction, and advancing with fury against the famous ravelin, which had been but partly destroyed, were received with a broadside from the great guns of the unshattered portion, and by a rattling discharge of musketry from the walls. They wavered a little. At the same instant the new mine—which was to have been sprung between the ravelin and the gate, but which had been secretly countermined by the townspeople—exploded with a horrible concussion, at a moment least expected by the besiegers. Five hundred royalists were blown into the air. Ortiz, a Spanish captain of engineers, who had been inspecting the excavations, was thrown up bodily from the subterranean depth. He fell back again instantly into the same cavern, and was buried by the returning shower of earth which had spouted from the mine. Forty-five years afterward, in digging for the foundations of a new wall, his skeleton was found. Clad in complete armor, the helmet and cuirass still sound, with his gold chain around his neck, and his mattock and pickax at his feet, the soldier lay[2] unmutilated, seeming almost capable of resuming his part in the same war which, even after his half-century's sleep, was still ravaging the land.

Five hundred of the Spaniards perished by the explosion,[3] but none of the defenders were injured, for they

[1] Hoofd, xv. 629. Meteren, ix. 154. Strada, 2, ii. 75.

[2] Strada, 2, ii. 76.

[3] Five to six hundred, according to a letter written between the 12th and 16th of April, 1579, by a citizen of Maestricht, and quoted by Bor, xiii. 51, 52.

had been prepared. Recovering from the momentary panic, the besiegers again rushed to the attack. The battle raged. Six hundred and seventy officers, commissioned or non-commissioned, had already fallen, more than half mortally wounded. Four thousand royalists, horribly mutilated, lay on the ground.[1] It was time that the day's work should be finished, for Maestricht was not to be carried upon that occasion. The best and bravest of the surviving officers besought Parma to put an end to the carnage by recalling the troops; but the gladiator-heart of the commander was heated, not softened, by the savage spectacle. "Go back to the breach," he cried, "and tell the soldiers that Alexander is coming to lead them into the city in triumph, or to perish with his comrades."[2] He rushed forward with the fury which had marked him when he boarded Mustapha's galley at Lepanto; but all the generals who were near him threw themselves upon his path, and implored him to desist from such insensate rashness. Their expostulations would have probably been in vain had not his confidential friend Cerbelloni interposed with something like paternal authority, reminding him of the strict commands contained in his Majesty's recent letters that the governor-general, to whom so much was intrusted, should refrain, on pain of the royal displeasure, from exposing his life like a common fighter.[3]

[1] Letter from Maestricht, above cited. Compare Strada, 2, ii. 79; Hoofd, xv. 629, who puts the number of Spaniards slain in this assault at two thousand; Meteren, ix. 154; Haraeus, Tumult. Belg., t. iii. 299.

[2] Strada, 2, ii. 77.

[3] Ibid. The letter of Philip is partly given by the historian.

Alexander reluctantly gave the signal of recall at last, and accepted the defeat. For the future he determined to rely more upon the sapper and miner,[1] and less upon the superiority of veterans to townsmen and rustics in open fight. Sure to carry the city at last, according to line and rule, determined to pass the whole summer beneath the walls rather than abandon his purpose, he calmly proceeded to complete his circumvallations. A chain of eleven forts upon the left and five upon the right side of the Meuse, the whole connected by a continuous wall,[2] afforded him perfect security against interruptions, and allowed him to continue the siege at leisure. His numerous army was well housed and amply supplied, and he had built a strong and populous city in order to destroy another. Relief was impossible. But a few thousand men were now required to defend Farnese's improvised town, while the bulk of his army could be marched at any moment against an advancing foe. A force of seven thousand, painfully collected by the Prince of Orange, moved toward the place, under command of Hohenlo and John of Nassau, but, struck with wonder at what they saw, the leaders recognized the hopelessness of attempting relief. Maestricht was surrounded by a second Maestricht.

The efforts of Orange were now necessarily directed toward obtaining, if possible, a truce of a few weeks from the negotiators at Cologne. Parma was too crafty, however, to allow Terranova[3] to consent, and as the duke disclaimed any power over the direct question of

[1] Strada, 2, ii. 80. Bor, xiii. 52.

[2] Strada, 2, ii. 83.

[3] See a remarkable letter from Parma to the Duke of Terranova, dated Camp before Maestricht, May 21, 1579, in Bor, xiii. 57, 58.

peace and war, the siege proceeded. The gates of Bois-le-Duc and Tongres having thus far resisted the force brought against them, the scene was changed to the Gate of Brussels. This adjoined that of Tongres, was farthest from the river, and faced westwardly toward the open country. Here the besieged had constructed an additional ravelin, which they had christened, in derision, "Parma," and against which the batteries of Parma were now brought to bear. Alexander erected a platform of great extent and strength directly opposite the new work, and after a severe and constant cannonade from this elevation, followed by a bloody action, the Parma fort was carried. One thousand, at least, of the defenders fell, as, forced gradually from one defense to another, they saw the triple walls of their ravelin crumble successively before their eyes. The tower was absolutely annihilated before they abandoned its ruins and retired within their last defenses. Alexander, being now master of the foss and the defenses of the Brussels Gate, drew up a large force on both sides of that portal, along the margin of the moat, and began mining beneath the inner wall of the city.[1]

Meantime the garrison had been reduced to four hundred soldiers, nearly all of whom were wounded. Wearied and driven to despair, these soldiers were willing to treat. The townspeople, however, answered the proposition with a shout of fury, and protested that they would destroy the garrison with their own hands if such an insinuation were repeated. Sebastian Tappin, too, encouraged them with the hope of speedy relief, and held out to them the wretched consequences of trusting to the mercy of their foes. The garrison took

[1] Bor, xiii. 64. Strada, iii. 113–117.

heart again, while that of the burghers and their wives had never faltered. Their main hope now was in a fortification which they had been constructing inside the Brussels Gate—a demilune of considerable strength. Behind it was a breastwork of turf and masonry, to serve as a last bulwark when every other defense should be forced. The whole had been surrounded by a foss thirty feet in depth, and the besiegers, as they mounted upon the breaches which they had at last effected in the outer curtain near the Brussels Gate, saw for the first time this new fortification.[1]

The general condition of the defenses and the disposition of the inhabitants had been revealed to Alexander by a deserter from the town. Against this last fortress the last efforts of the foe were now directed. Alexander ordered a bridge to be thrown across the city moat. As it was sixty feet wide and as many deep, and lay directly beneath the guns of the new demilune, the enterprise was sufficiently hazardous. Alexander led the way in person, with a mallet in one hand and a mattock in the other. Two men fell dead instantly, one on his right hand and his left, while he calmly commenced, in his own person, the driving of the first piles for the bridge. His soldiers fell fast around him. Count Berlaymont[2] was shot dead, many officers of distinction were killed or wounded, but no soldier dared recoil while their chieftain wrought amid the bullets like a common pioneer. Alexander, unharmed, as by a

[1] Strada, 2, iii. 117, 118.

[2] Better known as Baron Hierges, eldest son of the celebrated royalist, afterward Count Berlaymont. Hierges had not long before succeeded to the title on the death of his father (ibid, 2, iii. 119). Compare Bor, xiii. 64; Hoofd, xv. 630; Meteren, ix. 154$_e$; Archives de la Maison d'Orange, vi. 622; Tassis, v. 338.

miracle, never left the spot till the bridge had been constructed, and till ten great guns had been carried across it and pointed against the demilune.[1] The battery was opened, the mines previously excavated were sprung, a part of the demilune was blown into the air, and the assailants sprang into the breach. Again a furious hand-to-hand conflict succeeded; again, after an obstinate resistance, the townspeople were forced to yield. Slowly abandoning the shattered fort, they retired behind the breastwork in its rear—their innermost and last defense. To this barrier they clung as to a spar in shipwreck, and here at last they stood at bay, prepared dearly to sell their lives.

The breastwork, being still strong, was not attempted upon that day. The assailants were recalled, and in the meantime a herald was sent by Parma, highly applauding the courage of the defenders, and begging them to surrender at discretion. They answered the messenger with words of haughty defiance, and, rushing in a mass to the breastwork, began with spade, pickax, and trowel to add to its strength. Here all the able-bodied men of the town took up their permanent position, and here they ate, drank, and slept upon their posts, while their food was brought to them by the women and children.[2]

A little letter, "written in a fine, neat handwriting," now mysteriously arrived in the city, encouraging them in the name of the archduke and the Prince of Orange, and assuring them of relief within fourteen days.[3] A brief animation was thus produced, attended by a corre-

[1] Strada, 2, iii. 118.

[2] Bor, xiii. 64. Hoofd, xv. 630. Strada, 2, iii. 120, 121.

[3] This letter is still preserved in the Archives of Holland. Groen v. Prinst., Archives de la Maison d'Orange, vi. 622, note. Bor, xiii. 65.

sponding languor upon the part of the besiegers, for Alexander had been lying ill with a fever since the day when the demilune had been carried. From his sick-bed he rebuked his officers severely that a temporary breastwork, huddled together by boors and burghers in the midst of a siege, should prove an insurmountable obstacle to men who had carried everything before them. The morrow was the festival[1] of St. Peter and St. Paul, and it was meet that so sacred a day should be hallowed by a Christian and apostolic victory. St. Peter would be there with his keys to open the gate; St. Paul would lead them to battle with his invincible sword. Orders were given accordingly, and the assault was assigned for the following morning.

Meantime the guards were strengthened and commanded to be more than usually watchful. The injunction had a remarkable effect. At the dead of night a soldier of the watch was going his rounds on the outside of the breastwork, listening if perchance he might catch, as was not unusual, a portion of the conversation among the beleaguered burghers within. Prying about on every side, he at last discovered a chink in the wall, the result, doubtless, of the last cannonade, and hitherto overlooked. He enlarged the gap with his fingers, and finally made an opening wide enough to admit his person. He crept boldly through, and looked around in the clear starlight.[2] The sentinels were all slumbering at their posts. He advanced stealthily in the dusky streets. Not a watchman was going his rounds. Soldiers, burghers, children, women, exhausted by incessant fatigue, were all asleep. Not a footfall was heard; not a whisper broke the silence: it seemed a city of the

[1] June 29, 1579. [2] Strada, 2, iii. 121.

*Expulsion of the Friars and Magistrates from Amsterdam.*

dead. The soldier crept back through the crevice, and hastened to apprise his superiors of his adventure.[1]

Alexander, forthwith instructed as to the condition of the city, at once ordered the assault, and the last wall was suddenly stormed before the morning broke. The soldiers forced their way through the breach or sprang over the breastwork, and surprised at last, in its sleep, the city which had so long and vigorously defended itself. The burghers, startled from their slumber, bewildered, unprepared, found themselves engaged in unequal conflict with alert and savage foes. The battle, as usual when Netherland towns were surprised by Philip's soldiers, soon changed to a massacre. The townspeople rushed hither and thither, but there was neither escape nor means of resisting an enemy who now poured into the town by thousands upon thousands. An indiscriminate slaughter succeeded. Women, old men, and children had all been combatants, and all, therefore, had incurred the vengeance of the conquerors. A cry of agony arose which was distinctly heard at the distance of a league. Mothers took their infants in their arms, and threw themselves by hundreds into the Meuse; and against women the blood-thirst of the assailants was especially directed. Females who had fought daily in the trenches, who had delved in mines and mustered on the battlements, had unsexed themselves in the opinion of those whose comrades they had helped to destroy. It was nothing that they had laid aside the weakness of women in order to defend all that was holy and dear to them on earth. It was sufficient that many a Spanish, Burgundian, or Italian mercenary had died by their

[1] Strada, 2, iii. 121. Compare Bor, xiii. 65 sqq.; Hoofd, xv. 632, 633; Meteren, ix. 155 sqq.

hands. Women were pursued from house to house, and hurled from roof and window. They were hunted into the river; they were torn limb from limb in the streets. Men and children fared no better; but the heart sickens at the oft-repeated tale. Horrors, alas! were commonplaces in the Netherlands. Cruelty too monstrous for description, too vast to be believed by a mind not familiar with the outrages practised by the soldiers of Spain and Italy upon their heretic fellow-creatures, was now committed afresh in the streets of Maestricht.[1]

On the first day four thousand men and women were slaughtered.[2] The massacre lasted two days longer; nor would it be an exaggerated estimate if we assume that the amount of victims upon the two last days was equal to half the number sacrificed on the first.[3] It was said that not four hundred citizens were left alive after the termination of the siege.[4] These soon wandered

[1] Bentivoglio, 2, i. 239. Haraei Ann. Brab., iii. 299. Hoofd, xv. 633. Bor, xiii. 66. Meteren, ix. 155. Strada, 2, iii. 124.

[2] This is the estimate of the Jesuit Strada.

[3] Strada puts the total number of inhabitants of Maestricht slain during the four months' siege at eight thousand, of whom seventeen hundred were women (p. 127).

[4] Not more than three or four hundred, says Bor, xiii. 65. Not more than four hundred, says Hoofd, xv. 633. Not three hundred, says Meteren, ix. This must of course be an exaggeration, for the population had numbered thirty-four thousand at the commencement of the siege. At any rate, the survivors were but a remnant, and they all wandered away. The place, which had been so recently a very thriving and industrious town, remained a desert. During the ensuing winter most of the remaining buildings were torn down, that the timber and woodwork might be used as firewood by the soldiers and vagabonds who from time to time housed there (Meteren, Hoofd, Bor, ubi sup.).

away, their places being supplied by a rabble rout of Walloon sutlers and vagabonds. Maestricht was depopulated as well as captured. The booty obtained after the massacre was very large, for the city had been very thriving, its cloth-manufacture extensive and important. Sebastian Tappin, the heroic defender of the place, had been shot through the shoulder at the taking of the Parma ravelin, and had been afterward severely injured at the capture of the demilune. At the fall of the city he was mortally wounded, and carried a prisoner to the hostile camp, only to expire. The governor, Swartsenberg, also lost his life.[1]

Alexander, on the contrary, was raised from his sick-bed with the joyful tidings of victory, and as soon as he could be moved, made his appearance in the city. Seated in a splendid chair of state, borne aloft on the shoulders of his veterans, with a golden canopy above his head to protect him from the summer's sun, attended by the officers of his staff, who were decked by his special command in their gayest trappings, escorted by his body-guard, followed by his "plumed troops," to the number of twenty thousand, surrounded by all the vanities of war, the hero made his stately entrance into the town.[2] His way led through deserted streets of shattered houses. The pavement ran red with blood. Headless corpses, mangled limbs—an obscene mass of wretchedness and corruption—were spread on every side, and tainted the summer air. Through the thriving city which, in the course of four months, Alexander had converted into a slaughter-house and a solitude, the pompous procession took its course to the Church of

[1] Strada, 2, iii. 126.

[2] Ibid., 2, iii. 130. Compare Tassis, v. 339.

St. Servais.[1] Here humble thanks were offered to the God of love and to Jesus of Nazareth for this new victory. Especially was gratitude expressed to the apostles Paul and Peter, upon whose festival, and by whose sword and key, the crowning mercy had been accomplished,[2] and by whose special agency eight thousand heretics now lay unburied in the streets. These acts of piety performed, the triumphal procession returned to the camp, where, soon afterward, the joyful news of Alexander Farnese's entire convalescence was proclaimed.

The Prince of Orange, as usual, was blamed for the tragical termination to this long drama. All that one man could do he had done to awaken his countrymen to the importance of the siege. He had repeatedly brought the subject solemnly before the assembly, and implored for Maestricht almost upon his knees. Lukewarm and parsimonious, the states had responded to his eloquent appeals with wrangling addresses and insufficient votes. With a special subsidy obtained in April and May, he had organized the slight attempt at relief which was all which he had been empowered to make, but which proved entirely unsuccessful. Now that the massacre to be averted was accomplished, men were loud in reproof who had been silent and passive while there was yet time to speak and to work. It was the prince, they said, who had delivered so many thousands of his fellow-countrymen to butchery. To save

[1] Strada, 2, iii. 130. Compare Tassis, v. 339.

[2] According to Father Strada, Alexander considered this ceremony as a payment of wages due to his divine comrades, Peter and Paul: "Petro et Paulo gratias *quasi stipendium persolvit commilitonibus Divis*" (p. 130).

himself, they insinuated, he was now plotting to deliver the land into the power of the treacherous Frenchman, and he alone, they asserted, was the insuperable obstacle to an honorable peace with Spain.[1]

A letter, brought by an unknown messenger, was laid before the states' assembly, in full session, and sent to the clerk's table to be read aloud. After the first few sentences that functionary faltered in his recital. Several members also peremptorily ordered him to stop; for the letter proved to be a violent and calumnious libel upon Orange, together with a strong appeal in favor of the peace propositions then under debate at Cologne. The prince, alone of all the assembly preserving his tranquillity, ordered the document to be brought to him, and forthwith read it aloud himself, from beginning to end. Afterward he took occasion to express his mind concerning the ceaseless calumnies of which he was the mark. He especially alluded to the oft-repeated accusation that he was the only obstacle to peace, and repeated that he was ready at that moment to leave the land, and to close his lips forever, if by so doing he could benefit his country and restore her to honorable repose. The outcry, with the protestations of attachment and confidence, which at once broke from the assembly convinced him, however, that he was deeply rooted in the hearts of all patriotic Netherlanders, and that it was beyond the power of slanderers to loosen his hold upon their affection.[2]

Meantime his efforts had again and again been demanded to restore order in that abode of anarchy, the

[1] Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., vi. 621, 622; vii. 41, 42. Bor, xiii. Hoofd, xvi. passim.

[2] Archives, etc., vii. 42, 43.

city of Ghent. After his visit during the previous winter, and the consequent departure of John Casimir to the Palatinate, the pacific arrangements made by the prince had for a short time held good. Early in March, however, that master of misrule, John van Imbize, had once more excited the populace to sedition. Again the property of Catholics, clerical and lay, was plundered; again the persons of Catholics, of every degree, were maltreated. The magistrates, with First Senator Imbize at their head, rather encouraged than rebuked the disorder; but Orange, as soon as he received official intelligence of the event, hastened to address them in the words of earnest warning and wisdom.[1] He allowed that the inhabitants of the province had reason to be discontented with the presence and the misconduct of the Walloon soldiery. He granted that violence and the menaces of a foreign tyranny made it difficult for honest burghers to gain a livelihood. At the same time he expressed astonishment that reasonable men should seek a remedy for such evils in tumults which would necessarily bring utter destruction upon the land. "It was," he observed, "as if a patient should, from impatience, tear the bandages from his wounds, and, like a maniac, instead of allowing himself to be cured, plunge a dagger into his own heart." [2]

These exhortations exerted a wholesome effect for a moment, but matters soon went from bad to worse. Imbize, fearing the influence of the prince, indulged in open-mouthed abuse of a man whose character he was unable even to comprehend. He accused him of intriguing with France for his own benefit, of being a papist in disguise, of desiring to establish what he called a

[1] Archives, etc., vi. 586 sqq. [2] Ibid., vi. 589.

"religious peace" merely to restore Roman idolatry. In all these insane ravings the demagogue was most ably seconded by the ex-monk. Incessant and unlicensed were the invectives hurled by Peter Dathenus from his pulpit upon William the Silent's head. He denounced him—as he had often done before—as an atheist in heart; as a man who changed his religion as easily as his garments; as a man who knew no God but state expediency, which was the idol of his worship; a mere politician who would tear his shirt from his back and throw it in the fire if he thought it were tainted with religion.[1]

Such witless but vehement denunciation from a preacher who was both popular and comparatively sincere could not but affect the imagination of the weaker portion of his hearers. The faction of Imbize became triumphant. Ryhove—the ruffian whose hands were stained with the recent blood of Visch and Hessels—rather did damage than service to the cause of order. He opposed himself to the demagogue who was prating daily of Greece, Rome, and Geneva, while his clerical associate was denouncing William of Orange, but he opposed himself in vain. An attempt to secure the person of Imbize failed,[2] but by the influence of Ryhove, however, a messenger was despatched to Antwerp in the name of a considerable portion of the community of Ghent. The counsel and the presence of the man to whom all hearts in every part of the Netherlands instinctively turned in the hour of need were once more invoked.

[1] Gh. Gesch., ii. 199; cited in Gr. v. Prinst., Archives, etc., vii. 81, note.

[2] Archives, etc., vi. 586 sqq., and vii. 18. Van der Vynckt, iii. 29 sqq.

The prince again addressed them in language which none but he could employ with such effect. He told them that his life, passed in service and sacrifice, ought to witness sufficiently for his fidelity. Nevertheless, he thought it necessary, in view of the calumnies which were circulated, to repeat once more his sentiment that no treaty of peace, war, or alliance ought to be negotiated, save with the consent of the people.[1] His course in Holland and Zealand had proved, he said, his willingness always to consult the wishes of his countrymen. As for the matter of religion, it was almost incredible that there should be any who doubted the zeal which he bore the religion for which he had suffered so much. "I desire," he continued fervently, "that men should compare that which has been done by my accusers during ten years past with that which I have done. In that which touches the true advancement of religion I will yield to no man. They *who so boldly accuse me have no liberty of speech*, save that which has been acquired for them by the blood of my kindred, by my labors and my excessive expenditures. To me they owe it that they dare speak at all." This letter, which was dated on the 24th of July, 1579, contained an assurance that the writer was about to visit Ghent.[2]

On the following day Imbize executed a *coup d'état*. Having a body of near two thousand soldiers at his dis-

[1] "Dieu merci, je ne suis pas si peu cognoissant que je ne sache bien qu'il faut nécessairement traicter, soit de paix, soit de guerre, soit d'alliance, avec le gré du peuple," etc.—Letter of Orange, Archives, etc., vii. 20 sqq.

[2] Ibid. The whole of this noble document should be read again and again by all who feel interested in the character of William of Orange.

posal, he suddenly secured the persons of all the magistrates and other notable individuals not friendly to his policy, and then, in violation of all law, set up a new board of eighteen irresponsible functionaries, according to a list prepared by himself alone. This was his way of enforcing the democratic liberty of Greece, Rome, and Geneva, which was so near to his heart. A proclamation, in fourteen articles, was forthwith issued, justifying this arbitrary proceeding. It was declared that the object of the somewhat irregular measure "was to prevent the establishment of the religious peace, which was merely a method of replanting uprooted papistry and the extirpated tyranny of Spain." Although the arrangements had not been made in strict accordance with formal usage and ceremony, yet they were defended upon the ground that it had been impossible by other means to maintain their ancient liberties and their religious freedom. At the same time a pamphlet, already prepared for the occasion by Dathenus, was extensively circulated. In this production the arbitrary revolution effected by a demagogue was defended with effrontery, while the character of Orange was loaded with customary abuse. To prevent the traitor from coming to Ghent and establishing what he called his religious peace, these irregular measures, it was urged, had been wisely taken.[1]

Such were the efforts of John Imbize, such the calumnies of Peter Dathenus, in order to counteract the patriotic endeavors of the prince; but neither the ruffianism of John nor the libels of Peter were destined upon this occasion to be successful. William the Silent

[1] Archives et Correspondance, vii. 31. Van der Vynckt, iii. 38 sqq. Meteren, ix. 161 sqq. Bor, xiii. 84, 85.

treated the slanders of the scolding monk with dignified contempt. "Having been informed," said he to the magistrates of Ghent, "that Master Peter Dathenus has been denouncing me as a man without religion or fidelity, and full of ambition, with other propositions hardly becoming his cloth, I do not think it worth while to answer more at this time than that I willingly refer myself to the judgment of all who know me."[1]

The prince came to Ghent, great as had been the efforts of Imbize and his partizans to prevent his coming. His presence was like magic. The demagogue and his whole flock vanished like unclean birds at the first rays of the sun. Imbize dared not look the father of his country in the face. Orange rebuked the populace in the strong and indignant language that public and private virtue, energy, and a high purpose enabled such a leader of the people to use. He at once set aside the board of eighteen,—the Grecian-Roman-Genevese establishment of Imbize,—and remained in the city until the regular election, in conformity with the privileges, had taken place. Imbize, who had shrunk at his approach, was meantime discovered by his own companions. He had stolen forth secretly on the night before the prince's arrival, and was found cowering in the cabin of a vessel, half dead with fear, by an alehouse keeper who had been his warm partizan. "No skulking," cried the honest friend, seizing the tribune of the people by the shoulder; "no sailing away in the night-time. You have got us all into this bog, and must come back and abide the issue with your supporters."[2]

[1] Archives et Corresp., vii. 33, 34.

[2] Bor, xiii. 85 sqq. Meteren, ix. 161 sqq. Van der Vynckt, iii. 38 sqq.

In this collapsed state was the windy demagogue, who had filled half Flanders with his sound and fury, conveyed before the patriot prince. He met with grave and bitter rebukes, but felt sufficiently relieved when allowed to depart unharmed.[1] Judging of his probable doom by the usual practice of himself and his fellows in similar cases, he had anticipated nothing short of the gibbet. That punishment, however, was to be inflicted at a later period, by other hands, and not until he had added treason to his country and a shameless recantation of all his violent professions in favor of civil and religious liberty to the list of his crimes. On the present occasion he was permitted to go free. In company with his clerical companion, Peter Dathenus, he fled to the abode of his excellent friend John Casimir, who received both with open arms, and allowed them each a pension.[2]

Order being thus again restored in Ghent by the exertions of the prince, when no other human hand could have dispelled the anarchy which seemed to reign supreme, William the Silent, having accepted the government of Flanders, which had again and again been urged upon him, now returned to Antwerp.[3]

[1] Bor, Meteren, Van der Vynckt, ubi sup.

[2] Van der Vynckt, iii. 38–42. Compare Hoofd, xv. 145–150.

[3] Archives, vii. 60, and Meteren, ix. 163[b]; but the prince says, in his Apologie, published eighteen months later (December, 1580), that he had hitherto, although often urged to accept, refused the government of Flanders (Apologie, etc., 108, 109). It is probable that his acceptance was only conditional, as, indeed, Meteren observes.

## CHAPTER III

The Cologne conferences—Intentions of the parties—Preliminary attempt by government to purchase the Prince of Orange—Offer and rejection of various articles among the plenipotentiaries—Departure of the imperial commissioners—Ultimatum of the states compared with that of the royal government—Barren negotiations terminated—Treason of De Bours, governor of Mechlin—Liberal theories concerning the nature of government—Abjuration of Philip imminent—Self-denial of Orange—Attitude of Germany, of England—Marriage negotiations between Elizabeth and Anjou—Orange favors the election of the duke as sovereign—Address and speeches of the prince—Parsimony and interprovincial jealousy rebuked—Secret correspondence of Count Renneberg with the royal government—His treason at Groningen.

SINCE the beginning of May the Cologne negotiations had been dragging their slow length along. Few persons believed that any good was likely to result from these stately and ponderous conferences; yet men were so weary of war, so desirous that a termination might be put to the atrophy under which the country was languishing, that many an eager glance was turned toward the place where the august assembly was holding its protracted session. Certainly, if wisdom were to be found in mitered heads, if the power to heal angry passions and to settle the conflicting claims of prerogative and conscience were to be looked for among men of lofty station, then the Cologne conferences ought to

have made the rough places smooth and the crooked paths straight throughout all Christendom. There was the Archbishop of Rossano, afterward Pope Urban VII., as plenipotentiary from Rome; there was Charles of Aragon, Duke of Terranova, supported by five councilors, as ambassador from his Catholic Majesty; there were the Duke of Aerschot, the Abbot of St. Gertrude, the Abbot of Marolles, Dr. Bucho Aytta, Caspar Schetz, Lord of Grobbedonck, that learned Frisian, Aggeus van Albada, with seven other wise men, as envoys from the States-General. There were their Serene Highnesses the Elector and Archbishops of Cologne and Treves, with the Bishop of Würzburg. There was also a numerous embassy from his Imperial Majesty, with Count Otto de Schwarzenburg at its head.[1]

Here then were holiness, serenity, dignity, law, and learning in abundance. Here was a pope *in posse*, with archbishops, princes, dukes, jurisconsults, and doctors of divinity *in esse*, sufficient to remodel a world, if worlds were to be remodeled by such instruments. If protocols, replications, annotations, apostils, could heal a bleeding country, here were the physicians to furnish those drugs in unlimited profusion. If reams of paper scrawled over with barbarous technicalities could smother and bury a quarrel which had its origin in the mutual antagonism of human elements, here were the men to scribble unflinchingly till the reams were piled to a pyramid. If the same idea presented in many aspects could acquire additional life, here were the word-mongers who could clothe one shivering thought in a hundred thousand garments, till it attained all the majesty which decoration could impart. In truth, the

[1] Bor, xiii. 52. Meteren, ix. 155.

envoys came from Spain, Rome, and Vienna provided with but two ideas. Was it not a diplomatic masterpiece that from this frugal store they could contrive to eke out seven mortal months of negotiation? Two ideas—the supremacy of his Majesty's prerogative, the exclusive exercise of the Roman Catholic religion—these were the be-all and the end-all of their commission. Upon these two strings they were to harp, at least till the walls of Maestricht had fallen. The envoys did their duty well; they were sent to enact a solemn comedy, and in the most stately manner did they walk through their several parts. Not that the king was belligerent; on the contrary, he was heartily weary of the war. Prerogative was weary, Romanism was weary, Conscience was weary, the Spirit of Freedom was weary, but the Prince of Orange was not weary. Blood and treasure had been pouring forth so profusely during twelve flaming years that all but that one tranquil spirit were beginning to flag.

At the same time neither party had more disposition to concede than stomach to fight. Certainly the royal party had no inclination to yield. The king had granted easy terms to the Walloons, because upon the one great point of religion there was no dispute, and upon the others there was no intention of keeping faith.[1] With regard to the present negotiation, it was desirable to gain a little time. It was thought probable that the religious difference, judiciously managed at this juncture, might be used to effect a permanent severance of the provinces so lately banded together in a common

[1] This is most evident from the correspondence of Parma, both before and after the treaty of Arras (Rec. Prov. Wallones, MS., Brussels Archives, particularly vols. iv. and v.).

union. "To divide them," wrote Tassis, in a very confidential letter, "no better method can be found than to amuse them with this peace negotiation. Some are ready for a pacification from their desire of repose, some from their fear of war, some from the differences which exist among themselves, and which it is especially important to keep alive."[1] Above all things, it was desirable to maintain the religious distraction till Maestricht had been taken. That siege was the key to the whole situation. If the separate Walloon accord could be quietly made in a corner, while Parma was battering that stronghold on the Meuse, and while decorous negotiation was smoothly holding its course on the Rhine, much disorganization, it was hoped, would be handsomely accomplished before the end of the year.

"As for a suspension of arms," wrote Alexander to Terranova, on the 21st of May,[2] "the longer 't is deferred the better. With regard to Maestricht, everything depends upon it that we possess, or desire to possess. Truly, if the Prince of Orange can relieve the city he will do it. If he does so, neither will this expedition of ours, nor any other expedition, be brought to a good end. As soon as men are aware that our affairs are looking badly, they will come again to a true union, and all will join together, in hope to accomplish their

[1] Archives de la Maison d'Orange, vii. 30. So also Duplessis-Mornay, in writing to a friend three years afterward, observed: "Le traité de Cologne a suffisament monstré quelle a esté l'intention de l'ennemi en proposant ce beau nom de Paix, à scavoir de diviser et rompre les provinces et suborner les villes."—Mem. de Mornay, i. p. 75.

[2] Letter of Parma, May 21, 1579, from his camp before Maestricht, apud Bor, 2, xiii. 57.

boasts." Therefore it was natural that the peace-wrights of Cologne should industriously ply their task.

It is not desirable to disturb much of that learned dust after its three centuries' repose. A rapid sketch of the course of the proceedings, with an indication of the spirit which animated the contending parties, will be all that is necessary. They came and they separated with precisely opposite views. "The desires of Terranova and of the estates," says the royalist Tassis, "were diametrically contrary to each other. The king wished that the exercise of the Roman Catholic religion should be exclusively established, and the absolute prerogative preserved in its integrity."[1] On the other hand, the provinces desired their charters and a religious peace. In these perpetual lines and curves ran the asymptotical negotiation from beginning to end; and so it might have run for two centuries, without hope of coincidence. Neither party was yet vanquished. The freshly united provinces were no readier now than before to admit that the Holy Office formed part of their national institutions. The despotic faction was not prepared to renounce that establishment. Foiled, but not disheartened, sat the Inquisition, like a beldam, upon the border, impotently threatening the land whence she had been forever excluded; while, industrious as the Parcæ, distaff in hand, sat, in Cologne, the inexorable three,—Spain, the empire, and Rome,—grimly spinning and severing the web of mortal destinies.

The first step in the proceedings had been a secret one. If by any means the Prince of Orange could be detached from his party—if by bribery, however enormous, he could be induced to abandon a tottering cause

[1] Com. de Tum. Belg., v. 367.

and depart for the land of his birth—he was distinctly but indirectly given to understand that he had but to name his terms. We have seen the issue of similar propositions made by Don John of Austria. Probably there was no man living who would care to make distinct application of this dishonorable nature to the father of his country. The Aerschots, the Meluns, the Lalains, and a swarm of other nobles had their price, and were easily transferable from one to another, but it was not easy to make a direct offer to William of Orange. They knew—as he said shortly afterward in his famous "Apology"—that "neither for property nor for life, neither for wife nor for children, would he mix in his cup a single drop of treason."[1] Nevertheless, he was distinctly given to understand that "there was nothing he could demand for himself personally that would not be granted." All his confiscated property, restoration of his imprisoned son, liberty of worship for himself, payment of all his debts, reimbursement of all his past expenses, and anything else which he could desire, were all placed within his reach. If he chose to retire into another land, his son might be placed in possession of all his cities, estates, and dignities, and himself indemnified in Germany, with a million of money over and above as a gratuity. The imperial envoy, Count Schwarzenburg, pledged his personal honor and reputation that every promise which might be made to the prince should be most sacredly fulfilled.[2]

[1] "Si je ne veuille ni pour les biens ni pour la vie, ni pour femme ni pour enfans, mesler en mon breuvage une seule goutte de venin de trahison."—Apologie, p. 127.

[2] ". . . Que je n'eusse rien sçeu demander pour mon particulier, qu'on ne m'eust accordé, et me donner comptant un million."—Ibid. Compare Strada, who wrote with all the secret papers of the Farnese family before him: . . . "si hæc omnia abituro homini ad-

It was all in vain. The indirect applications of the imperial commissioners made to his servants and his nearest relations were entirely unsuccessful. The prince was not to be drawn into a negotiation in his own name or for his own benefit. If the estates were satisfied, he was satisfied. He wanted no conditions but theirs; "nor would he, directly or indirectly," he said, "separate himself from the cause on which hung all his evil or felicity." He knew that it was the object of the enemy to deprive the country of its head, and no inducements were sufficient to make him a party to the plot.[1] At the same time he was unwilling to be an obstacle, in his own person, to the conclusion of an honorable peace. He would resign his offices, which he held at the solicitation of the whole country, if thus a negotiation were likely to be more successful. "The Prince of Parma and the *disunited* provinces," said he to the States-General, "affect to consider this war as one waged against me and in my name—as if the question alone concerned the name and person of the general. If it be so, I beg you to consider whether it is not because I have been ever faithful to the land. Nevertheless, if I am an obstacle, I am ready to remove it. If you, therefore, in order to deprive the enemy of every right to inculpate us, think proper to choose another head and conductor of your affairs, *I promise you to serve and to be obedient to him with all my heart.* Thus shall we leave the enemy no standing-place to work dis-

huc non sufficiant, neque hanc neque quamcumque persimilem conditionem repudiandam," etc. (2, ii. 86). Compare, particularly, Ev. Reidani Ann., ii. 29. Compare Gachard, Correspondance de Guillaume le Tacit., vol. iv., preface.

[1] Apologie, pp. 127, 128. Ev. Reidani, ii. 29.

sensions among us."[1] Such was his language to friend and foe, and here, at least, was one man in history whom kings were not rich enough to purchase.

On the 18th of May the states' envoys at Cologne presented fourteen articles, demanding freedom of religion and the ancient political charters. Religion, they said, was to be referred, not to man, but to God. To him the king was subject as well as the people. Both king and people—"and *by people was meant every individual in the land*"—were bound to serve God according to their conscience.[2]

The imperial envoys found such language extremely reprehensible, and promptly refused, as umpires, to entertain the fourteen articles. Others drawn up by Terranova and colleagues, embodying the claims of the royal and Roman party, were then solemnly presented, and as promptly rejected. Then the imperial umpires came forward with two bundles of propositions, approved beforehand by the Spanish plenipotentiaries. In the political bundle, obedience due to the king was insisted upon, "as in the time of the Emperor Charles." The religious category declared that "the Roman religion—*all others excluded*—should thenceforth be exercised in all the provinces." Both these categories were considered more objectionable by the states' envoys than the terms of Terranova, and astonishment was expressed that "mention should again be made of the edicts—as if blood enough had not been shed already in the cause of religion."[3]

The Netherland envoys likewise gave the imperial

[1] See the letter in Bor, xiii. 95–98.

[2] See the document, ibid., xiii. 54 sqq. Compare Meteren, ix. 156 sqq.

[3] Bor, xiii. 58, 59.

commissioners distinctly to understand that, in case peace were not soon made, "the states would forthwith declare the king fallen from his sovereignty," would forever dispense the people from their oaths of allegiance to him, and would probably accept the Duke of Anjou in his place. The States-General, to which body the imperial propositions had been sent, also rejected the articles in a logical and historical argument of unmerciful length.[1]

An appeal secretly made by the imperial and Spanish commissioners from the states' envoys to the states themselves, and even to the people of the various provinces, had excited the anger of the plenipotentiaries. They complained loudly of this violation of all diplomatic etiquette, and the answer of the States-General, fully confirming the views of their ambassadors, did not diminish their wrath.

On the 13th of November, 1579, the states' envoys were invited into the council-chamber of the imperial commissioners to hear the last solemn commonplaces of those departing functionaries. Seven months long they had been waiting in vain, they said, for the states' envoys to accede to moderate demands. Patience was now exhausted. Moreover, their mediatory views had been the subject of bitter lampooning throughout the country, while the authorities of many cities had publicly declared that all the inhabitants would rather die the death than accept such terms. The peacemakers, accordingly, with endless protestations as to their own purity, wisdom, and benevolence, left the whole "in the hands of God and the parties concerned."[2]

[1] Bor, 3, xiii. 58a, 115–118.

[2] Ibid., xiii. 101 sqq. Meteren, ix. 157 sqq.

The reply to this elaborate farewell was curt and somewhat crusty. "Had they known," said the states' envoys, "that their transparencies and worthinesses had no better intention, and the Duke of Terranova no ampler commission, the whole matter might have been despatched, not in six months, but in six days."[1]

Thus ended the conferences, and the imperial commissioners departed. Nevertheless, Schwarzenburg remained yet a little time at Cologne, while five of the states' envoys also protracted their stay in order to make their private peace with the king. It is hardly necessary to observe that the chief of these penitents was the Duke of Aerschot.[2] The ultimatum of the states was deposited by the departing envoys with Schwarzenburg,[3] and a comparison of its terms with those offered by the imperial mediators as the best which could be obtained from Spain shows the hopelessness of the pretended negotiation. Departure of the foreign troops, restitution of all confiscated property, unequivocal recognition of the Ghent treaty and the Perpetual Edict, appointment to office of none but natives, oaths of allegiance to the king and the States-General, exercise of the Reformed religion and of the Confession of Augsburg in all places where it was then publicly practised—such were the main demands of the patriot party.

In the secret instructions[4] furnished by the states to their envoys they were told to urge upon his Majesty the absolute necessity, if he wished to retain the prov-

[1] Bor, xiii. 101 sqq. Compare Strada, 2, ii. 110, 111.
[2] Bor, xiii. 108.
[3] Ibid., 2, xiii. 108–110.
[4] Ibid., xiii. 110–113.

inces, of winking at the exercise of the Reformed and the Augsburg creeds. "The new religion had taken too deep root," it was urged, "ever to be torn forth, save with the destruction of the whole country."

Thus, after seven dreary months of negotiation, after protocols and memoranda in ten thousand folios, the august diplomatists had traveled round to the points from which they had severally started. On the one side, unlimited prerogative and exclusive Catholicism; on the other, constitutional liberty, with freedom of conscience for Catholic and Protestant alike: these were the claims which each party announced at the commencement, and to which they held with equal firmness at the close of the conferences.[1]

The congress had been expensive. Though not much had been accomplished for the political or religious advancement of mankind, there had been much excellent eating and drinking at Cologne during the seven months. Those droughty deliberations had needed moistening. The Bishop of Würzburg had consumed "eighty hogsheads of Rhenish wine and twenty great casks of beer."[2] The expense of the states' envoys was twenty-four thousand guldens. The Archbishop of Cologne had expended forty thousand thalers.[3] The

[1] All the most important documents of this elaborate but sterile negotiation are given in full by Bor, iii. 13 sqq. The whole mass of the protocols and arguments is also to be found in a volume entitled "Acta pacificationis quæ coram sac. ces. maj. inter ser. reg. Hisp. et Princip. Matth. ordinumque Belg. leg. Coloniæ habita sunt" (Leyden, 1580). Compare Strada, 2, ii. 82–112; Haraei Tum. Belg., iii. 295–298; Tassis, Com. Tum. Belg., v. 348–385; Meteren, ix. 155–161; Wagenaer, Vad. Hist., vii. 278–285, 310–316; Hoofd, xv. 631, 632, and xvi. 658–672, et mult. al.

[2] Bor, xiii. 114.

[3] Ibid.

deliberations were, on the whole, excessively detrimental to the cause of the provinces, and "a great personage" wrote to the States-General that the king had been influenced by no motive save to cause dissension.[1] This was an exaggeration, for his Majesty would have been well pleased to receive the whole of the country on the same terms which had been accepted by the Walloons. Meantime those southern provinces had made their separate treaty, and the Netherlands were permanently dissevered. Maestricht had fallen. Disunion and dismay had taken possession of the country.

During the course of the year other severe misfortunes had happened to the states. Treachery, even among the men who had done good service to the cause of freedom, was daily showing her hateful visage. Not only the great chieftains who had led the Malcontent Walloon party, with the fickle Aerschot and the wavering Havré besides, had made their separate reconciliation with Parma, but the epidemic treason had mastered such bold partizans as the Seigneur de Bours, the man whose services in rescuing the citadel of Antwerp had been so courageous and valuable. He was governor of Mechlin; Count Renneberg was governor of Friesland. Both were trusted implicitly by Orange and by the estates; both were on the eve of repaying the confidence reposed in them by the most venal treason.

It was already known that Parma had tampered with De Bours; but Renneberg was still unsuspected. "The prince," wrote Count John, "is deserted by all the noblemen save the stadholder of Friesland and myself, and has no man else in whom he can repose con-

[1] Bor, xiii. 114.

fidence."[1] The brothers were doomed to be rudely awakened from the repose with regard to Renneberg, but previously the treason of a less important functionary was to cause a considerable but less lasting injury to the national party.

In Mechlin was a Carmelite friar, of audacious character and great eloquence; a man who, "with his sweet, poisonous tongue, could ever persuade the people to do his bidding."[2] This dangerous monk, Peter Lupus, or Peter Wolf, by name, had formed the design of restoring Mechlin to the Prince of Parma, and of obtaining the bishopric of Namur as the reward of his services. To this end he had obtained a complete mastery over the intellect of the bold but unprincipled De Bours. A correspondence was immediately opened between Parma and the governor, and troops were secretly admitted into the city. The Prince of Orange, in the name of the archduke and the estates, in vain endeavored to recall the infatuated governor to his duty. In vain he conjured him, by letter after letter, to be true to his own bright fame so nobly earned. An old friend of De Bours, and like himself a Catholic, was also employed to remonstrate with him. This gentleman, De Fromont by name, wrote him many letters;[3] but De Bours expressed his surprise that Fromont, whom he had always considered a good Catholic and a virtuous gentleman, should wish to force him into a connection with the Prince of Orange and his heretic supporters. He pro-

[1] Archives de la Maison d'Orange, vii. 36, 37, letter of July 31, 1579.

[2] "En konde met sijn soete fenijnige tonge het volk luiden en bewegen daer hy toe wilde."—Bor, xiii. 80.

[3] Ibid., xiii. 80–83. Hoofd, xv. 636, 637.

tested that his mind was quite made up, and that he had been guaranteed by Parma not only the post which he now held, but even still further advancement.[1]

De Fromont reminded him, in reply, of the frequent revolutions of fortune's wheel, and warned him that the advancement of which he boasted would probably be an entire degradation. He bitterly recalled to the remembrance of the new zealot for Romanism his former earnest efforts to establish Calvinism. He reproached him, too, with having melted up the silver images of the Mechlin churches, including even the renowned shrine of St. Rombout, which the Prince of Orange had always respected. "I don't say how much you took of that plunder for your own share," continued the indignant De Fromont, "for the very children cry it in your ears as you walk the streets. 'T is known that if God himself had been changed into gold you would have put him in your pocket."[2]

This was plain language, but as just as it was plain. The famous shrine of St. Rombout—valued at seventy thousand guldens, of silver-gilt, and enriched with precious stones—had been held sacred alike by the fanatical iconoclasts and the greedy Spaniards who had successively held the city. It had now been melted up, and appropriated by Peter Lupus, the Carmelite, and De Bours, the Catholic convert, whose mouths were full of devotion to the ancient Church and of horror for heresy.[3]

The efforts of Orange and of the states were unavailing. De Bours surrendered the city, and fled to Parma,

[1] Letter of Pontus de Noyelles, Seigneur de Bours, apud Bor, xiii. 83.

[2] Letter of J. v. Bourgoigne, S^r de Fromont, ibid.

[3] Meteren, x. 172. Bor, ubi sup. Hoofd, xv. 636.

who received him with cordiality, gave him five thousand florins, the price promised for his treason, besides a regiment of infantry, but expressed surprise that he should have reached the camp alive.[1] His subsequent career was short, and he met his death two years afterward, in the trenches before Tournay.[2] The archiepiscopal city was thus transferred to the royal party, but the gallant Van der Tympel, governor of Brussels, retook it by surprise within six months of its acquisition by Parma, and once more restored it to the jurisdiction of the states. Peter Lupus, the Carmelite, armed to the teeth, and fighting fiercely at the head of the royalists, was slain in the street, and thus forfeited his chance for the miter of Namur.[3]

During the weary progress of the Cologne negotiations the prince had not been idle, and should this august and slow-moving congress be unsuccessful in restoring peace, the provinces were pledged to an act of abjuration. They would then be entirely without a head. The idea of a nominal republic was broached by none. The contest had not been one of theory, but of facts; for the war had not been for revolution, but for conservation, so far as political rights were con-

[1] Bor (xiii. 84) states that he was treated with great contempt by Parma, and deprived of his posts. In this the faithful old chronicler is mistaken, as it appears from the manuscript letters of the prince that he received the traitor with many caresses and with much greater respect than he deserved. Reports to the contrary were very current, however, in consequence of the Seigneur de Rossignol having been appointed by Parma governor of Mechlin in place of De Bours (letter of Prince of Parma to Mansfeld, Rec. Prov. Wall., iv. f. 324–328, MS., Royal Archives, Brussels).

[2] Bor, xv. 288.

[3] Ibid., xiv. 175.

cerned. In religion the provinces had advanced from one step to another, till they now claimed the largest liberty—freedom of conscience—for all. Religion, they held, was God's affair, not man's, in which neither people nor king had power over each other, but in which both were subject to God alone. In politics it was different. Hereditary sovereignty was acknowledged as a fact, but at the same time the spirit of freedom was already learning its appropriate language. It already claimed boldly the natural right of mankind to be governed according to the laws of reason and of divine justice. If a prince were a shepherd, it was at least lawful to deprive him of his crook when he butchered the flock which he had been appointed to protect.

"What reason is there," said the States-General, "why the provinces should suffer themselves to be continually oppressed by their sovereign with robbings, burnings, stranglings, and murderings?[1] Why, being thus oppressed, should they still give their sovereign—exactly *as if he were well conducting himself*[2]—the honor and title of lord of the land?" On the other hand, if hereditary rule were an established fact, so also were ancient charters. To maintain, not to overthrow, the political compact, was the purpose of the states. "Je maintiendrai," was the motto of Orange's escutcheon. That a compact existed between prince and people, and that the sovereign held office only on condition of doing his duty, were startling truths which men were

[1] "Wat reden is dat de Landen altijd sollen van hunnen Heere getraivalleert, bedorven en met roven, branden, worgen en moorden continuelijk overvallen en verkracht worden," etc.—Address of States-General, July, 1579, Bor, xiii. 93[b].

[2] "Gelijk als ob hij wel dede," etc.—Ibid.

beginning, not to whisper to each other in secret, but to proclaim in the market-place. "'T is well known to all," said the famous declaration of independence, two years afterward, "that if a prince is appointed by God over the land, 't is to protect them from harm, even as a shepherd to the guardianship of his flock. The subjects are not appointed by God for the behoof of the prince, but the prince for his subjects, without whom he is no prince. Should he violate the laws, he is to be forsaken by his meanest subject, and to be recognized no longer as prince."[1]

William of Orange always recognized these truths, but his scheme of government contemplated a permanent chief, and as it was becoming obvious that the Spanish sovereign would soon be abjured, it was necessary to fix upon a substitute. "As to governing these provinces in the form of a republic," said he, speaking for the States-General, "those who know the condition, privileges, and ordinances of the country can easily understand that 't is hardly possible to dispense with a head or superintendent."[2] At the same time he plainly intimated that this "head or superintendent" was to be, not a monarch,—a one-ruler,—but merely the hereditary chief magistrate of a free commonwealth.

Where was this hereditary chief magistrate to be found? His own claims he absolutely withdrew. The office was within his grasp, and he might easily have constituted himself sovereign of all the Netherlands.[3] Perhaps it would have been better at that time had

[1] Bor, xv. 277.

[2] Ibid., xiii. 93.

[3] "U nog moet erkend worden dat er gelegenheiden waren in welke zijne *ver kiezinge met eene groote meer de rheid* doorgegaan zoude zijn—en *mischien zonder tegensprack*, indien hij deze eerzucht

he advanced his claims and accepted the sovereignty which Philip had forfeited. As he did not believe in the possibility of a republic, he might honestly have taken into his own hands the scepter which he considered indispensable. His self-abnegation was, however, absolute. Not only did he decline sovereignty, but he repeatedly avowed his readiness to lay down all the offices which he held, if a more useful substitute could be found. "Let no man think," said he, in a remarkable speech to the States-General, "that my good will is in any degree changed or diminished. I agree to obey, as the least of the lords or gentlemen of the land could do, whatever person it may please you to select. You have but to command my services wheresoever they are most wanted; to guard a province or a single city, or in any capacity in which I may be found most useful. I promise to do my duty with all my strength and skill, as God and my conscience are witnesses that I have done it hitherto."[1]

The negotiations pointed to a speedy abjuration of Philip; the Republic was contemplated by none; the Prince of Orange absolutely refused to stretch forth his own hand. Who, then, was to receive the scepter which was so soon to be bestowed? A German prince had been tried, in a somewhat abnormal position, but had certainly manifested small capacity for aiding the provinces. Nothing could well be more insignificant than the figure of Matthias; and, moreover, his imperial brother was anything but favorably disposed. It was

gehad had. Echter verneemt men niet dat noch hij noch zijne aanhangelingen daartoe immer het voorstel gewaagd hebben," etc. —Van der Vynckt, iii. 72 sqq.

[1] Bor, xiv. 143, speech of November 26, 1579.

necessary to manage Rudolph. To treat the archduke with indignity, now that he had been partly established in the Netherlands, would be to incur the emperor's enmity. His friendship, however, could hardly be secured by any advancement bestowed upon his brother, for Rudolph's services against prerogative and the pope were in no case to be expected. Nor was there much hope from the Protestant princes of Germany. The day had passed for generous sympathy with those engaged in the great struggle which Martin Luther had commenced. The present generation of German Protestants were more inclined to put down the Calvinistic schism at home than to save it from oppression abroad. Men were more disposed to wrangle over the thrice-gnawed bones of ecclesiastical casuistry than to assist their brethren in the field. "I know not," said Gaultherus, "whether the calamity of the Netherlands or the more than bestial stupidity of the Germans be most deplorable. To the insane contests on theological abstractions we owe it that many are ready to breathe blood and slaughter against their own brethren. The hatred of the Lutherans has reached that point that they can rather tolerate papists than ourselves." [1]

In England there was much sympathy for the provinces, and there, although the form of government was still arbitrary, the instincts for civil and religious freedom, which have ever characterized the Anglo-Saxon race, were not to be repressed. Upon many a battle-

[1] Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., vii. 7. Hubert Languet, too, lamented the coldness of Germany toward her brethren in blood and creed. "Germania suo more," he writes to Sir Philip Sydney, "est otiosa spectatrix tragœdiarum, quæ apud vicinas ipsi gentes aguntur et ex alienis incommodis sua commoda capit."—Ep. 71, p. 254.

field for liberty in the Netherlands, "men whose limbs were made in England" were found contending for the right. The blood and treasure of Englishmen flowed freely in the cause of their relatives by religion and race, but these were the efforts of individuals. Hitherto but little assistance had been rendered by the English queen, who had, on the contrary, almost distracted the provinces by her fast-and-loose policy, both toward them and toward Anjou. The political rivalry between that prince and herself in the Netherlands had, however, now given place to the memorable love-passage from which important results were expected, and it was thought certain that Elizabeth would view with satisfaction any dignity conferred upon her lover.[1]

Orange had a right to form this opinion. At the same time it is well known that the chief councilors of Elizabeth, while they were all in favor of assisting the provinces, looked with anything but satisfaction upon the Anjou marriage. "The duke," wrote Davison to Walsingham, in July, 1579, "seeks, forsooth, under a pretext of marriage with her Highness, the rather to espouse the Low Countries—the chief ground and object of his pretended love, howsoever it be disguised." The envoy believed both Elizabeth and the provinces in danger of taking unto themselves a very bad master. "Is there any means," he added, "so apt to sound the very bottom of our estate, and to hinder and breake the neck of all such good purpose as the necessity of the tyme shall set abroch?"[2]

The provinces of Holland and Zealand, notwithstanding the love they bore to William of Orange, could

[1] Letter of Orange to the "nearer-united states," apud Bor, 3, xiv. 132.

[2] Archives de la Maison d'Orange, etc., vi. 646 sqq.

never be persuaded by his arguments into favoring Anjou. Indeed, it was rather on account of the love they bore the prince, whom they were determined to have for their sovereign, that they refused to listen to any persuasion in favor of his rival, although coming from his own lips. The States-General, in a report to the states of Holland drawn up under the superintendence of the prince, brought forward all the usual arguments for accepting the French duke, in case the abjuration should take place.[1] They urged the contract with Anjou (of August 13, 1578); the great expenses he had already incurred in their behalf; the danger of offending him; the possibility that in such case he would ally himself with Spain; the prospect that, in consequence of such a result, there would be three enemies in the field against them,—the Walloons, the Spaniards, and the French,—all whose forces would eventually be turned upon Holland and Zealand alone. It was represented that the selection of Anjou would, on the other hand, secure the friendship of France—an alliance which would inspire both the emperor and the Spanish monarch with fear, for they could not contemplate without jealousy a possible incorporation of the provinces with that kingdom. Moreover, the geographical situation of France made its friendship inexpressibly desirable. The states of Holland and Zealand were therefore earnestly invited to send deputies to an assembly of the States-General, in order to conclude measures touching the declaration of independence to be made against the king, and concerning the election of the Duke of Anjou.[2]

The official communications by speech or writing of

[1] Report in Bor, xiii. 92–95. [2] Ibid., xiii. 95ª.

Orange to the different corporations and assemblies were at this period of enormous extent. He was moved to frequent anger by the parsimony, the interprovincial jealousy, the dull perception of the different estates, and he often expressed his wrath in unequivocal language. He dealt roundly with all public bodies. His eloquence was distinguished by a bold, uncompromising, truth-telling spirit, whether the words might prove palatable or bitter to his audience. His language rebuked his hearers more frequently than it caressed them, for he felt it impossible at all times to consult both the humors and the high interests of the people, and he had no hesitation, as guardian of popular liberty, in denouncing the popular vices by which it was endangered.[1]

By both great parties, he complained, his shortcomings were all noted, the good which he had accomplished passed over in silence.[2] He solemnly protested that he desired out of his whole heart the advancement of that religion which he publicly professed, and with God's

[1] "Artes ad regendam plebem," says one who knew him well, "in eo omnes; quam licet præfracti obstinati animi, tandem ad obsequium flexit: nunc blanda aspera nunc ac violenta oratione *cujus frequentior illi usus, quam lenociniorum.* Libertatis atque autoritatis sane adsiduus custos, ut libere plebi sua objicere vitia posset."—Ev. Reidani Ann. Belg., ii. 59.

[2] Letter to the States-General, August, 1579, apud Bor, xiv. 97 sqq. This was the opinion frequently expressed by Languet. "Cherish the friendship of the prince, I beseech you," he writes to Sir Philip Sydney, "for there is no man like him in all Christendom. Nevertheless, his is the lot of all men of prudence—to be censured by all parties. The people complain that he despises them; the nobility declare that it is their order which he hates; and this is as sensible as if you were to tell me that you were the son of a clown (quasi v. dicebat mihi, ego sim patre rustico natus)."—Ep. ad Sydn., Ep. 76, p. 270. "Ego non possum satis admirari Auriaci

blessing hoped to profess to the end of his life,[1] but nevertheless he reminded the states that he had sworn, upon taking office as lieutenant-general, to keep "all the subjects of the land equally under his protection," and that he had kept his oath. He rebuked the parsimony which placed the accepted chief of the provinces in a sordid and contemptible position. "The archduke has been compelled," said he, in August, to the States-General, "to break up housekeeping, for want of means. How shameful and disreputable for the country if he should be compelled, for very poverty, to leave the land!" He offered to lay down all the power with which he had himself been clothed, but insisted, if he were to continue in office, upon being provided with larger means of being useful. "'T was impossible," he said, "for him to serve longer on the same footing as heretofore; finding himself without power or authority, without means, without troops, without money, without obedience."[2] He reminded the States-General that the enemy, under pretext of peace negotiations, were ever circulating calumnious statements to the effect that he was personally the only obstacle to peace. The real object of these hopeless conferences was to sow dissen-

prudentiam et æquanimitatem," he continues, "in tanta negotiorum mole sustinenda et ferendis tot injuriis. Obsecro respice ejus virtutem et ne deterreat a colenda cum eo amicitia ejus fortuna, quæ tandem etiam forte magis læta fulgebit."—Ep. ad Sydn., Ep. 76, p. 270.

[1] ". . . hoewel dat wy niet en willen ontkennen dat wy niet uit ganscher herten en souden begeert hebben de vorderinge van der Religie van de welke wy God lof openbare professie doen en verhopen 't selve te doen tot den einde onser leevens," etc.—Letter to the States-General, ubi sup.

[2] Letter to the States-General, September 18, 1579, Bor, 2, xiv. 131 sqq.

sion through the land, to set burgher against burgher, house against house. As in Italy Guelfs and Ghibellines, as in Florence the Neri and Bianchi, as in Holland the Hooks and Kabbeljaws, had, by their unfortunate quarrels, armed fellow-countrymen and families against each other, so, also, nothing was so powerful as religious difference to set friend against friend, father against son, husband against wife.

He warned the states against the peace propositions of the enemy. Spain had no intention to concede, but was resolved to extirpate. For himself, he had certainly everything to lose by continued war. His magnificent estates were withheld, and, added he with simplicity, there is no man who does not desire to enjoy his own.[1] The liberation of his son, too, from his foreign captivity was, after the glory of God and the welfare of the fatherland, the dearest object of his heart. Moreover, he was himself approaching the decline of life. Twelve years he had spent in perpetual anxiety and labor for the cause. As he approached old age, he had sufficient reason to desire repose. Nevertheless, considering the great multitude of people who were leaning upon him, he should account himself disgraced if, for the sake of his own private advantage, he were to recommend a peace which was not perfectly secure. As regarded his own personal interests, he could easily place himself beyond danger; yet it would be otherwise with the people. The existence of the religion which, through the mercy of God, he professed, would be sacrificed, and countless multitudes of innocent men would, by his act, be thrown bodily into the hands of the bloodthirsty

[1] "Daer is niemand hy soude wel begeren het sijne te gebruiken."—Letter to the States-General.

inquisitors who, in times past, had murdered so many persons and so utterly desolated the land. In regard to the ceaseless insinuations against his character which men uttered "over their tables and in the streets," he observed philosophically that "mankind were naturally inclined to calumny, particularly against those who exercised government over them. His life was the best answer to those slanders. Being overwhelmed with debt, he should doubtless do better in a personal point of view to *accept the excellent and profitable* offers which were daily made to him by the enemy."[1] He might be justified in such a course when it was remembered how many had deserted him and forsworn their religion. Nevertheless, he had ever refused, and should ever refuse, to listen to offers by which only his own personal interests were secured. As to the defense of the country, he had thus far done all in his power with the small resources placed at his command. He was urged by the "nearer-united states" to retain the post of lieutenant-general. He was ready to consent. He was, however, not willing to hold office a moment, unless he had power to compel cities to accept garrisons, to enforce the collection of needful supplies throughout the provinces, and in general to do everything which he judged necessary for the best interests of the country.[2]

Three councils were now established—one to be in

[1] "Om alsulke goede vorderlijke condition aen te nemen als de zelve zijn gepresenteert en aengeboden even verre hy daer na hadde willen luisteren en gedurende desen vredenhandel tot eenig particulier accord verstaen."—Letter to the States-General, September 18, 1579, Bor, 2, xiv. 131 sqq.

[2] Ibid.

attendance upon the archduke and the Prince of Orange, the two others to reside respectively in Flanders and in Utrecht. They were to be appointed by Matthias and the prince, upon a double nomination from the estates of the United Provinces. Their decisions were to be made according to a majority of votes, and there was to be no secret cabinet behind and above their deliberations.[1] It was long, however, before these councils were put into working order. The fatal jealousy of the provincial authorities, the small ambition of local magistrates, interposed daily obstacles to the vigorous march of the generality.[2] Never was jealousy more mischievous, never circumspection more misapplied. It was not a land nor a crisis in which there was peril of centralization. Local municipal government was in truth the only force left. There was no possibility of its being merged in a central authority which did not exist. The country was without a center. There was small chance of apoplexy where there was no head. The danger lay in the mutual repulsiveness of these atoms of sovereignty, in the centrifugal tendencies which were fast resolving a nebulous commonwealth into chaos. Disunion and dissension would soon bring about a more fatal centralization—that of absorption in a distant despotism.

At the end of November, 1579, Orange made another remarkable speech in the States-General at Antwerp.[3] He handled the usual topics with his customary vigor, and with that grace and warmth of delivery which always made his eloquence so persuasive and impres-

[1] Bor, xiv. 135. Archives de la Maison d'Orange, vii. 107.

[2] Archives, etc., vii. 94.

[3] In Bor, xiv. 141–143.

sive.[1] He spoke of the countless calumnies against himself, the chaffering niggardliness of the provinces, the slender result produced by his repeated warnings. He told them bluntly the great cause of all their troubles. It was the absence of a broad patriotism; it was the narrow power grudged rather than given to the deputies who sat in the general assembly. They were mere envoys, tied by instructions. They were powerless to act, except after tedious reference to the will of their masters, the provincial boards. The deputies of the union came thither, he said, as advocates of their provinces or their cities, not as councilors of a commonwealth, and sought to further those narrow interests even at the risk of destruction to their sister states. The contributions, he complained, were assessed unequally and expended selfishly. Upon this occasion, as upon all occasions, he again challenged inquiry into the purity of his government, demanded chastisement if any act of maladministration on his part could be found, and repeated his anxious desire either to be relieved from his functions or to be furnished with the means of discharging them with efficiency.

On the 12th of December, 1579, he again made a powerful speech in the States-General.[2] Upon the 9th of January, 1580, following, he made an elaborate address upon the state of the country, urging the necessity of raising instantly a considerable army of good and

[1] "Avec un accent propre," says one of his most bitter enemies, "et action convenable, en quoi le Prince d'Oranges excelloit—donnant à l'assemblée si grande impression et persuasion qu'il remporta le fruict qu'il desiroit," etc.—Renom de France, MS., t. iv. c. 11.

[2] Bor, xiv. 150, 151.

experienced soldiers. He fixed the indispensable number of such a force at twelve thousand foot, four thousand horse, and at least twelve hundred pioneers. "Weigh well the matters," said he, in conclusion, "which I have thus urged, and which are of the most extreme necessity. Men in their utmost need are daily coming to me for refuge, *as if I held power over all things in my hand.*" At the same time he complained that by reason of the dilatoriness of the states he was prevented from alleviating misery when he knew the remedy to be within reach. "I beg you, however, my masters," he continued, "to believe that this address of mine is no simple discourse. 'T is a faithful presentment of matters which, if not reformed, will cause the speedy and absolute ruin of the land. Whatever betide, however, I pray you to hold yourselves assured that, with God's help, I am determined to live with you or to die with you."[1]

Early in the year 1580 the prince was doomed to a bitter disappointment, and the provinces to a severe loss, in the treason of Count Renneberg, governor of Friesland. This young noble was of the great Lalain family. He was a younger brother of Anthony, Count of Hoogstraaten, the unwavering friend of Orange. He had been brought up in the family of his cousin, the Count de Lalain, governor of Hainault, and had inherited the title of Renneberg from an uncle who

[1] Bor, xiv. 153–156. The estimated expenses of the states' army for the year 1580, to be assessed upon all the provinces, were, per month, 518,000 florins. This provided for 225 infantry companies, amounting to 32,162 men, at a monthly pay of 359,240 florins; 3750 cavalry at 80,590 florins monthly wages, besides 1200 German reiters at 40,000 florins per month, with other incidental expenses. A captain received 90 florins per month, a lieutenant 45, a sergeant 12, a surgeon 12, etc. (Renom de France, MS., t. iv. c. 37).

was a dignitary of the church.[1] For more than a year there had been suspicions of his fidelity. He was supposed to have been tampered with by the Duke of Terranova, on the first arrival of that functionary in the Netherlands.[2] Nevertheless, the Prince of Orange was unwilling to listen to the whispers against him. Being himself the mark of calumny, and having a tender remembrance of the elder brother, he persisted in reposing confidence in a man who was in reality unworthy of his friendship. George Lalain, therefore, remained stadholder of Friesland and Drenthe, and in possession of the capital city, Groningen.

The rumors concerning him proved correct. In November, 1579, he entered into a formal treaty with Terranova, by which he was to receive, as the price of "the virtuous resolution which he contemplated," the sum of ten thousand crowns in hand, a further sum of ten thousand crowns within three months, and a yearly pension of ten thousand florins. Moreover, his barony of Ville was to be erected into a marquisate, and he was to receive the order of the Golden Fleece at the first vacancy. He was likewise to be continued in the same offices under the king which he now held from the estates.[3] The bill of sale, by which he agreed with a

[1] Bor, xv. 276.

[2] Ibid., xiv. 162 sqq. Meteren, x. 168. Hoofd, xvi. 681.

[3] Reconciliation de Groningen et du Comte de Renneberg, MS., i. f. 59, 69, 75. Under this euphemism, by way of title, the original agreements of Renneberg, together with a large mass of correspondence relative to his famous treason, are arranged in the Royal Archives at Brussels, in two folio volumes of MS. (compare Bijvoegsel Auth. Stukk. tot P. Bor, ii. 3, 4). The terms of the bargain thus coldly set forth are worthy attention, as showing the perfectly mercantile manner in which these great nobles sold them-

certain Quislain Le Bailly to transfer himself to Spain, fixed these terms with the technical scrupulousness of any other mercantile transaction. Renneberg sold himself as one would sell a yoke of oxen, and his motives were no whit nobler than the cynical contract would indicate. "See you not," said he in a private letter to a friend, "that this whole work is brewed by the Nassaus for the sake of their own greatness, and that they are everywhere provided with the very best crumbs? They are to be stadholders of the principal provinces; we are to content ourselves with Overyssel and Drenthe. Therefore I have thought it best to make my peace with the king, from whom more benefits are to be got." [1]

Jealousy and selfishness, then, were the motives of his "virtuous resolution." He had another, perhaps a nobler, incentive. He was in love with the Countess Meghen, widow of Lancelot Berlaymont, and it was privately stipulated that the influence of his Majesty's government should be employed to bring about his marriage with the lady. The treaty, however, which Renneberg had made with Quislain Le Bailly was not immediately carried out. Early in February, 1580, his sister and evil genius, Cornelia de Lalain, wife of

selves. An honest attachment, such as was manifested by cavaliers like Berlaymont and his four brave sons, to the royal and Catholic cause can be respected, even while we regret that so much bravery should have been expended in support of so infamous a tyranny. But while their fanaticism can be forgiven, no language is strong enough to stigmatize the men who deserted the cause of liberty and conscience for hire. It must be remembered that Renneberg was much more virtuous than a large number of his distinguished compeers, many of whom were transferred so often from one side to the other that they at last lost all convertible value.

[1] Kluit, Holl. Staatsreg., i. 176, note 5.

Baron Monceau, made him a visit at Groningen. She implored him not to give over his soul to perdition by oppressing the Holy Church. She also appealed to his family pride, which should keep him, she said, from the contamination of companionship with "base-born weavers and furriers." She was of opinion that to contaminate his high-born fingers with base bribes were a lower degradation. The pension, the crowns in hand, the marquisate, the collar of the Golden Fleece, were all held before his eyes again. He was persuaded, moreover, that the fair hand of the wealthy widow would be the crowning prize of his treason, but in this he was destined to disappointment. The countess was reserved for a more brilliant and a more bitter fate. She was to espouse a man of higher rank but more worthless character, also a traitor to the cause of freedom, to which she was herself devoted, and who was even accused of attempting her life in her old age, in order to supply her place with a younger rival.[1]

The artful eloquence of Cornelia de Lalain did its work, and Renneberg entered into correspondence with Parma. It is singular with how much indulgence his conduct and character were regarded both before and subsequently to his treason. There was something attractive about the man. In an age when many German and Netherland nobles were given to drunkenness and debauchery, and were distinguished rather for coarseness of manner and brutality of intellect[2] than for refinement or learning, Count Renneberg, on the contrary, was an elegant and accomplished gentleman—the

[1] Meteren, x. 168. Bor, xiv. 161. Hoofd, xviii. 423.

[2] See the letters of Count John of Nassau and of the Landgrave William, in Archives, etc., vols. vi. and vii. passim.

Sydney of his country in all but loyalty of character. He was a classical scholar, a votary of music and poetry, a graceful troubadour, and a valiant knight.[1] He was "sweet and lovely of conversation,"[2] generous and bountiful by nature. With so many good gifts, it was a thousand pities that the gift of truth had been denied him. Never did treason look more amiable, but it was treason of the blackest die. He was treacherous, in the hour of her utmost need, to the country which had trusted him. He was treacherous to the great man who had leaned upon his truth when all others had abandoned him.[3] He was treacherous from the most sordid of motives—jealousy of his friend and love of place and pelf; but his subsequent remorse and his early death have cast a veil over the blackness of his crime.

While Cornelia de Lalain was in Groningen, Orange was in Holland. Intercepted letters left no doubt of the plot, and it was agreed that the prince, then on his way to Amsterdam, should summon the count to an interview. Renneberg's trouble at the proximity of Orange could not be suppressed.[4] He felt that he could never look his friend in the face again. His plans were not ripe; it was desirable to dissemble for a season longer; but how could he meet that tranquil eye which "looked quite through the deeds of men"? It was obvious to Renneberg that *his* deed was to be done

[1] Hoofd, xviii. 773.

[2] "Soet en lieflijk van conversatie."—Bor, xvi. 276ᵃ.

[3] "Je me suis trouvé," wrote the prince in March, 1580, to Lazarus Schwendi, "et trouve encore à présent abandonné non seulement de secours et assistance, mais mesme de communication et de conseil, en la plus grande difficulté du temps et dangereuses occurrences qui me tombent sur les bras."—Archives, vii. 231.

[4] Bor, xiv. 167.

forthwith, if he would escape discomfiture. The prince would soon be in Groningen, and his presence would dispel the plots which had been secretly constructed.

On the evening of March 3, 1580, the count entertained a large number of the most distinguished families of the place at a ball and banquet. At the supper-table, Hildebrand, chief burgomaster of the city, bluntly interrogated his host concerning the calumnious reports which were in circulation, expressing the hope that there was no truth in these inventions of his enemies. Thus summoned, Renneberg, seizing the hands of Hildebrand in both his own, exclaimed: "O my father, you whom I esteem as my father, can you suspect me of such guilt? I pray you, trust me, and fear me not!"[1]

With this he restored the burgomaster and all the other guests to confidence. The feast and dance proceeded, while Renneberg was quietly arranging his plot. During the night all the leading patriots were taken out of their beds and carried to prison, notice being at the same time given to the secret adherents of Renneberg. Before dawn a numerous mob of boatmen and vagrants, well armed, appeared upon the public square. They bore torches and standards, and amazed the quiet little city with their shouts. The place was formally taken into possession; cannon were planted in front of the town house to command the principal streets, and barricades erected at various important points. Just at daylight, Renneberg himself, in complete armor, rode into the square, and it was observed that he looked ghastly as a corpse.[2] He was followed by thirty troopers armed,

[1] Bor, xiv. 167. Meteren, x. 169. Hoofd, xvi. 682.

[2] "Van 't hooft ten voete gewapent."—Bor, ubi sup. "In vollen harnas."—Hoofd, xvi. 682. "Hy sag anders niet dan een dood

like himself, from head to foot. "Stand by me now," he cried to the assembled throng; "fail me not at this moment, for now I am for the first time your stadholder."

While he was speaking, a few citizens of the highest class forced their way through the throng and addressed the mob in tones of authority. They were evidently magisterial persons endeavoring to quell the riot. As they advanced, one of Renneberg's men-at-arms discharged his carbine at the foremost gentleman, who was no other than Burgomaster Hildebrand. He fell dead at the feet of the stadholder—of the man who had clasped his hands a few hours before, called him father, and implored him to entertain no suspicions of his honor. The death of this distinguished gentleman created a panic, during which Renneberg addressed his adherents, and stimulated them to atone by their future zeal in the king's service for their former delinquency. A few days afterward the city was formally reunited to the royal government, but the count's measures had been precipitated to such an extent that he was unable to carry the province with him, as he had hoped. On the contrary, although he had secured the city, he had secured nothing else. He was immediately beleaguered by the states' force in the province under the command of Barthold Entes, Hohenlo, and Philip Louis Nassau, and it was necessary to send for immediate assistance from Parma.[1]

mensch."—Bor, xiv. 168b. "Heel bestorven om de kaaken."—Hoofd, ubi sup.

[1] MS. holographic letter of Renneberg to Prince of Parma, March 3, 1580, Rec. Groningen et Renneberg, i. 69. Bor, Meteren, Hoofd. Compare Apologie d'Orange, p. 121; Groen v. Prinst., Archives, vii. 243–248; Strada, 2, iii. 135, 136; Ev. Reidani, ii. 30.

The Prince of Orange, being thus bitterly disappointed by the treachery of his friend, and foiled in his attempt to avert the immediate consequences, continued his interrupted journey to Amsterdam. Here he was received with unbounded enthusiasm.[1]

[1] Bor, xiv. 170. Hoofd, xvi. 684.

## CHAPTER IV

Captivity of La Noue—Cruel propositions of Philip—Siege of Groningen—Death of Barthold Entes—His character—Hohenlo commands in the north—His incompetence—He is defeated on Hardenberg Heath—Petty operations—Isolation of Orange—Dissatisfaction and departure of Count John—Remonstrance of Archduke Matthias—Embassy to Anjou—Holland and Zealand offer the sovereignty to Orange—Conquest of Portugal—Granvelle proposes the ban against the prince—It is published—The document analyzed—The "Apology" of Orange analyzed and characterized—Siege of Steenwyk by Renneberg—Forgeries—Siege relieved—Death of Renneberg—Institution of the "Land Council"—Duchess of Parma sent to the Netherlands—Anger of Alexander—Prohibition of Catholic worship in Antwerp, Utrecht, and elsewhere—Declaration of independence by the United Provinces—Negotiations with Anjou—The sovereignty of Holland and Zealand provisionally accepted by Orange—Tripartition of the Netherlands—Power of the prince described—Act of Abjuration analyzed—Philosophy of Netherland politics—Views of the government compact—Acquiescence by the people in the action of the estates—Departure of Archduke Matthias.

THE war continued in a languid and desultory manner in different parts of the country. At an action near Ingelmunster the brave and accomplished De la Noue was made prisoner.[1] This was a severe loss to the states, a cruel blow to Orange, for he was not only one of the most experienced soldiers, but one of the most accom-

[1] Bor, xv. 194, 195. Hoofd, xvi. 690.

plished writers of his age. His pen was as celebrated as his sword.[1] In exchange for the illustrious Frenchman the states in vain offered Count Egmont, who had been made prisoner a few weeks before, and De Selles, who was captured shortly afterward. Parma answered, contemptuously, that he would not give a lion for two sheep.[2] Even Champagny was offered in addition, but without success. Parma had written to Philip, immediately upon the capture, that, were it not for Egmont, Selles, and others then in the power of Orange, he should order the execution of La Noue. Under the circumstances, however, he had begged to be informed as to his Majesty's pleasure, and in the meantime had placed the prisoner in the castle of Limburg, under charge of De Billy.[3] His Majesty, of course, never signified his pleasure, and the illustrious soldier remained for five years in a loathsome dungeon more befitting a condemned malefactor than a prisoner of war. It was in the donjon keep of the castle, lighted only by an aperture in the roof, and was therefore exposed to the rain and all inclemencies of the sky, while rats, toads, and other vermin housed in the miry floor.[4] Here this distinguished personage, Francis with the Iron Arm, whom all Frenchmen, Catholic or Huguenot, admired for his genius, bravery, and purity of char-

[1] "Che egli habbia saputo," says Bentivoglio, "cosi ben maneggiare la penna come la spada; e valere in pace non punto meno che in guerra."—Guerra di Fiandra, 2, i. 249.

[2] Ev. Reidani Ann., ii. 39.

[3] Strada, d. 2, iii. 155, 156. Parma is said to have hinted to Philip that De Billy would willingly undertake the private assassination of La Noue (Popelinière, Hist. des Pays-Bas, 1556–1584).

[4] Moyse Amirault, La Vie de François, Seigneur de la Nouë dit Bras de Fer (Leyde, 1661), pp. 267–277.

acter, passed five years of close confinement. The government was most anxious to take his life, but the captivity of Egmont and others prevented the accomplishment of their wishes. During this long period the wife and numerous friends of La Noue were unwearied in their efforts to effect his ransom or exchange,[1] but none of the prisoners in the hands of the patriots were considered a fair equivalent. The hideous proposition was even made by Philip II. to La Noue that he should receive his liberty if he would *permit his eyes to be put out*, as a preliminary condition. The fact is attested by several letters written by La Noue to his wife. The prisoner, wearied, shattered in health, and sighing for air and liberty, was disposed and even anxious to accept the infamous offer, and discussed the matter philosophically in his letters. That lady, however, horror-stricken at the suggestion, implored him to reject the condition, which he accordingly consented to do. At last, in June, 1585, he was exchanged, on extremely rigorous terms, for Egmont. During his captivity in this vile dungeon he composed not only his famous "Political and Military Discourses," but several other works, among the rest annotations upon Plutarch and upon the histories of Guicciardini.[2]

[1] Amirault, 267–298.

[2] "Enfin on en vint jusques à ce degré de barbarie que de luy faire suggerer sous main, que pour donner une suffisante caution de ne porter jamais les armes contre le Roy Catholicque, il falloit qu'il se laissast crever les yeux. A peine l'eusse-je creu si je ne l'avois sçeu que par la lecture des histoires et par le rapport d'un tiers. *Mais 7 ou 8 lettres* qu'il en a faites de sa propre main à sa femme m'ont rendu *la chose si indubitable*, que sur sa foy je la donne icy pour telle."—Amirault, pp. 280, 281–298. Compare Strada, 2, iii. 156.

The siege of Groningen proceeded, and Parma ordered some forces under Martin Schenck to advance to its relief. On the other hand, the meager states' forces under Sonoy, Hohenlo, Entes, and Count John of Nassau's young son, William Louis, had not yet made much impression upon the city.[1] There was little military skill to atone for the feebleness of the assailing army, although there was plenty of rude valor. Barthold Entes, a man of desperate character, was impatient at the dilatoriness of the proceedings. After having been in disgrace with the states, since the downfall of his friend and patron the Count de la Marck, he had recently succeeded to a regiment in place of Colonel Ysselstein, "dismissed for a homicide or two."[2] On the 17th of May he had been dining at Rolde, in company with Hohenlo and the young Count of Nassau. Returning to the trenches in a state of wild intoxication, he accosted a knot of superior officers, informing them that they were but boys, and that he would show them how to carry the faubourg of Groningen on the instant. He was answered that the faubourg, being walled and moated, could be taken only by escalade or battery. Laughing loudly, he rushed forward toward the counterscarp, waving his sword, and brandishing on his left arm the cover of a butter-firkin, which he had taken instead of his buckler. He had advanced, however, but a step when a bullet from the faubourg pierced his brain, and he fell dead without a word.[3]

So perished one of the wild founders of the Netherland commonwealth—one of the little band of reckless

[1] Bor, xv. 203–205. Hoofd, xvi. 691 sqq. Meteren, x. 169, 170.
[2] Hoofd, xvi. 691.
[3] Ibid. Meteren, x. 170[a]. Compare Bor, 3, xv. 205.

adventurers who had captured the town of Brill in 1572, and thus laid the foundation-stone of a great republic which was to dictate its laws to the empire of Charles V. He was in some sort a type. His character was emblematical of the worst side of the liberating movement. Desperate, lawless, ferocious,—a robber on land, a pirate by sea,—he had rendered great service in the cause of his fatherland, and had done it much disgrace. By the evil deeds of men like himself the fair face of liberty had been profaned at its first appearance. Born of a respectable family, he had been noted, when a student in this very Groningen where he had now found his grave, for the youthful profligacy of his character. After dissipating his patrimony, he had taken to the sea, the legalized piracy of the mortal struggle with Spain offering a welcome refuge to spendthrifts like himself. In common with many a banished noble of ancient birth and broken fortunes, the riotous student became a successful corsair, and it is probable that his prizes were made as well among the friends as the enemies of his country. He amassed in a short time one hundred thousand crowns—no contemptible fortune in those days. He assisted La Marck in the memorable attack upon Brill, but behaved badly and took to flight when Mondragon made his memorable expedition to relieve Ter Goes.[1] He had subsequently been imprisoned with La Marck for insubordination, and during his confinement had dissipated a large part of his fortune. In 1576, after the violation of the Ghent treaty, he had returned to his piratical pursuits, and having prospered again as rapidly as he had done during his former cruises, had been glad to exchange the ocean for more

[1] Meteren, x. 170[a].

honorable service on shore. The result was the tragic yet almost ludicrous termination which we have narrated. He left a handsome property, the result of his various piracies, or, according to the usual euphemism, prizes. He often expressed regret at the number of traders whom he had cast into the sea, complaining, in particular, of one victim whom he had thrown overboard, who would never sink, but who for years long ever floated in his wake, and stared him in the face whenever he looked over his vessel's side. A gambler, a profligate, a pirate, he had yet rendered service to the cause of freedom, and his name, sullying the purer and nobler ones of other founders of the commonwealth, "is enrolled in the capitol."[1]

Count Philip Hohenlo, upon whom now devolved the entire responsibility of the Groningen siege and of the Friesland operations, was only a few degrees superior to this northern corsair. A noble of high degree, nearly connected with the Nassau family, sprung of the best blood in Germany, handsome and dignified in appearance, he was, in reality, only a debauchee and a drunkard. Personal bravery was his main qualification for a general, a virtue which he shared with many of his meanest soldiers. He had never learned the art of war, nor had he the least ambition to acquire it. Devoted to his pleasures, he depraved those under his command, and injured the cause for which he was contending.[2]

[1] Meteren, x. 170. Bor, xv. 205. Hoofd, xvi. 691. Archives de la Maison d'Orange, vii. 370. The names of the band of adventurers who seized Brill are all carefully preserved in the old records of the Republic.

[2] Letter of Albada, Archives et Correspondance, vii. 370. Ev. Reidani Ann. Belg., ii. 34.

Nothing but defeat and disgrace was expected by the purer patriots from such guidance. "The benediction of God," wrote Albada, "cannot be hoped for under this chieftain, who by life and manners is fitter to drive swine than to govern pious and honorable men."[1]

The event justified the prophecy. After a few trifling operations before Groningen, Hohenlo was summoned to the neighborhood of Coevorden by the reported arrival of Martin Schenck, at the head of a considerable force. On the 15th of June the count marched all night and a part of the following morning in search of the enemy. He came up with them upon Hardenberg Heath, in a broiling summer forenoon. His men were jaded by the forced march, overcome with the heat, tormented with thirst, and unable to procure even a drop of water. The royalists were fresh, so that the result of the contest was easily to be foreseen. Hohenlo's army was annihilated in an hour's time, the whole population fled out of Coevorden, the siege of Groningen was raised, Kenneberg was set free to resume his operations on a larger scale, and the fate of all the northeastern provinces was once more swinging in the wind.[2] The boors of Drenthe and Friesland rose again. They had already mustered in the field at an earlier season of the year, in considerable force. Calling themselves "the desperates," and bearing on their standard an egg-shell with the yolk running out,—to indicate that, having lost the meat, they were yet ready to fight for the shell,—they had

[1] " . . . qui porcis regendis vita et moribus magis est idoneus quam bonis piisque defendendis."—Archives et Correspondance, vii. 370.

[2] Bor, xv. 207. Meteren, x. 170, 171. Hoofd, xvi. 693, 694. Strada, 2, iv. 169–172.

swept through the open country, pillaging and burning. Hohenlo had defeated them in two encounters, slain a large number of their forces, and reduced them for a time to tranquillity.[1] His late overthrow once more set them loose. Renneberg, always apt to be over-elated in prosperity, as he was unduly dejected in adversity, now assumed all the airs of a conqueror. He had hardly eight thousand men under his orders,[2] but his strength lay in the weakness of his adversaries. A small war now succeeded, with small generals, small armies, small campaigns, small sieges. For the time the Prince of Orange was even obliged to content himself with such a general as Hohenlo. As usual, he was almost alone. "Donec eris felix," said he, emphatically—

> "multos numerabis amicos,
> Tempora cum erunt nubila, nullus erit,"[3]

and he was this summer doomed to a still harder deprivation by the final departure of his brother John from the Netherlands.

The count had been wearied out by petty miseries.[4] His stadholderate of Gelderland had overwhelmed him with annoyance, for throughout the northeastern provinces there was neither system nor subordination. The magistrates could exercise no authority over an army which they did not pay, or a people whom they did not protect. There were endless quarrels between the various boards of municipal and provincial government,

[1] Bor, xiv. 177, 178. [2] Ibid., xv. 221a.

[3] Archives, vii. 231, letter to Lazarus Schwendi.

[4] See the letters of Count John, ibid., vol. vii. passim; particularly Letters 929, 930, 931, 932, 974, 1019, and the Memoir on pages 510–530.

particularly concerning contributions and expenditures.[1] During this wrangling the country was exposed to the forces of Parma, to the private efforts of the Malcontents, to the unpaid soldiery of the states, to the armed and rebellious peasantry. Little heed was paid to the admonitions of Count John, who was of a hotter temper than was the tranquil prince. The stadholder gave way to fits of passion at the meanness and the insolence to which he was constantly exposed. He readily recognized his infirmity, and confessed himself unable to accommodate his irascibility to the "humores" of the inhabitants. There was often sufficient cause for his petulance. Never had pretor of a province a more penurious civil list.

[1] When the extraordinary generosity of the count himself and the altogether unexampled sacrifices of the prince are taken into account, it may well be supposed that the patience of the brothers would be sorely tried by the parsimony of the states. It appears by a document laid before the States-General in the winter of 1580–1581 that the count had himself advanced to Orange 570,000 florins in the cause. The total of money spent by the prince himself for the sake of Netherland liberty was 2,200,000. These vast sums had been raised in various ways and from various personages. His estates were deeply hypothecated, and his creditors so troublesome that, in his own language, he was unable to attend properly to public affairs, so frequent and so threatening were the applications made upon him for payment. Day by day he felt the necessity advancing more closely upon him of placing himself personally in the hands of his creditors and making over his estates to their mercy until the uttermost farthing should be paid. In his two campaigns against Alva (1568 and 1572) he had spent 1,050,000 florins. He owed the Elector Palatine 150,000 florins, the landgrave 60,000, Count John 570,000, and other sums to other individuals (Staat ende kort begrip van het geen, M. E. Heere den P. van Orange betalt mag hebben mitsgaders het geene syne V. G. schuldig is gebleeven, etc., Ordin. Depêchen Boek, A° 1580, 1581, f. 245$^{vo}$ sqq., MS., Hague Archives).

"The baker has given notice," wrote Count John, in November, "that he will supply no more bread after to-morrow, unless he is paid." The states would furnish no money to pay the bill. It was no better with the butcher. "The cook has often no meat to roast," said the count, in the same letter, "so that we are often obliged to go supperless to bed." His lodgings were a half-roofed, half-finished, unfurnished barrack, where the stadholder passed his winter days and evenings in a small, dark, freezing-cold chamber, often without firewood.[1] Such circumstances were certainly not calculated to excite envy. When in addition to such wretched parsimony it is remembered that the count was perpetually worried by the quarrels of the provincial authorities with each other and with himself, he may be forgiven for becoming thoroughly exhausted at last. He was growing "gray and grizzled" with perpetual perplexity. He had been fed with annoyance, as if, to use his own homely expression, "he had eaten it with a spoon." Having already loaded himself with a debt of six hundred thousand florins, which he had spent in the states' service, and having struggled manfully against the petty tortures of his situation, he cannot be severely censured for relinquishing his post.[2] The affairs of his own countship were in great confusion. His children—boys and girls—were many, and needed their father's guidance, while the eldest, William Louis, was already in arms for the Netherlands, following the instincts of his race. Distinguished for a rash valor, which had already gained the rebuke of his father and the applause of his comrades, he had commenced his long and glorious career

[1] Archives et Correspondance, vii. 109, 113, 328, 329.

[2] Ibid., vii. 334, 487.

by receiving a severe wound at Coevorden, which caused him to halt for life.[1] Leaving so worthy a representative, the count was more justified in his departure.

His wife, too, had died in his absence, and household affairs required his attention. It must be confessed, however, that if the memory of his deceased spouse had its claims, the selection of her successor was still more prominent among his anxieties. The worthy gentleman had been supernaturally directed as to his second choice, ere that choice seemed necessary, for before the news of his wife's death had reached him the count dreamed that he was already united in second nuptials to the fair Cunigunda, daughter of the deceased Elector Palatine —a vision which was repeated many times. On the morrow he learned, to his amazement, that he was a widower, and entertained no doubt that he had been specially directed toward the princess seen in his slumbers, whom he had never seen in life.[2] His friends were in favor of his marrying the electress dowager, rather than her daughter, whose years numbered less than half his own. The honest count, however, "after ripe consideration," decidedly preferred the maid to the widow. "I confess," he said with much gravity, "that the marriage with the old electress, in respect of her God-fearing disposition, her piety, her virtue, and the like, would be much more advisable. Moreover, as she hath borne her cross and knows how to deal with gentlemen, so much the better would it be for me. Nevertheless, inas-

[1] Bor, xv. 216. Archives, etc., vii. 383–386. Hoofd, xvii. 707.

[2] Archives, etc., vii. 323 sqq. This conviction of divine interposition was inserted in the marriage contract (vide Memorial von Gr. Ernst zu Schawenburg und Dr. Jacob Schwartz, ibid., vii. 361 sqq.).

much as she has already had two husbands, is of a tolerable age, and is *taller of stature than myself*, my inclination is less toward her than toward her daughter."[1]

For these various considerations, Count John, notwithstanding the remonstrances of his brother, definitely laid down his government of Gelderland, and quitted the Netherlands about midsummer.[2] Enough had not been done, in the opinion of the prince, so long as aught remained to do, and he could not bear that his brother should desert the country in the hour of its darkness, or doubt the Almighty when his hand was veiled in clouds. "One must do one's best," said he, "and believe that when such misfortunes happen, God desires to prove us. If he sees that we do not lose our courage, he will assuredly help us. Had we thought otherwise, we should never have pierced the dikes on a memorable occasion, for it was an uncertain thing and a great sorrow for the poor people; yet did God bless the undertaking. He will bless us still, for his arm hath not been shortened."[3]

On the 22d of July, 1580, the Archduke Matthias, being fully aware of the general tendency of affairs, summoned a meeting of the generality in Antwerp. He did not make his appearance before the assembly, but requested that a deputation might wait upon him at his lodgings, and to this committee he unfolded his griefs. He expressed his hope that the states were not, in vio-

[1] Archives et Correspondance, vii. 325 and 364, note. "Item," says the marriage memorial already cited: "the widow is a tolerably stout person, which would be almost derogatory to his Grace. When they should be in company of other gentlemen and ladies, or should be walking together in the streets, his Grace would seem almost little at her side."—Memoir of Dr. Schwartz.

[2] Ibid., vii. 390.

[3] Ibid., vii. 316.

lation of the laws of God and man, about to throw themselves into the arms of a foreign prince. He reminded them of their duty to the holy Catholic religion and to the illustrious house of Austria, while he also pathetically called their attention to the necessities of his own household, and hoped that they would, at least, provide for the arrears due to his domestics.[1]

The States-General replied with courtesy as to the personal claims of the archduke. For the rest, they took higher grounds, and the coming declaration of independence already pierced through the studied decorum of their language. They defended their negotiation with Anjou on the ground of necessity, averring that the King of Spain had proved inexorable to all intercession, while, through the intrigues of their bitterest enemies, they had been entirely forsaken by the empire.[2]

Soon afterward a special legation, with Sainte-Aldegonde at its head, was despatched to France to consult with the Duke of Anjou, and settled terms of agreement with him by the treaty of Plessis-les-Tours (on the 29th of September, 1580), afterward definitely ratified by the convention of Bordeaux, signed on the 23d of the following January.[3]

The states of Holland and Zealand, however, kept entirely aloof from this transaction, being from the beginning opposed to the choice of Anjou. From the first to the last, they would have no master but Orange, and to him, therefore, this year they formally offered the sovereignty of their provinces; but they offered it in vain.

The conquest of Portugal had effected a diversion in the affairs of the Netherlands. It was but a transitory

[1] Bor, xv. 212, 213. [2] Ibid. [3] Ibid., xv., 214.

one. The provinces found the hopes which they had built upon the necessity of Spain for large supplies in the Peninsula—to their own consequent relief—soon changed into fears, for the rapid success of Alva in Portugal gave his master additional power to oppress the heretics of the north. Henry, the cardinal-king, had died in 1580, after succeeding to the youthful adventurer Don Sebastian, slain during his chivalrous African campaign (4th of August, 1578). The contest for the succession which opened upon the death of the aged monarch was brief, and in fifty-eight days the bastard Antonio, Philip's only formidable competitor, had been utterly defeated and driven forth to lurk, like a hunted wild beast, among rugged mountain caverns, with a price of a hundred thousand crowns upon his head.[1] In the course of the succeeding year Philip received homage at Lisbon as King of Portugal.[2] From the moment of this conquest he was more disposed, and more at leisure than ever, to vent his wrath against the Netherlands, and against the man whom he considered the incarnation of their revolt.

Cardinal Granvelle had ever whispered in the king's ear the expediency of taking off the prince by assassination. It has been seen how subtly distilled and how patiently hoarded was this priest's venom against individuals, until the time arrived when he could ad-

[1] Cabrera, xii. cap. 29; xiii. cap. 1, 2, 5, 6, pp. 1095–1139. Bor, xiv. 178 sqq. Archives de la Maison d'Orange, vii. 398 sqq.

[2] He wore on the occasion of the ceremony "a cassock of cramoisie brocade, with large folds." With his scepter grasped in his right hand, and his crown upon his head, he looked, says his enthusiastic biographer, "like King David—red, handsome, and venerable." "Parecia al Rey David, rojo, hermoso à la vista, i venerable en la Majestad que representaba."—Cabrera, xiii. 1126.

minister the poison with effect. His hatred of Orange was intense and of ancient date. He was of opinion, too, that the prince might be scared from the post of duty, even if the assassin's hand were not able to reach his heart. He was in favor of publicly setting a price upon his head, thinking that if the attention of all the murderers in the world were thus directed toward the illustrious victim the prince would tremble at the dangers which surrounded him. "A sum of money would be well employed in this way," said the cardinal, "and, as the Prince of Orange *is a vile coward*, fear alone will throw him into confusion."[1] Again, a few months later, renewing the subject, he observed: "'T would be well to offer a reward of thirty or forty thousand crowns to any one who will deliver the prince, dead or alive, since from very fear of it, as he is pusillanimous, it would not be unlikely that *he should die of his own accord*."[2]

It was insulting even to Philip's intelligence to insinuate that the prince would shrink before danger or die of fear. Had Orange ever been inclined to bombast, he might have answered the churchman's calumny as Cæsar the soothsayer's warning:

> Danger knows full well
> That Cæsar is more dangerous than he;

and in truth Philip had long trembled on his throne before the genius of the man who had foiled Spain's

[1] Archives, etc., vii. 166. "Y qualquier dinero seria muy bien empleado . . . y como es vil y cobarde, el miedo le pondria en confusion."—Letter of the cardinal to Philip, August 8, 1579.

[2] "Tambien se podria al Principe d'Oranges poner talla de 30 o 40 mil escudos, á quien le matasse o diésse vivo, como hazen todos los potentados de Italia, pues con miedo solo desto *como es pusillanime*, no seria mucho moriésse de suyo," etc.—Ibid.

boldest generals and wiliest statesmen. The king, accepting the priest's advice, resolved to fulminate a ban against the prince, and to set a price upon his head. "It will be well," wrote Philip to Parma, "to offer thirty thousand crowns or so to any one who will deliver him, dead or alive. Thus the country may be rid of a man so pernicious, or at any rate he will be held in perpetual fear, and therefore prevented from executing leisurely his designs."[1]

In accordance with these suggestions and these hopes, the famous ban was accordingly drawn up, and dated on the 15th of March, 1580. It was, however, not formally published in the Netherlands until the month of June of the same year.[2]

This edict will remain the most lasting monument to the memory of Cardinal Granvelle. It will be read when all his other state papers and epistles, able as they incontestably are, shall have passed into oblivion. No panegyric of friend, no palliating magnanimity of foe, can roll away this rock of infamy from his tomb. It was by Cardinal Granvelle and by Philip that a price was set upon the head of the foremost man of his age, as if he had been a savage beast, and that admission into the ranks of Spain's haughty nobility was made the additional bribe to tempt the assassin.

The ban[3] consisted of a preliminary narrative to justify the penalty with which it was concluded. It re-

[1] Archives, vii. 165–170, letter of Philip to the Prince of Parma, November 30, 1579. The letter, says Groen v. Prinsterer, was doubtless dictated by Granvelle.

[2] Wagenaer, Vad. Hist., vii. 345, 346.

[3] It is appended to the Apologie, in the edition of Sylvius, pp. 145–160.

ferred to the favors conferred by Philip and his father upon the prince, to his signal ingratitude and dissimulation. It accused him of originating the Request, the image-breaking, and the public preaching. It censured his marriage with an abbess, even during the lifetime of his wife; alluded to his campaigns against Alva, to his rebellion in Holland, and to the horrible massacres committed by Spaniards in that province, as the necessary consequences of his treason. It accused him of introducing liberty of conscience, of procuring his own appointment as ruward, of violating the Ghent treaty, of foiling the efforts of Don John, and of frustrating the counsels of the Cologne commissioners by his perpetual distrust. It charged him with a newly organized conspiracy, in the erection of the Utrecht Union; and for these and similar crimes—set forth with involutions, slow, spiral, and cautious as the head and front of the indictment was direct and deadly—it denounced the chastisement due to the "wretched hypocrite" who had committed such offenses.

"For these causes," concluded the ban, "we declare him traitor and miscreant, enemy of ourselves and of the country. As such we banish him perpetually from all our realms, forbidding all our subjects, of whatever quality, to communicate with him openly or privately, to administer to him victuals, drink, fire, or other necessaries. We allow all to injure him in property or life. We expose the said William Nassau as an enemy of the human race, giving his property to all who may seize it. And if any one of our subjects or any stranger should be found sufficiently generous of heart to rid us of this pest, delivering him to us, alive or dead, or taking his life, we will cause to be furnished to him, immediately

after the deed shall have been done, the sum of twenty-five thousand crowns in gold. *If he have committed any crime, however heinous, we promise to pardon him; and if he be not already noble, we will ennoble him for his valor.*"

Such was the celebrated ban against the Prince of Orange. It was answered before the end of the year by the memorable "Apology of the Prince of Orange," one of the most startling documents in history. No defiance was ever thundered forth in the face of a despot in more terrible tones. It had become sufficiently manifest to the royal party that the prince was not to be purchased by "millions of money" or by unlimited family advancement, not to be cajoled by flattery or offers of illustrious friendship. It had been decided, therefore, to terrify him into retreat, or to remove him by murder. The government had been thoroughly convinced that the only way to finish the revolt was to "finish Orange," according to the ancient advice of Antonio Perez. The mask was thrown off. It had been decided to forbid the prince bread, water, fire, and shelter; to give his wealth to the fisc, his heart to the assassin, his soul, as it was hoped, to the father of evil. The rupture being thus complete, it was right that the "wretched hypocrite" should answer ban with ban, royal denunciation with sublime scorn. He had ill deserved, however, the title of hypocrite, he said. When the friend of government, he had warned them that by their complicated and perpetual persecutions they were twisting the rope of their own ruin. Was that hypocrisy? Since becoming their enemy, there had likewise been little hypocrisy found in him—unless it were hypocrisy to make open war upon government, to take their cities, to expel their armies from the country.

The proscribed rebel, towering to a moral and even social superiority over the man who affected to be his master by right divine, swept down upon his antagonist with crushing effect. He repudiated the idea of a king in the Netherlands. The word might be legitimate in Castile, or Naples, or the Indies, but the provinces knew no such title. Philip had inherited in those countries only the power of duke or count—a power closely limited by constitutions more ancient than his birthright. Orange was no rebel, then; Philip no legitimate monarch. Even were the prince rebellious, it was no more than Philip's ancestor, Albert of Austria, had been toward *his* anointed sovereign, Emperor Adolphus of Nassau, ancestor of William. The ties of allegiance and conventional authority being severed, it had become idle for the king to affect superiority of lineage to the man whose family had occupied illustrious stations when the Hapsburgs were obscure squires in Switzerland, and had ruled as sovereign in the Netherlands before that overshadowing house had ever been named.

But whatever the hereditary claims of Philip in the country, he had forfeited them by the violation of his oaths, by his tyrannical suppression of the charters of the land, while by his personal crimes he had lost all pretension to sit in judgment upon his fellow-man. Was a people not justified in rising against authority when all their laws had been trodden underfoot, "not once only, but a million of times," and was William of Orange, lawful husband of the virtuous Charlotte de Bourbon, to be denounced for moral delinquency by a lascivious, incestuous, adulterous, and murderous king? With horrible distinctness he laid before the monarch all the crimes of which he believed him guilty, and hav-

ing thus told Philip to his beard, "Thus diddest thou," he had a withering word for the priest who stood at his back. "Tell me," he cried, "by whose command Cardinal Granvelle administered poison to the Emperor Maximilian. I know what the emperor told me, and how much fear he felt afterward for the king and for all Spaniards."

He ridiculed the effrontery of men like Philip and Granvelle in charging "distrust" upon others, when it was the very atmosphere of their own existence. He proclaimed that sentiment to be the only salvation for the country. He reminded Philip of the words which his namesake of Macedon—a school-boy in tyranny compared to himself—had heard from the lips of Demosthenes, that the strongest fortress of a free people against a tyrant was *distrust*. That sentiment, worthy of eternal memory, the prince declared that he had taken from the "divine Philippic" to engrave upon the heart of the nation, and he prayed God that he might be more readily believed than the great orator had been by his people.

He treated with scorn the price set upon his head, ridiculing this project to terrify him for its want of novelty, and asking the monarch if he supposed the rebel ignorant of the various bargains which had frequently been made before with cutthroats and poisoners to take away his life. "I am in the hand of God," said William of Orange; "my worldly goods and my life have been long since dedicated to his service. He will dispose of them as seems best for his glory and my salvation."

On the contrary, however, if it could be demonstrated, or even hoped, that his absence would benefit the cause

of the country, he proclaimed himself ready to go into exile. "Would to God," said he, in conclusion, "that my perpetual banishment, or even my death, could bring you a true deliverance from so many calamities. Oh, how consoling would be such banishment, how sweet such a death! For why have I exposed my property? Was it that I might enrich myself? Why have I lost my brothers? Was it that I might find new ones? Why have I left my son so long a prisoner? Can you give me another? Why have I put my life so often in danger? What reward can I hope after my long services, and the almost total wreck of my earthly fortunes, if not the prize of having acquired, perhaps at the expense of my life, your liberty? If, then, my masters, you judge that my absence or my death can serve you, behold me ready to obey. Command me, send me to the ends of the earth: I will obey. Here is my head, over which no prince, no monarch, has power but yourselves. Dispose of it for your good, for the preservation of your Republic; but if you judge that the moderate amount of experience and industry which is in me, if you judge that the remainder of my property and of my life can yet be of service to you, I dedicate them afresh to you and to the country."[1]

His motto,—most appropriate to his life and character,—"Je maintiendrai," was the concluding phrase of the document. His arms and signature were also formally appended, and the "Apology," translated into most modern languages, was sent to nearly every potentate in Christendom.[2] It had been previously, on the 13th of December, 1580, read before the assembly of the United

[1] Apologie, pp. 140, 141.

[2] Wagenaer, vii. 354.

States at Delft, and approved as cordially as the ban was indignantly denounced.[1]

During the remainder of the year 1580 and the half of the following year the seat of hostilities was mainly in the northeast, Parma, while waiting the arrival of fresh troops, being inactive. The operations, like the armies and the generals, were petty. Hohenlo was opposed to Renneberg. After a few insignificant victories, the latter laid siege to Steenwyk,[2] a city in itself of no great importance, but the key to the province of Drenthe. The garrison consisted of six hundred soldiers and half as many trained burghers. Renneberg, having six thousand foot and twelve hundred horse, summoned the place to surrender, but was answered with defiance. Captain Cornput, who had escaped from Groningen after unsuccessfully warning the citizens of Renneberg's meditated treason, commanded in Steenwyk, and his courage and cheerfulness sustained the population of the city during a close winter siege. Tumultuous mobs in the streets demanding that the place should be given

[1] Wagenaer, vii. 354. Archives et Correspondance, vii. 480. The Apologie was drawn up by Villiers, a clergyman of learning and talent (vide Duplessis-Mornay, note to De Thou, v. 813, La Haye, 1740). No man, however, at all conversant with the writings and speeches of the prince can doubt that the entire substance of the famous document was from his own hand. The whole was submitted to him for his final emendations, and it seems by no means certain that it derived anything from the hand of Villiers save the artistic arrangement of the parts, together with certain inflations of style by which the severe sublimity of the general effect is occasionally marred. The appearance of the Apologie created both admiration and alarm among the friends of its author. "Now is the prince a dead man," cried Sainte-Aldegonde, when he read it in France (Hoofd, xvii. 735).

[2] Bor, xv. 219, 221. Hoofd, xvii. 710. Meteren, x. 176 sqq.

over ere it was too late, he denounced to their faces as "flocks of gabbling geese," unworthy the attention of brave men. To a butcher who, with the instinct of his craft, begged to be informed what the population were to eat when the meat was all gone, he coolly observed: "We will eat you, villain, first of all, when the time comes; so go home and rest assured that you, at least, are not to die of starvation."[1] With such rough but cheerful admonitions did the honest soldier, at the head of his little handful, sustain the courage of the beleaguered city. Meantime Renneberg pressed it hard. He bombarded it with red-hot balls, a new invention introduced five years before by Stephen Báthori, King of Poland, at the siege of Dantzic.[2] Many houses were consumed, but still Cornput and the citizens held firm. As the winter advanced, and the succor which had been promised still remained in the distance, Renneberg began to pelt the city with sarcasms, which, it was hoped, might prove more effective than the red-hot balls. He sent a herald to know if the citizens had eaten all their horses yet—a question which was answered by an ostentatious display of sixty starving hacks—all that could be mustered—upon the heights. He sent them, on another occasion, a short letter, which ran as follows:

"MOST HONORABLE, MOST STEADFAST: As, during the present frost, you have but little exercise in the trenches; as you cannot pass your time in twirling your finger-rings, seeing that they have all been sold to pay your soldiers' wages; as you have nothing to rub your teeth upon, nor to scour your stomachs withal, and as, never-

[1] Hoofd, xvii. 715. Meteren, x. 178a.
[2] Meteren, x. 169d. Wagenaer, vii. 359.

theless, you require something if only to occupy your minds, I send you the inclosed letter, in hope it may yield amusement.

"January 15, 1581." [1]

The inclosure was a letter from the Prince of Orange to the Duke of Anjou, which, as it was pretended, had been intercepted. It was a clumsy forgery, but it answered the purpose of more skilful counterfeiting, at a period when political and religious enmity obscured men's judgment. "As to the point of religion," the prince was made to observe, for example, to his illustrious correspondent, "that is all plain and clear. No sovereign who hopes to come to any great advancement ought to consider religion or hold it in regard. Your Highness, by means of the garrisons and fortresses, will be easily master of the principal cities in Flanders and Brabant, even if the citizens were opposed to you. Afterward you will compel them without difficulty to any religion which may seem most conducive to the interests of your Highness." [2]

Odious and cynical as was the whole tone of the letter, it was extensively circulated. There were always natures base and brutal enough to accept the calumny and to make it current among kindred souls. It may be doubted whether Renneberg attached faith to the document, but it was natural that he should take a malicious satisfaction in spreading this libel against the man whose perpetual scorn he had so recently earned. Nothing was more common than such forgeries, and at

[1] Meteren, x. 178ª.

[2] The whole letter is given by Bor, of course as a forgery (xvi. 239–241). It was probably prepared by Assonleville (ibid.). Compare Groen v. Prinst., Archives, vii. 380.

that very moment a letter, executed with equal grossness, was passing from hand to hand, which purported to be from the count himself to Parma.[1] History has less interest in contradicting the calumnies against a man like Renneberg. The fictitious epistle of Orange, however, was so often republished, and the copies so carefully distributed, that the prince had thought it important to add an express repudiation of its authorship by way of appendix to his famous "Apology." He took the occasion to say that if a particle of proof could be brought that he had written the letter, or any letter resembling it, he would forthwith leave the Netherlands, never to show his face there again.[2]

Notwithstanding this well-known denial, however, Renneberg thought it facetious to send the letter into Steenwyk, where it produced but small effect upon the minds of the burghers. Meantime they had received intimation that succor was on its way. Hollow balls containing letters were shot into the town, bringing the welcome intelligence that the English colonel, John Norris, with six thousand states' troops, would soon make his appearance for their relief, and the brave Cornput added his cheerful exhortations to heighten the satisfaction thus produced. A day or two afterward three quails were caught in the public square, and the commandant improved the circumstance by many quaint homilies. The number three, he observed,

[1] This letter, the fictitious character of which is as obvious as that of the forged epistle of Orange, is given at length by Bor, xv. 211, 212. It is amusing to see the gravity with which the historian introduces the ridiculous document, evidently without entertaining a doubt as to its genuineness.

[2] Ibid., xvi. 239[b].

was typical of the Holy Trinity, which had thus come symbolically to their relief. The Lord had sustained the fainting Israelites with quails. The number three indicated three weeks, within which time the promised succor was sure to arrive. Accordingly, upon the 22d of February, 1581, at the expiration of the third week, Norris succeeded in victualing the town, the merry and steadfast Cornput was established as a true prophet, and Count Renneberg abandoned the siege in despair.[1]

The subsequent career of that unhappy nobleman was brief. On the 19th of July his troops were signally defeated by Sonoy and Norris, the fugitive royalists retreating into Groningen at the very moment when their general, who had been prevented by illness from commanding them, was receiving the last sacraments. Remorse, shame, and disappointment had literally brought Renneberg to his grave. "His treason," says a contemporary, "was a nail in his coffin," and on his death-bed he bitterly bemoaned his crime. "Groningen! Groningen! would that I had never seen thy walls!" he cried repeatedly in his last hours. He refused to see his sister, whose insidious counsels had combined with his own evil passions to make him a traitor; and he died on the 23d of July, 1581, repentant and submissive.[2] His heart, after his decease, was found "shriveled to the dimensions of a walnut,"[3] a circumstance attributed to poison by some, to remorse by others. His regrets, his early death, and his many attractive qualities combined to save his character from universal

[1] Strada, 2, iv. 172. Meteren, x. 179. Bor, xvi. 238. Hoofd, xvii. 717, 718.

[2] Bor, xvi. 276. Hoofd, xviii. 773. Meteren, x. 184.

[3] "So verdorret en kleen als een walse note."—Bor, xvi. 276.

denunciation, and his name, although indelibly stained by treason, was ever mentioned with pity rather than with rancor.[1]

Great changes, destined to be perpetual, were steadily preparing in the internal condition of the provinces. A preliminary measure of an important character had been taken early this year by the assembly of the United Provinces held in the month of January at Delft. This was the establishment of a general executive council. The constitution of the board was arranged on the 13th of the month, and was embraced in eighteen articles. The number of councilors was fixed at thirty, all to be native Netherlanders, a certain proportion to be appointed from each province by its estates. The advice and consent of this body as to treaties with foreign powers were to be indispensable, but they were not to interfere with the rights and duties of the States-General, nor to interpose any obstacle to the arrangements with the Duke of Anjou.[2]

While this additional machine for the self-government of the provinces was in the course of creation, the Spanish monarch, on the other hand, had made another effort to recover the authority which he felt slipping from his grasp. Philip was in Portugal, preparing for his coronation in that new kingdom—an event to be nearly contemporaneous with his deposition from the Netherland sovereignty, so solemnly conferred upon

[1] His death was attributed by the royalists to regret at his ill success in accomplishing the work for which he had received so large a price (MS. letter of Henri de Nebra to Prince of Parma, July 22, 1581, Rec. Gron. et Renneberg, ii. f. 184, Royal Archives, Brussels).

[2] The constitution of the "Land Raed" is given in full by Bor, xvi. 241–243.

him a quarter of a century before in Brussels; but although thus distant, he was confident that he could more wisely govern the Netherlands than the inhabitants could do, and unwilling as ever to confide in the abilities of those to whom he had delegated his authority. Provided, as he unquestionably was at that moment, with a more energetic representative than any who had before exercised the functions of royal governor in the provinces, he was still disposed to harass, to doubt, and to interfere. With the additional cares of the Portuguese conquest upon his hands, he felt as irresistibly impelled as ever to superintend the minute details of provincial administration. To do this was impossible. It was, however, not impossible, by attempting to do it, to produce much mischief. "It gives me pain," wrote Granvelle, "to see his Majesty working as before—choosing to understand everything and to do everything. By this course, as I have often said before, he really accomplishes much less."[1] The king had, moreover, recently committed the profound error of sending the Duchess Margaret of Parma to the Netherlands again. He had the fatuity to believe her memory so tenderly cherished in the provinces as to insure a burst of loyalty at her reappearance, while the irritation which he thus created in the breast of her son he affected to disregard. The event was what might have been foreseen. The Netherlanders were very moderately excited by the arrival of their former regent, but the Prince of Parma was furious. His mother actually arrived at Namur in the month of August, 1580, to assume the civil administration of the provinces,[2] and he was himself, according to

[1] Archives, etc., vii. 568.

[2] Wagenaer, vii. 344, 345. Strada, 2, iii. 156.

the king's request, to continue in the command of the army. Any one who had known human nature at all would have recognized that Alexander Farnese was not the man to be put into leading-strings. A sovereign who was possessed of any administrative sagacity would have seen the absurdity of taking the reins of government at that crisis from the hands of a most determined and energetic man, to confide them to the keeping of a woman. A king who was willing to reflect upon the consequences of his own acts must have foreseen the scandal likely to result from an open quarrel for precedence between such a mother and son. Margaret of Parma was instantly informed, however, by Alexander, that a divided authority like that proposed was entirely out of the question. Both offered to resign, but Alexander was unflinching in his determination to retain all the power or none. The duchess, as docile to her son after her arrival as she had been to the king on undertaking the journey, and feeling herself unequal to the task imposed upon her, implored Philip's permission to withdraw, almost as soon as she had reached her destination. Granvelle's opinion was likewise opposed to this interference with the administration of Alexander, and the king at last suffered himself to be overruled. By the end of the year 1581, letters arrived confirming the Prince of Parma in his government, but requesting the Duchess of Parma to remain privately in the Netherlands. She accordingly continued to reside there under an assumed name until the autumn of 1583, when she was at last permitted to return to Italy.[1]

[1] Strada, 2, iii. 156–165. Wagenaer, vii. 344, 345. Compare Meteren, x. 174, who states, erroneously, that the duchess retired during the year following her arrival.

During the summer of 1581 the same spirit of persecution which had inspired the Catholics to inflict such infinite misery upon those of the Reformed faith in the Netherlands began to manifest itself in overt acts against the papists by those who had at last obtained political ascendancy over them. Edicts were published in Antwerp, in Utrecht, and in different cities of Holland, suspending the exercise of the Roman worship. These statutes were certainly a long way removed in horror from those memorable placard which sentenced the Reformers by thousands to the ax, the cord, and the stake, but it was still melancholy to see the persecuted becoming persecutors in their turn. They were excited to these stringent measures by the noisy zeal of certain Dominican monks in Brussels, whose extravagant discourses[1] were daily inflaming the passions of the Catholics to a dangerous degree. The authorities of the city accordingly thought it necessary to suspend, by proclamation, the public exercise of the ancient religion, assigning, as their principal reason for this prohibition, the shocking jugglery by which simple-minded persons were constantly deceived. They alluded particularly to the practice of working miracles by means of relics, pieces of the holy cross, bones of saints, and the perspiration of statues. They charged that bits of lath were daily exhibited as fragments of the cross; that the bones of dogs and monkeys were held up for adoration as those of saints; and that oil was poured habitually into holes drilled in the heads of statues, that the populace might believe in their miraculous sweating. For these reasons, and to avoid the tumult and possible bloodshed to which the disgust excited by such charlatanry

[1] Bor, xvi. 260.

might give rise, the Roman Catholic worship was suspended until the country should be restored to greater tranquillity.[1] Similar causes led to similar proclamations in other cities. The Prince of Orange lamented the intolerant spirit thus showing itself among those who had been its martyrs, but it was not possible at that moment to keep it absolutely under control.

A most important change was now to take place in his condition, a most vital measure was to be consummated by the provinces. The step, which could never be retraced, was, after long hesitation, finally taken upon the 26th of July, 1581, upon which day the United Provinces, assembled at The Hague, solemnly declared their independence of Philip, and renounced their allegiance forever.[2]

This act was accomplished with the deliberation due to its gravity. At the same time it left the country in a very divided condition. This was inevitable. The prince had done all that one man could do to hold the Netherlands together and unite them perpetually into one body politic, and perhaps if he had been inspired by a keener personal ambition, this task might have been accomplished. The seventeen provinces might have accepted his dominion, but they would agree to that of no other sovereign. Providence had not decreed that the country, after its long agony, should give birth to a single and perfect commonwealth. The Walloon provinces had already fallen off from the cause, notwithstanding the entreaties of the prince. The other Netherlands, after long and tedious negotiation with Anjou, had at last consented to his supremacy, but from this arrange-

[1] See the proclamation in Bor, xiv. 260, 261.

[2] Ibid., xvi. 276. Meteren, x. 187. Strada, 2, iv. 178 sqq.

ment Holland and Zealand held themselves aloof. By a somewhat anomalous proceeding, they sent deputies, along with those of the other provinces, to the conferences with the duke, but it was expressly understood that they would never accept him as sovereign. They were willing to contract with him and with their sister provinces, over which he was soon to exercise authority, a firm and perpetual league, but as to their own chief their hearts were fixed. The Prince of Orange should be their lord and master, and none other. It lay only in his self-denying character that he had not been clothed with this dignity long before. He had, however, persisted in the hope that all the provinces might be brought to acknowledge the Duke of Anjou as their sovereign, under conditions which constituted a free commonwealth with an hereditary chief, and in this hope he had constantly refused concession to the wishes of the northern provinces. He in reality exercised sovereign power over nearly the whole population of the Netherlands. Already, in 1580, at the assembly held in April, the states of Holland had formally requested him to assume the full sovereignty over them, with the title of Count[1] of Holland and Zealand, forfeited by Philip. He had not consented, and the proceedings had been kept comparatively secret. As the negotiations with Anjou advanced, and as the corresponding abjuration of Philip was more decisively indicated, the consent of the prince to this request was more warmly urged. As it was evident that the provinces, thus bent upon placing

[1] Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., vii. 307. Kluit, Holl. Staatsreg., i. 308, and note 42. Correspondence between Prince of Orange and states of Holland, in Bor, xv. 182 sqq., 186[a] particularly.

him at their head, could by no possibility be induced to accept the sovereignty of Anjou; as, moreover, the act of renunciation of Philip could no longer be deferred, the Prince of Orange reluctantly and provisionally accepted the supreme power over Holland and Zealand. This arrangement was finally accomplished upon the 24th of July, 1581,[1] and the Act of Abjuration took place two days afterward. The offer of the sovereignty over the other united provinces had been accepted by Anjou six months before.

Thus the Netherlands were divided into three portions—the reconciled provinces, the united provinces under Anjou, and the northern provinces under Orange; the last division forming the germ, already nearly developed, of the coming Republic. The constitution, or catalogue of conditions, by which the sovereignty accorded to Anjou was reduced to such narrow limits as to be little more than a nominal authority, while the power remained in the hands of the representative body of the provinces, will be described somewhat later, together with the inauguration of the duke. For the present it is necessary that the reader should fully understand the relative position of the prince and of the northern provinces. The memorable act of renunciation —the Netherland declaration of independence—will then be briefly explained.

On the 29th of March, 1580, a resolution passed the assembly of Holland and Zealand never to make peace or enter into any negotiations with the King of Spain on the basis of his sovereignty. The same resolution provided that his name, hitherto used in all public acts, should be forever discarded, that his seal should be

[1] Bor, xv. 185, 186.

broken, and that the name and seal of the Prince of Orange should be substituted in all commissions and public documents. At almost the same time the states of Utrecht passed a similar resolution. These offers were, however, not accepted, and the affair was preserved profoundly secret.[1] On the 5th of July, 1581, "the knights, nobles, and cities of Holland and Zealand," again, in an urgent and solemn manner, requested the prince to accept the "entire authority as sovereign and chief of the land, *as long as the war should continue.*"[2] This limitation as to time was inserted *most reluctantly* by the states, and because it was perfectly well understood that without it the prince would not accept the sovereignty at all.[3] The act by which this dignity was offered conferred full power to command all forces by land and sea, to appoint all military officers, and to conduct all warlike operations, without the control or advice of any person whatsoever. It authorized him, with consent of the states, to appoint all financial and judicial officers, created him the supreme executive chief and fountain of justice and pardon, and directed him "to maintain the exercise only of the Reformed evangelical religion, without, however, permitting that inquiries should be made into any man's belief or conscience, or that any injury or hindrance should be offered to any man on account of his religion."[4]

The sovereignty thus pressingly offered, and thus limited as to time, was finally accepted by William of Orange, according to a formal act dated at The Hague,

[1] Bor, xv. 181, 182. [2] Ibid., xv. 184, 185.

[3] Ibid. Compare Kluit, Holl. Staatsreg., i. 213 sqq.; Groen v. Prinst., Archives, vii. 304–309.

[4] Bor, xv. 183, 184.

*Duke of Alençon and Anjou.*

5th of July, 1581,[1] but it will be perceived that no powers were conferred by this new instrument beyond those already exercised by the prince. It was, as it were, a formal continuance of the functions which he had exercised since 1576 as the king's stadholder, according to his old commission of 1555, although a vast difference existed in reality. The king's name was now discarded and his sovereignty disowned, while the proscribed rebel stood in his place, exercising supreme functions, not vicariously, but in his own name. The *limitation as to time* was, moreover, soon afterward *secretly, and without the knowledge of Orange, canceled by the states.*[2] They were determined that the prince should be their sovereign—if they could make him so—for the term of his life.

The offer having thus been made and accepted upon the 5th of July, oaths of allegiance and fidelity were exchanged between the prince and the estates upon the 24th of the same month. In these solemnities the states, as representing the provinces, declared that because the King of Spain, contrary to his oath as Count of Holland and Zealand, had not only not protected these provinces, but had sought with all his might to reduce them to eternal slavery, it had been found necessary to forsake him. They therefore proclaimed every inhabitant absolved from allegiance, while at the same time, in the name of the population, they swore fidelity to the Prince of Orange, as representing the supreme authority.[3]

Two days afterward, upon the 26th of July, 1581, the memorable declaration of independence was issued by the deputies of the United Provinces, then solemnly

[1] Bor, xv. 183, 184. [2] Kluit, i. 213, 214.
[3] Bor, xv. 185, 186.

assembled at The Hague. It was called the Act of Abjuration.[1] It deposed Philip from his sovereignty, but was not the proclamation of a new form of government, for the United Provinces were not ready to dispense with an hereditary chief. Unluckily, they had already provided themselves with a very bad one to succeed Philip in the dominion over most of their territory, while the northern provinces were fortunate enough and wise enough to take the father of the country for their supreme magistrate.

The document by which the provinces renounced their allegiance was not the most felicitous of their state papers. It was too prolix and technical. Its style had more of the formal phraseology of legal documents than befitted this great appeal to the whole world and to all time. Nevertheless, this is but matter of taste. The Netherlanders were so eminently a law-abiding people that, like the American patriots of the eighteenth century, they on most occasions preferred punctilious precision to florid declamation. They chose to conduct their revolt according to law. At the same time, while thus decently wrapping herself in conventional garments, the spirit of Liberty revealed none the less her majestic proportions.

At the very outset of the Abjuration, these fathers of the Republic laid down wholesome truths, which at that time seemed startling blasphemies in the ears of Chris-

[1] The document is given in full by Bor, xvi. 276–280; by Meteren, x. 187–190. The nature and consequences of the measure are commented upon by Kluit, the constitutional historian of Holland, in a masterly manner (x. Hoofd, vol. i. 198–280). See also Wagenaer, vii. 391. Compare Strada, who introduces his account of the abjuration with sepulchral solemnity: "Jam mihi dicendum est facinus, cujus a commemoratione, quasi abhorrente animo, hactenus supersedi," etc.—Bell. Belg., 2, iv. 178 sqq.

tendom. "All mankind know," said the preamble, "that a prince is appointed by God to cherish his subjects, even as a shepherd to guard his sheep. When, therefore, the prince does not fulfil his duty as protector; when he oppresses his subjects, destroys their ancient liberties, and treats them as slaves, he is to be considered, not a prince, but a tyrant. As such, the estates of the land may lawfully and reasonably depose him, and elect another in his room." [1]

Having enunciated these maxims, the estates proceeded to apply them to their own case, and certainly never was an ampler justification for renouncing a prince since princes were first instituted. The states ran through the history of the past quarter of a century, patiently accumulating a load of charges against the monarch, a tithe of which would have furnished cause for his dethronement. Without passion or exaggeration, they told the world their wrongs. The picture was not highly colored. On the contrary, it was rather a feeble than a striking portrait of the monstrous iniquity which had so long been established over them. Nevertheless, they went through the narrative conscientiously and earnestly. They spoke of the king's early determination to govern the Netherlands, not by natives, but by Spaniards; to treat them, not as constitutional countries, but as conquered provinces; to regard the inhabitants, not as liege subjects, but as enemies; above all, to supersede their ancient liberty by the Spanish Inquisition: and they alluded to the first great step in this scheme—the creation of the new bishoprics, each with its staff of inquisitors.[2]

[1] Act of Abjuration.

[2] " . . . en door de voorsz Canoniken de Spaense Inquisitie ingebrocht de welke in dese altijt so schrickelijk en odieus als de uitterste slavernye," etc.—Ibid.

They noticed the memorable Petition, the mission of Berghen and Montigny, their imprisonment and taking off, in violation of all national law, even that which had ever been held sacred by the most cruel and tyrannical princes.[1] They sketched the history of Alva's administration; his entrapping the most eminent nobles by false promises, and delivering them to the executioner; his countless sentences of death, outlawry, and confiscation; his erection of citadels to curb, his imposition of the tenth and twentieth penny to exhaust, the land; his Blood-Council and its achievements; and the immeasurable woe produced by hanging, burning, banishing, and plundering, during his seven years of residence. They adverted to the grand commander, as having been sent, not to improve the condition of the country, but to pursue the same course of tyranny by more concealed ways. They spoke of the horrible mutiny which broke forth at his death; of the Antwerp Fury; of the express approbation rendered to that great outrage by the king, who had not only praised the crime, but promised to recompense the criminals. They alluded to Don John of Austria and his duplicity; to his pretended confirmation of the Ghent treaty; to his attempts to divide the country against itself; to the Escovedo policy; to the intrigues with the German regiments. They touched upon the Cologne negotiations, and the fruitless attempt of the patriots upon that occasion to procure freedom of religion, while the object of the royalists was only to distract and divide the nation. Finally, they commented with sorrow and despair upon that last and crowning measure of tyranny, the ban against the Prince of Orange.

[1] "Ook onder de wreetste en tyrannigste Princen altijd onverbrekelijk onderhouden."—Act of Abjuration.

They calmly observed, after this recital, that they were sufficiently justified in forsaking a sovereign who for more than twenty years had forsaken them.[1] Obeying the law of nature, desirous of maintaining the rights, charters, and liberties of their fatherland, determined to escape from slavery to Spaniards, and making known their decision to the world, they declared the King of Spain deposed from his sovereignty, and proclaimed that they should recognize thenceforth neither his title nor jurisdiction. Three days afterward, on the 29th of July, the assembly adopted a formula by which all persons were to be required to signify their abjuration.[2]

Such were the forms by which the United Provinces threw off their allegiance to Spain, and *ipso facto* established a republic which was to flourish for two centuries. This result, however, was not exactly foreseen by the congress which deposed Philip. The fathers of the commonwealth did not baptize it by the name of Republic. They did not contemplate a change in their form of government. They had neither an aristocracy nor a

[1] " . . . te meer dat in al sulken desordre en overlaet de Landen bet dan 20 jaren van haren Coning sijn verlaten geweest," etc.—Act of Abjuration.

[2] Bor, xvi. 280. It ran as follows: "I solemnly swear that I will henceforward not respect, nor obey, nor recognize the King of Spain as my prince and master, but that I renounce the King of Spain and abjure the allegiance by which I may have formerly been bound to him. At the same time I swear fidelity to the United Netherlands,—to wit, the provinces of Brabant, Flanders, Guelders, Holland, Zealand, etc., etc.,—and also to the national council established by the estates of these provinces; and promise my assistance according to the best of my abilities against the King of Spain and his adherents."

democracy in their thoughts.[1] Like the actors in our own great national drama, these Netherland patriots were struggling to sustain, not to overthrow; unlike them, they claimed no theoretical freedom for humanity, promulgated no doctrine of popular sovereignty: they insisted merely on the fulfilment of actual contracts, signed, sealed, and sworn to by many successive sovereigns. Acting upon the principle that government should be for the benefit of the governed, and in conformity to the dictates of reason and justice, they examined the facts by those divine lights, and discovered cause to discard their ruler. They did not object to being ruled. They were satisfied with their historical institutions, and preferred the mixture of hereditary sovereignty with popular representation to which they were accustomed. They did not devise an a priori constitution. Philip, having violated the law of reason and the statutes of the land, was deposed, and a new chief magistrate was to be elected in his stead. This was popular sovereignty in fact, but not in words. The deposition and election could be legally justified only by the inherent right of the people to depose and to elect; yet the provinces, in their declaration of independence, spoke of the divine right of kings, even while dethroning, by popular right, their own king!

So also, in the instructions given by the states to their envoys charged to justify the Abjuration before the imperial diet held at Augsburg,[2] twelve months later, the highest ground was claimed for the popular right to elect or depose the sovereign, while at the same time kings were spoken of as "appointed by God." It is

[1] Kluit, i. 199.

[2] The instructions are given in Bor, xvii. 324–327.

true that they were described, in the same clause, as "chosen by the people"—which was, perhaps, as exact a concurrence in the maxim of *Vox populi vox Dei* as the boldest democrat of the day could demand. In truth, a more democratic course would have defeated its own ends. The murderous and mischievous pranks of Imbize, Ryhove, and such demagogues, at Ghent and elsewhere, with their wild theories of what they called Grecian, Roman, and Helvetian republicanism, had inflicted damage enough on the cause of freedom, and had paved the road for the return of royal despotism. The senators assembled at The Hague gave more moderate instructions to their delegates at Augsburg. They were to place the king's tenure upon contract—not an implied one, but a contract as literal as the lease of a farm. The house of Austria, they were to maintain, had come into the possession of the seventeen Netherlands upon certain express conditions, and with the understanding that its possession was to cease with the first condition broken. It was a question of law and fact, not of royal or popular right. They were to take the ground not only that the contract had been violated, but that the foundation of perpetual justice upon which it rested had likewise been undermined. It was time to vindicate both written charters and general principles. "*God has given absolute power to no mortal man*," said Sainte-Aldegonde, "*to do his own will against all laws and all reason.*"[1] "The contracts which the king has broken are no pedantic fantasies," said the estates, "but laws planted by nature in the universal heart of mankind, and expressly acquiesced in by prince and people."[2] All men, at least, who speak

[1] Archives et Correspondance, vii. 277.

[2] Instructions to the envoys, etc., apud Bor, 3, xvii. 324–327.

the English tongue will accept the conclusion of the provinces that when laws which protected the citizen against arbitrary imprisonment and guaranteed him a trial in his own province, which forbade the appointment of foreigners to high office, which secured the property of the citizen from taxation, except by the representative body, which forbade intermeddling on the part of the sovereign with the conscience of the subject in religious matters—when such laws had been subverted by blood-tribunals, where drowsy judges sentenced thousands to stake and scaffold without a hearing, by excommunication, confiscation, banishment, by hanging, beheading, burning, to such enormous extent and with such terrible monotony that the executioner's sword came to be looked upon as the only symbol of justice, then surely it might be said, without exaggeration, that the complaints of the Netherlanders were "no pedantic fantasies," and that the king had ceased to perform his functions as dispenser of God's justice.

The Netherlanders dealt with facts. They possessed a body of laws, monuments of their national progress, by which as good a share of individual liberty was secured to the citizen as was then enjoyed in any country of the world. Their institutions admitted of great improvement, no doubt; but it was natural that a people so circumstanced should be unwilling to exchange their condition for the vassalage of "Moors or Indians."

At the same time it may be doubted whether the instinct for political freedom only would have sustained them in the long contest, and whether the bonds which united them to the Spanish crown would have been broken, had it not been for the stronger passion for religious liberty by which so large a portion of the

people was animated. Boldly as the United States of the Netherlands laid down their political maxims, the quarrel might perhaps have been healed if the religious question had admitted of a peaceable solution. Philip's bigotry amounting to frenzy, and the Netherlanders of "the religion" being willing, in their own words, "to die the death" rather than abandon the Reformed faith, there was upon this point no longer room for hope. In the Act of Abjuration, however, it was thought necessary to give offense to no class of the inhabitants, but to lay down such principles only as enlightened Catholics would not oppose. All parties abhorred the Inquisition, and hatred to that institution is ever prominent among the causes assigned for the deposition of the monarch. "Under pretense of maintaining the Roman religion," said the estates, "the king has sought by evil means to bring into operation the whole strength of the placards and of the Inquisition—*the first and true cause of all our miseries.*" [1]

Without making any assault upon the Roman Catholic faith, the authors of the great act by which Philip was forever expelled from the Netherlands showed plainly enough that religious persecution had driven

[1] Transactions between the envoys of the States-General and the Duke of Anjou, Bor, 3, xvii. 304–307. So also in the remarkable circular addressed in the year 1583 (May 6) by the states of Holland to those of Utrecht and other provinces the same intolerable grievance is described in the strongest language. "Under pretext of the new bishoprics," say the estates, "the Inquisition and Council of Trent have been established. Thus the Spaniards and their adherents have been empowered to accuse all persons who are known to be not of their humor, to bring them into the snares of the Inquisition, and to rob them of life, honor, and property."—Bor, 3, xv. 188.

them at last to extremity. At the same time they were willing, for the sake of conciliating all classes of their countrymen, to bring the political causes of discontent into the foreground, and to use discreet language upon the religious question.[1]

Such, then, being the spirit which prompted the provinces upon this great occasion, it may be asked, Who were the men who signed a document of such importance? In whose name and by what authority did they act against the sovereign? The signers of the declaration of independence acted in the name and by the authority of the Netherland people. The estates were the constitutional representatives of that people. The statesmen of that day, discovering, upon cold analysis of facts, that Philip's sovereignty was legally forfeited, formally proclaimed that forfeiture. Then inquiring what had become of the sovereignty, they found it not in the mass of the people, but in the representative body, which actually personated the people. The estates of the different provinces—consisting of the knights, nobles, and burgesses of each—sent, accordingly, their deputies to the general assembly at The Hague, and by this congress the decree of abjuration was issued. It did not occur to any one to summon the people in their primary assemblies, nor would the people of that day have comprehended the objects of such a summons. They were accustomed to the action of the estates, and those bodies represented as large a number of political capacities as could be expected of assemblies chosen *then* upon general principles. The hour had not arrived for more profound analysis of the social compact. Philip was accordingly deposed justly, legally, formally—justly,

[1] Groen v. Prinst., Archives, vii. 588.

because it had become necessary to abjure a monarch who was determined not only to oppress but to exterminate his people; legally, because he had habitually violated the constitutions which he had sworn to support; formally, because the act was done, in the name of the people, by the body historically representing the people.

What, then, was the condition of the nation after this great step had been taken? It stood, as it were, with its sovereignty in its hand, dividing it into two portions, and offering it, thus separated, to two distinct individuals. The sovereignty of Holland and Zealand had been reluctantly accepted by Orange. The sovereignty of the United Provinces had been offered to Anjou, but the terms of agreement with that duke had not yet been ratified. The movement was therefore triple, consisting of an abjuration and of two separate elections of hereditary chiefs; these two elections being accomplished in the same manner, by the representative bodies respectively of the United Provinces and of Holland and Zealand. Neither the Abjuration nor the elections were acted upon beforehand by the communities, the train-bands, or the gilds of the cities—all represented, in fact, by the magistrates and councils of each; nor by the peasantry of the open country—all supposed to be represented by the knights and nobles. All classes of individuals, however, arranged in various political or military combinations, gave their acquiescence afterward, together with their oaths of allegiance. The people approved the important steps taken by their representatives.[1]

Without a direct intention on the part of the people

[1] Kluit, i. 247–250.

or its leaders to establish a republic, the Republic established itself. Providence did not permit the whole country, so full of wealth, intelligence, healthy political action, so stocked with powerful cities and an energetic population, to be combined into one free and prosperous commonwealth. The factious ambition of a few grandees, the cynical venality of many nobles, the frenzy of the Ghent democracy, the spirit of religious intolerance, the consummate military and political genius of Alexander Farnese, the exaggerated self-abnegation and the tragic fate of Orange, all united to dissever this group of flourishing and kindred provinces.

The want of personal ambition on the part of William the Silent inflicted perhaps a serious damage upon his country. He believed a single chief requisite for the United States; he might have been, but always refused to become, that chief; and yet he has been held up for centuries by many writers as a conspirator and a self-seeking intriguer. "It seems to me," said he, with equal pathos and truth, upon one occasion, "that I was born in this bad planet that all which I do might be misinterpreted."[1] The people worshiped him, and there was many an occasion when his election would have been carried with enthusiasm.[2] "These provinces," said John of Nassau, "are coming very unwillingly into the arrangement with the Duke of Alençon. The majority feel much more inclined *to elect the prince, who is daily, and without intermission, implored to give his consent.* His Grace, however, will in no wise agree to this; not because he fears the consequences, such as loss of property or increased danger, for therein he is

[1] Archives et Corresp., vii. 387.

[2] Bor, xix. 455°. Compare Van der Vynckt, iii. 73.

plunged as deeply as he ever could be; on the contrary, if he considered only the interests of his race and the grandeur of his house, he could expect nothing but increase of honor, gold, and gear, with all other prosperity. *He refuses only on this account—that it may not be thought that, instead of religious freedom for the country, he has been seeking a kingdom for himself and his own private advancement.* Moreover, he believes that the connection with France will be of more benefit to the country and to Christianity than if a peace should be made with Spain, or than if he should himself accept the sovereignty, as he is desired to do."[1]

The unfortunate negotiations with Anjou, to which no man was more opposed than Count John, proceeded therefore. In the meantime the sovereignty over the United Provinces was provisionally held by the national council, and, at the urgent solicitation of the States-General, by the prince.[2] The Archduke Matthias, whose functions were most unceremoniously brought to an end by the transactions which we have been recording, took his leave of the states, and departed in the month of October.[3] Brought to the country a beardless boy, by the intrigues of a faction who wished to use him as a tool against William of Orange, he had quietly submitted, on the contrary, to serve as the instrument of that great statesman. His personality during his residence was null, and he had to expiate by many a petty mortification, by many a bitter tear, the boyish ambition which brought him to the Netherlands. He had certainly had ample leisure to repent the haste with which he had got out of his warm bed in Vienna to take his

[1] Archives, etc., vii. 332, 333. [2] Ibid., vii. 589.
[3] Bor, xvi. 282. Meteren, x. 190. Wagenaer, vii. 414, 415.

bootless journey to Brussels. Nevertheless, in a country where so much baseness, cruelty, and treachery was habitually practised by men of high position as was the case in the Netherlands, it is something in favor of Matthias that he had not been base, or cruel, or treacherous.[1] The states voted him, on his departure, a pension of fifty thousand guldens annually,[2] which was probably not paid with exemplary regularity.[3]

[1] He is, however, accused by Meteren of having entered at last into secret intrigues with the King of Spain against William of Orange (Nederl. Hist., x. 190c). Hoofd repeats the story (ibid., xviii 779). Wagenaer discredits it. (vii. 414).

[2] Bor, xvi. 282. Meteren, Hoofd, Wagenaer, ubi sup.

[3] Wagenaer, vii. 414, 415. Groen v. Prinst., Archives, vii. 588.

## CHAPTER V

Policy of electing Anjou as sovereign—"Incommoda et commoda"—Views of Orange—Opinions at the French court—Anjou relieves Cambray—Parma besieges Tournay—Brave defense by the Princess of Espinoy—Honorable capitulation—Anjou's courtship in England—The duke's arrival in the Netherlands—Portrait of Anjou—Festivities in Flushing—Inauguration at Antwerp—The conditions or articles subscribed to by the duke—Attempt upon the life of Orange—The assassin's papers—Confession of Venero—Gaspar d'Anastro—His escape—Execution of Venero and Timmerman—Precarious condition of the prince—His recovery—Death of the princess—Premature letters of Parma—Further negotiations with Orange as to the sovereignty of Holland and Zealand—Character of the revised constitution—Comparison of the positions of the prince before and after his acceptance of the countship.

THUS it was arranged that, for the present at least, the prince should exercise sovereignty over Holland and Zealand, although he had himself used his utmost exertions to induce those provinces to join the rest of the United Netherlands in the proposed election of Anjou.[1] This, however, they sternly refused to do. There was also a great disinclination felt by many in the other states to this hazardous offer of their allegiance,[2] and

[1] Bor, xiv. 183.

[2] See, in particular, two papers from the hand of Count John upon the subject, Archives et Correspondance, vii. 48–51 and 162–165.

it was the personal influence of Orange that eventually carried the measure through. Looking at the position of affairs and at the character of Anjou as they appear to us now, it seems difficult to account for the prince's policy. It is so natural to judge only by the result that we are ready to censure statesmen for consequences which beforehand might seem utterly incredible, and for reading falsely human characters whose entire development only a late posterity has had full opportunity to appreciate.[1] Still, one would think that Anjou had been sufficiently known to inspire distrust.

There was but little, too, in the aspect of the French court to encourage hopes of valuable assistance from that quarter. It was urged, not without reason, that the French were as likely to become dangerous as

[1] Sainte-Aldegonde, for instance, wrote from Paris to an intimate friend that after a conversation with Anjou of an hour and a half's duration he had formed the very highest estimate of his talents and character. He praised to the skies the elegance of his manners, the liveliness of his mind, his remarkable sincerity, in which last gift he so particularly resembled the Netherlanders themselves. Above all, he extolled the duke's extreme desire to effect the liberation of the provinces. He added that if the opportunity should be let slip of securing such a prince, "posterity would regret it with bitter tears for a thousand years to come" (Hoofd, xvii. 736). The opinion expressed by Henry IV. to Sully is worth placing in juxtaposition with this extravagant eulogium of Marnix: "Il me trompera bien s'il ne trompe tous ceux qui se fieront en luy, et surtout s'il aime jamais ceux de la Religion, ny leur fait aucuns advantages; car je scay pour lui avoir ouy dire plus d'une fois, *qu'il les hait comme le diable dans son cœur*, et puis il a le cœur si double et si malin, a le courage si lasche, le corps si mal basty, et est tant inhabile à toutes sortes de vertueux exercices, que je ne me sçaurois persuader qu'il fasse jamais rien ne généreux."—Mem. de Sully, i. 102. Compare Groen v. Prinsterer, Archives, etc., vii. 4–13.

the Spaniards; that they would prove nearer and more troublesome masters; that France intended the incorporation of the Netherlands into her own kingdom; that the provinces would therefore be dispersed forever from the German Empire; and that it was as well to hold to the tyrant under whom they had been born as to give themselves voluntarily to another of their own making.[1] In short, it was maintained, in homely language, that "France and Spain were both under one coverlet."[2] It might have been added that only extreme misery could make the provinces take either bedfellow. Moreover, it was asserted, with reason, that Anjou would be a very expensive master, for his luxurious and extravagant habits were notorious; that he was a man in whom no confidence could be placed, and one who would grasp at arbitrary power by any means which might present themselves.[3] Above all, it was urged that he was not of the true religion, that he hated the professors of that faith in his heart, and that it was extremely unwise for men whose dearest interests were their religious ones to elect a sovereign of opposite creed to their own. To these plausible views the Prince of Orange and those who acted with him had, however, sufficient answers. The Netherlands had waited long enough for assistance from other quarters. Germany would not lift a finger in the cause; on the contrary, the whole of Germany, whether Protestant or Catholic, was either openly or covertly hostile. It was madness to wait till assistance came to them from unseen sources.

[1] "Incommoda et commoda," etc.—Archives et Correspondance, vii. 48.

[2] "Dasz Franckreich und Spanien mit einander under einer decke liegen."—Ibid.

[3] Ibid.

It was time for them to assist themselves and to take the best they could get, for when men were starving they could not afford to be dainty. They might be bound hand and foot, they might be overwhelmed a thousand times, before they would receive succor from Germany, or from any land but France. Under the circumstances in which they found themselves, hope delayed was but a cold and meager consolation.[1]

"To speak plainly," said Orange, "asking us to wait is very much as if you should keep a man three days without any food in the expectation of a magnificent banquet, should persuade him to refuse bread, and at the end of three days should tell him that the banquet was not ready, but that a still better one was in preparation. Would it not be better, then, that the poor man, to avoid starvation, should wait no longer, but accept bread wherever he might find it? Such is our case at present."[2]

It was in this vein that he ever wrote and spoke. The Netherlands were to rely upon their own exertions, and to procure the best alliance together with the most efficient protection possible. They were not strong enough to cope single-handed with their powerful tyrant, but they were strong enough if they used the instruments which Heaven offered. It was not trusting but tempting Providence to wait supinely, instead of grasping boldly at the means of rescue within reach. It became the character of brave men to act, not to expect. "Otherwise," said the prince, "we may climb to the tops of trees, like the Anabaptists of Münster,

[1] "Une froide et bien maigre consolation."—Archives, vii. 240.

[2] Ibid., vii. 240 and 235, letter to Lazarus Schwendi.

and expect God's assistance to drop from the clouds."[1] It is only by listening to these arguments, so often repeated, that we can comprehend the policy of Orange at this period. "God has said that he would furnish the ravens with food, and the lions with their prey," said he; "but the birds and the lions do not, therefore, sit in their nests and their lairs waiting for their food to descend from heaven, but they seek it where it is to be found."[2] So also, at a later day, when events seemed to have justified the distrust so generally felt in Anjou, the prince, nevertheless, held similar language. "I do not," said he, "calumniate those who tell us to put our trust in God. That is my opinion also. But it *is* trusting God to use the means which he places in our hands, and to ask that his blessings may come upon them."[3]

There was a feeling entertained by the more sanguine that the French king would heartily assist the Netherlands after his brother should be fairly installed. He had expressly written to that effect, assuring Anjou that he would help him with all his strength, and would enter into close alliance with those Netherlands which should accept him as prince and sovereign.[4] In another and more private letter to the duke, the king promised

[1] Archives, etc., vii. 576.

[2] Letter to Count John, ibid.

[3] Letter to States-General, apud Bor, xvii. 349–354 (one of the noblest state papers that ever came from his hand).

[4] The letter, dated Blois, December 26, 1580, is given by Hoofd, xviii. 754. According to Duplessis-Mornay, the duke had, however, been expressly instructed by his royal brother to withdraw the letter as soon as the deputies had seen it. He was always commanded never to importune his Majesty on the subject (v. Borgnet, Philippe II. et la Belgique, p. 147).

to assist his brother "even to his last shirt."[1] There is no doubt that it was the policy of the statesmen of France to assist the Netherlands, while the *mignons* of the worthless king were of a contrary opinion. Many of them were secret partizans of Spain, and found it more agreeable to receive the secret pay of Philip than to assist his revolted provinces. They found it easy to excite the jealousy of the monarch against his brother —a passion which proved more effective than the more lofty ambition of annexing the Low Countries, according to the secret promptings of many French politicians.[2] As for the queen mother, she was fierce in her determination to see fulfilled in this way the famous prediction of Nostradamus. Three of her sons had successively worn the crown of France. That she might be "the mother of four kings," without laying a third child in the tomb, she was greedy for this proffered sovereignty to her youngest and favorite son. This well-known desire of Catherine de' Medici was duly insisted upon by the advocates of the election; for her influence, it was urged, would bring the whole power of France to support the Netherlands.[3]

At any rate, France could not be worse, could hardly be so bad, as their present tyranny. "Better the government of the Gaul, though suspect and dangerous," said Everard Reyd, "than the truculent dominion of the Spaniard. Even thus will the partridge fly to the hand of man to escape the talons of the hawk."[4] As

[1] Quotation in Archives, etc., vii. 403.

[2] De Thou, ix. 28–33.

[3] Renom de France, MS., tom. v. c. 5. Compare Strada, ii. 214, 215.

[4] Reidani Ann. Belg., ii. 31.

for the individual character of Anjou, proper means would be taken, urged the advocates of his sovereignty, to keep him in check, for it was intended so closely to limit the power conferred upon him that it would be only supreme in name. The Netherlands were to be, in reality, a republic, of which Anjou was to be a kind of Italian or Frisian podestà. "The duke is not to act according to his pleasure," said one of the negotiators, in a private letter to Count John; "we shall take care to provide a good muzzle for him."[1] How conscientiously the "muzzle" was prepared will appear from the articles by which the states soon afterward accepted the new sovereign. How basely he contrived to slip the muzzle, in what cruel and cowardly fashion he bathed his fangs in the blood of the flock committed to him, will also but too soon appear.

As for the religious objection to Anjou, on which more stress was laid than upon any other, the answer was equally ready. Orange professed himself "not theologian enough" to go into the subtleties brought forward. As it was intended to establish most firmly a religious peace, with entire tolerance for all creeds, he did not think it absolutely essential to require a prince of the Reformed faith. It was bigotry to dictate to the sovereign when full liberty in religious matters was claimed for the subject. Orange was known to be a zealous professor of the Reformed worship himself; but he did not therefore reject political assistance, even though offered by a not very enthusiastic member of the ancient Church.

"If the priest and the Levite pass us by when we are fallen among thieves," said he, with much aptness and

[1] Archives et Corresp., vii. 290.

some bitterness, "shall we reject the aid proffered by the Samaritan, because he is of a different faith from the worthy fathers who have left us to perish?"[1] In short, it was observed with perfect truth that Philip had been removed, not because he was a Catholic, but because he was a tyrant; not because his faith was different from that of his subjects, but because he was resolved to exterminate all men whose religion differed from his own. It was not, therefore, inconsistent to choose another Catholic for a sovereign, if proper guaranties could be obtained that he would protect and not oppress the Reformed churches. "If the duke have the same designs as the king," said Sainte-Aldegonde, "it would be a great piece of folly to change one tyrant and persecutor for another. If, on the contrary, instead of oppressing our liberties, he will maintain them, and in place of extirpating the disciples of the true religion, he will protect them, then are all the reasons of our opponents without vigor."[2]

By midsummer the Duke of Anjou made his appearance in the western part of the Netherlands. The Prince of Parma had recently come before Cambray with the intention of reducing that important city. On the arrival of Anjou, however, at the head of five thousand cavalry—nearly all of them gentlemen of high degree, serving as volunteers—and of twelve thousand infantry, Alexander raised the siege precipitately, and retired toward Tournay. Anjou victualed the city, strengthened the garrison, and then, as his cavalry had only enlisted for a summer's amusement, and could no longer be held together, he disbanded his forces. The bulk of the infantry took service for the states under

[1] Archives et Corresp., vii. 573. [2] Ibid., vii. 278.

the Prince of Espinoy, governor of Tournay. The duke himself, finding that, notwithstanding the treaty of Plessis-les-Tours and the present showy demonstration upon his part, the states were not yet prepared to render him formal allegiance, and being, moreover, in the heyday of what was universally considered his prosperous courtship of Queen Elizabeth, soon afterward took his departure for England.[1]

Parma, being thus relieved of his interference, soon afterward laid siege to the important city of Tournay. The Prince of Espinoy was absent with the army in the north, but the princess commanded in his absence. She fulfilled her duty in a manner worthy of the house from which she sprang, for the blood of Count Horn was in her veins. The daughter of Mary de Montmorency, the admiral's sister, answered the summons of Parma to surrender at discretion with defiance. The garrison was encouraged by her steadfastness. The princess appeared daily among her troops, superintending the defenses and personally directing the officers. During one of the assaults she is said, but perhaps erroneously, to have been wounded in the arm, notwithstanding which she refused to retire.[2]

The siege lasted two months. Meantime it became impossible for Orange and the estates, notwithstanding their efforts, to raise a sufficient force to drive Parma from his intrenchments. The city was becoming gradually and surely undermined from without, while at the same time the insidious art of a Dominican friar, Father

[1] Bor, xvi. 287. Strada, 2, iv. 185–193. Tassis, vi. 428. Hoofd, xviii. 785.

[2] Bor, xvi. 287, 288. Meteren, x. 190. Hoofd, xviii. 785, 786. Strada, 2, iv. 195–213, et al.

Géry by name, had been as surely sapping the fidelity of the garrison from within. An open revolt of the Catholic population being on the point of taking place, it became impossible any longer to hold the city. Those of the Reformed faith insisted that the place should be surrendered; and the princess, being thus deserted by all parties, made an honorable capitulation with Parma. She herself, with all her garrison, was allowed to retire with personal property and with all the honors of war, while the sack of the city was commuted for one hundred thousand crowns, levied upon the inhabitants. The princess, on leaving the gates, was received with such a shout of applause from the royal army that she seemed less like a defeated commander than a conqueror. Upon the 30th November Parma accordingly entered the place which he had been besieging since the 1st of October.[1]

By the end of the autumn, the Prince of Orange, more than ever dissatisfied with the anarchical condition of affairs and with the obstinate jealousy and parsimony of the different provinces, again summoned the country in the most earnest language to provide for the general defense and to take measures for the inauguration of Anjou. He painted in somber colors the prospect which lay before them if nothing was done to arrest the progress of the internal disorders and of the external foe, whose forces were steadily augmenting. Had the provinces followed his advice, instead of quarreling among themselves, they would have had a powerful army on foot to second the efforts of Anjou, and subsequently to save Tournay. They had remained supine and stolid, even while the cannonading against these beautiful cities was in their very ears. No man seemed to think him-

[1] Bor, Hoofd, Meteren, Strada, Bentivoglio.

self interested in public affairs, save when his own province or village was directly attacked.[1] The general interests of the commonwealth were forgotten in local jealousy. Had it been otherwise, the enemy would have long since been driven over the Meuse. "When money," continued the prince, "is asked for to carry on the war, men answer as if they were talking with the dead emperor.[2] To say, however, that they will pay no more is as much as to declare that they will give up their land and their religion both. I say this not because I have any desire to put my hands into the common purse. You well know that I have never touched the public money, but it is important that you should feel that there is no war in the country except the one which concerns you all."

The states, thus shamed and stimulated, set themselves in earnest to obey the mandates of the prince, and sent a special mission to England to arrange with the Duke of Anjou for his formal installation as sovereign. Sainte-Aldegonde and other commissioners were already there. It was the memorable epoch in the Anjou wooing when the rings were exchanged between Elizabeth and the duke, and when the world thought that the nuptials were on the point of being celebrated. Sainte-Aldegonde wrote to the Prince of Orange on the 22d of November that the marriage had been finally settled upon that day.[3] Throughout the Netherlands the auspicious tidings were greeted with bonfires, illu-

[1] Remonstrance to the States-General, December 1, 1581, in Bor, xvi. 289, 290.

[2] " . . . So varen sy in de sake voort en antwoorden daer op als sy spraken met den doden Kayser."—Ibid.

[3] Strada, 2, iv. 214 sqq. Bor, xvi. 290. De Thou, viii. 536 sqq.

minations, and cannonading,[1] and the measures for hailing the prince, thus highly favored by so great a queen, as sovereign master of the provinces, were pushed forward with great energy.

Nevertheless, the marriage ended in smoke. There were plenty of tourneys, pageants, and banquets; a profusion of nuptial festivities, in short, where nothing was omitted but the nuptials. By the end of January, 1582, the duke was no nearer the goal than upon his arrival three months before. Acceding, therefore, to the wishes of the Netherland envoys, he prepared for a visit to their country, where the ceremony of his joyful entrance as Duke of Brabant and sovereign of the other provinces was to take place. No open rupture with Elizabeth occurred. On the contrary, the queen accompanied the duke, with a numerous and stately retinue, as far as Canterbury, and sent a most brilliant train of her greatest nobles and gentlemen to escort him to the Netherlands, communicating at the same time, by special letter, her wishes to the States-General that he should be treated with as much honor "as if he were her second self."[2]

On the 10th of February fifteen large vessels cast anchor at Flushing. The Duke of Anjou, attended by

[1] Bor, De Thou, ubi sup. Hoofd, xviii. 788.

[2] "Oblectatus distractusque juvenis, . . . videt se in mediis nuptiis celebrare omnia præter nuptias."—Strada, 2, iv. 217. Compare De Thou, viii. 600 sqq; Hoofd, xix. 795. " . . . qu'il allast accompagné de la recommendation d'une Princesse . . . qui estime avoir tel interest en vous que vous en serez poussés d'avantage à honnorer un Prince qui lui est si cher qu'elle fait autant de lui comme d'un autre soi-même," etc.—Lettre de la Serenissime Reine d'Angleterre aux États-Généraux, Février 6, 1581, MS., Ordinaris Depêchen Boek der Staten-General, Aº 1582, 1583, f. 1vo, Hague Archives.

the Earl of Leicester, the Lords Hunsdon, Willoughby, Sheffield, Howard, Sir Philip Sydney, and many other personages of high rank and reputation,[1] landed from this fleet. He was greeted on his arrival by the Prince of Orange, who, with the Prince of Espinoy and a large deputation of the States-General, had been for some days waiting to welcome him. The man whom the Netherlands had chosen for their new master stood on the shores of Zealand. Francis Hercules, Son of France, Duke of Alençon and Anjou, was at that time just twenty-eight years of age; yet not even his flatterers, or his "minions," of whom he had as regular a train as his royal brother, could claim for him the external graces of youth or of princely dignity. He was below the middle height, puny and ill-shaped. His hair and eyes were brown, his face was seamed with the smallpox, his skin covered with blotches, his nose so swollen and distorted that it seemed to be double. This prominent feature did not escape the sarcasms of his countrymen, who, among other gibes, were wont to observe that the man who always wore two faces might be expected to have two noses also. It was thought that his revolting appearance was the principal reason for the rupture of the English marriage, and it was in vain that his supporters maintained that if he could forgive her age she might, in return, excuse his ugliness. It seemed that there was a point of hideousness beyond which even royal princes could not descend with impunity, and the only wonder seemed that Elizabeth, with the handsome Robert Dudley ever at her feet, could even tolerate the addresses of Francis Valois.[2]

[1] De Thou, Hoofd, ubi sup. Bor, xvii. 296. Meteren, xi. 192.

[2] Bor, xvii. 296. Meteren, xi. 192. Hoofd, ubi sup. Mem. de Sully, loc. cit. "Fu piccioli di statura e poco ben fatto della per-

His intellect was by no means contemptible. He was not without a certain quickness of apprehension and vivacity of expression which passed current among his admirers for wit and wisdom. Even the experienced Sainte-Aldegonde was deceived in his character, and described him, after an hour and a half's interview, as a prince overflowing with bounty, intelligence, and sincerity. That such men as Sainte-Aldegonde and the Prince of Orange should be at fault in their judgment is evidence not so much of their want of discernment as of the difference between the general reputation of the duke at that period and that which has been eventually established for him in history. Moreover, subsequent events were to exhibit the utter baseness of his character more signally than it had been displayed during his previous career, however vacillating. No more ignoble yet more dangerous creature had yet been loosed upon the devoted soil of the Netherlands. Not one of the personages who had hitherto figured in the long drama of the revolt had enacted so sorry a part. Ambitious but trivial, enterprising but cowardly, an intriguer and a dupe, without religious convictions or political principles, save that he was willing to accept any creed or any system which might advance his own schemes, he was the most unfit protector for a people who, whether wrong or right, were at least in earnest, and who were accustomed to regard truth as one of the virtues. He was certainly not deficient in self-esteem. With a figure which was insignificant, and a countenance which was repulsive, he had hoped to efface the impres-

sona."—Bentivoglio, G. di Fiandra, 2, ii. 275. "Pusillo ac deformi in corpore."—Ev. Reidani Ann. Belg., ii. 34; iii. 42. Van der Vynckt, iii. 69. Strada, 2, iv. 215.

sion made upon Elizabeth's imagination by the handsomest man in Europe. With a commonplace capacity, and with a narrow political education, he intended to circumvent the most profound statesman of his age. And there, upon the pier at Flushing, he stood between them both; between the magnificent Leicester, whom he had thought to outshine, and the silent Prince of Orange, whom he was determined to outwit. Posterity has long been aware how far he succeeded in the one and the other attempt.

The duke's arrival was greeted with the roar of artillery, the ringing of bells, and the acclamations of a large concourse of the inhabitants; suitable speeches were made by the magistrates of the town, the deputies of Zealand, and other functionaries,[1] and a stately banquet was provided, so remarkable "for its sugar-work and other delicacies as to entirely astonish the French and English lords who partook thereof."[2] The duke visited Middelburg, where he was received with great state, and to the authorities of which he expressed his gratification at finding two such stately cities situate so close to each other on one little island.[3]

On the 17th of February he set sail for Antwerp. A fleet of fifty-four vessels, covered with flags and streamers, conveyed him and his retinue, together with the large deputation which had welcomed him at Flushing, to the great commercial metropolis. He stepped on shore at Kiel, within a bow-shot of the city; for, like other dukes of Brabant, he was not to enter Antwerp until he had taken the oaths to respect the constitution, and the ceremony of inauguration was to take place

[1] Bor, xvii. 296. Hoofd, xix. 795.
[2] Bor, xvii. 297. [3] Ibid.

outside the walls. A large platform had been erected for this purpose, commanding a view of the stately city, with its bristling fortifications and shady groves.[1] A throne, covered with velvet and gold, was prepared, and here the duke took his seat, surrounded by a brilliant throng, including many of the most distinguished personages in Europe.

It was a bright winter's morning. The gaily bannered fleet lay conspicuous in the river, while an enormous concourse of people were thronging from all sides to greet the new sovereign. Twenty thousand burgher troops, in bright uniforms, surrounded the platform, upon the tapestried floor of which stood the magistrates of Antwerp, the leading members of the Brabant estates, with the Prince of Orange at their head, together with many other great functionaries. The magnificence everywhere displayed, and especially the splendid costumes of the military companies, excited the profound astonishment of the French, who exclaimed that every soldier seemed a captain, and who regarded with vexation their own inferior equipments.[2]

Andrew Hessels, *doctor utriusque juris*, delivered a salutatory oration, in which, among other flights of eloquence, he expressed the hope of the provinces that the duke, with the beams of his greatness, wisdom, and magnanimity, would dissipate all the mists, fogs, and other exhalations which were pernicious to their national prosperity, and that he would bring back the sunlight of their ancient glory.[3]

[1] "La joyeuse et magnifique entrée du Monseign^r François, Fils de France, Duc d'Anjou, etc., en sa très renommée ville d'Anvers" (Anvers, Plantin, 1582). Compare Bor, xvii. 297; Hoofd, xix. 795.

[2] Renom de France, MS., v. 2.

[3] The oration is given in full by Bor, xvii. 297, 298.

Anjou answered these compliments with equal courtesy, and had much to say of his willingness to shed every drop of his blood in defense of the Brabant liberties; but it might have damped the enthusiasm of the moment could the curtain of the not very distant future have been lifted. The audience listening to these promises might have seen that it was not so much his blood as theirs which he was disposed to shed, and less, too, in defense than in violation of those same liberties which he was swearing to protect.

Orator Hessels then read aloud the articles of the "joyous entry," in the Flemish language, and the duke was asked if he required any explanations of that celebrated constitution. He replied that he had thoroughly studied its provisions, with the assistance of the Prince of Orange, during his voyage from Flushing, and was quite prepared to swear to maintain them. The oaths, according to the antique custom, were then administered. Afterward the ducal hat and the velvet mantle, lined with ermine, were brought, the Prince of Orange assisting his Highness to assume this historical costume of the Brabant dukes, and saying to him, as he fastened the button at the throat, "I must secure this robe so firmly, my lord, that no man may ever tear it from your shoulders."[1]

Thus arrayed in his garment of sovereignty, Anjou was compelled to listen to another oration from the pensionary of Antwerp, John van der Werken. He then exchanged oaths with the magistrates of the city, and received the keys, which he returned for safe-keeping to the burgomaster. Meanwhile the trumpets sounded, largess of gold and silver coins was scattered among the

[1] Bor, xvii. 298. Hoofd, xix. 796. Meteren, xi. 192.

people, and the heralds cried aloud, "Long live the Duke of Brabant!"[1]

A procession was then formed to escort the new duke to his commercial capital. A stately and striking procession it was. The Hanseatic merchants in ancient German attire, the English merchants in long velvet cassocks, the heralds in their quaint costume, the long train of civic militia with full bands of music, the chief functionaries of city and province in their black mantles and gold chains, all marching under emblematical standards or time-honored blazons, followed each other in dignified order. Then came the duke himself, on a white Barbary horse, caparisoned with cloth of gold. He was surrounded with English, French, and Netherland grandees, many of them of world-wide reputation. There was the stately Leicester; Sir Philip Sydney, the mirror of chivalry; the gaunt and imposing form of William the Silent; his son, Count Maurice of Nassau, destined to be the first captain of his age, then a handsome, dark-eyed lad of fifteen; the Dauphin of Auvergne; the Maréchal de Biron and his sons; the Prince of Espinoy; the Lords Sheffield, Willoughby, Howard, Hunsdon, and many others of high degree and distinguished reputation.[2] The ancient gilds of the crossbowmen and archers of Brabant, splendidly accoutred, formed the body-guard of the duke, while his French cavaliers, the life-guardsmen of the Prince of Orange, and the troops of the line followed in great numbers,

[1] "La joyeuse et magnifique entrée," etc., Bor, xvii. 297 sqq., who conscientiously gives all the long speeches at full length. Meteren, xi. 192. Tassis, vi. 429.

[2] "La joyeuse et magnifique entrée," etc., Bor, xvii. 300 sqq. Hoofd, xix. 797, 798.

their glittering uniforms all gaily intermingled, "like the flowers-de-luce upon a royal mantle." The procession, thus gorgeous and gay, was terminated by a dismal group of three hundred malefactors, marching in fetters, and imploring pardon of the duke, a boon which was to be granted at evening. Great torches, although it was high noon, were burning along the road, at intervals of four or five feet, in a continuous line reaching from the platform at Kiel to the portal of St. Joris, through which the entrance to the city was to be made.

Inside the gate a stupendous allegory was awaiting the approach of the new sovereign.[1] A huge gilded car, crowded with those emblematical and highly bedizened personages so dear to the Netherlanders, obstructed the advance of the procession. All the virtues seemed to have come out for an airing in one chariot, and were now waiting to offer their homage to Francis Hercules Valois. Religion, "in red satin," holding the gospel in her hand, was supported by Justice, "in orange velvet," armed with blade and beam. Prudence and Fortitude embraced each other near a column inwreathed by serpents, "with their tails in their ears to typify deafness to flattery"; while Patriotism as a pelican, and Patience as a brooding hen, looked benignantly upon the scene. This greeting duly acknowledged, the procession advanced into the city. The streets were lined with troops and with citizens; the balconies were filled with fair women; "the very gables," says an enthusiastic contemporary, "seemed to laugh with ladies' eyes."[2] The

[1] "La joyeuse et magnifique entrée," etc., in which contemporary pamphlet are many beautifully executed engravings of the wonders exhibited on this occasion (Bor, xvii. 300, 301).

[2] Hoofd, xix. 798.

market-place was filled with waxen torches and with blazing tar-barrels, while in its center stood the giant Antigonus,—founder of the city thirteen hundred years before the Christian era,—the fabulous personage who was accustomed to throw the right hands of all smuggling merchants into the Schelde.[1] This colossal individual, attired in a "surcoat of sky-blue," and holding a banner emblazoned with the arms of Spain, turned its head as the duke entered the square, saluted the new sovereign, and then dropping the Spanish scutcheon upon the ground, raised aloft another bearing the arms of Anjou.[2]

And thus, amid exuberant outpouring of confidence, another lord and master had made his triumphal entrance into the Netherlands. Alas, how often had this sanguine people greeted with similar acclamations the advent of their betrayers and their tyrants! How soon were they to discover that the man whom they were thus receiving with the warmest enthusiasm was the most treacherous tyrant of all!

It was nightfall before the procession at last reached the palace of St. Michael, which had been fitted up for the temporary reception of the duke.[3] The next day

[1] "La joyeuse entrée," etc.

"Hic fuit Antigoni castrum insigne Gigantis,
Quem Brabo devicit, de quo Brabonica tellus," etc.

Ancient verses quoted by Ludov. Guicciardini, in his description of Antwerp, "but by whom written," says that author, "*novit Deus*" (Tot Belg. Descript., 131).

[2] "La joyeuse entrée," etc., Bor, xvii. 301.

[3] Ibid. Hoofd, xix. 798, 799. "Maer de geheele stadt was vol Tortsen, Fackelen ende Vyeren op alle de straden, ende op de kerck torens, dat de stadt scheen in een vyer te staen."—Meteren, xi. 193c.

was devoted to speech-making, various deputations waiting upon the new Duke of Brabant with congratulatory addresses. The grand pensionary delivered a pompous oration upon a platform hung with sky-blue silk and carpeted with cloth of gold. A committee of the German and French Reformed churches made a long harangue, in which they expressed the hope that the Lord would make the duke "as valiant as David, as wise as Solomon, and as pious as Hezekiah."[1] A Roman Catholic deputation informed his Highness that for eight months the members of the ancient Church had been forbidden all religious exercises, saving baptism, marriage, visitation of the sick, and burials. A promise was therefore made that this prohibition, which had been the result of the disturbances recorded in a preceding chapter, should be immediately modified, and on the 15th of March, accordingly, it was arranged, by command of the magistrates, that all Catholics should have permission to attend public worship, according to the ancient ceremonial, in the Church of St. Michael, which had been originally designated for the use of the new Duke of Brabant. It was, however, stipulated that all who desired to partake of this privilege should take the oath of abjuration beforehand, and go to the church without arms.[2]

Here, then, had been oaths enough, orations enough, compliments enough, to make any agreement steadfast, so far as windy suspirations could furnish a solid foundation for the social compact. Bells, trumpets, and the brazen throats of men and of cannons had made a sufficient din, torches and tar-barrels had made a sufficient glare, to confirm—so far as noise and blazing pitch

[1] Bor, xvii. 303. [2] Ibid.

could confirm—the decorous proceedings of church and town house; but time was soon to show the value of such demonstrations. Meantime the "muzzle" had been fastened with solemnity and accepted with docility. The terms of the treaty concluded at Plessis-les-Tours and Bordeaux were made public. The duke had subscribed to twenty-seven articles, which made as stringent and sensible a constitutional compact as could be desired by any Netherland patriot.[1] These articles, taken in connection with the ancient charters which they expressly upheld, left to the new sovereign no vestige of arbitrary power. He was merely the hereditary president of a representative republic. He was to be duke, count, margrave, or seignior of the different provinces, on the same terms which his predecessors had accepted. He was to transmit the dignities to his children. If there were more than one child, the provinces were to select one of the number for their sovereign. He was to maintain all the ancient privileges, charters, statutes, and customs, and to forfeit his sovereignty at the first violation. He was to assemble the States-General at least once a year. He was always to reside in the Netherlands. He was to permit none but natives to hold office. His right of appointment to all important posts was limited to a selection from three candidates, to be proposed by the estates of the province concerned, at each vacancy. He was to maintain "the religion" and the religious peace in the same state in which they then were, or as should afterward be ordained by the estates of each province, without making any innovation on his own part.[2] Holland and Zealand were to remain as they

[1] The articles are given in full by Bor, 3, xvii. 307–309.

[2] Article 12.

were, both in the matter of religion *and otherwise*.[1] His Highness was not to permit that any one should be examined or molested in his house, or otherwise, in the matter or under pretext of religion.[2] He was to procure the assistance of the King of France for the Netherlands. He was to maintain a perfect and a perpetual league, offensive and defensive, between that kingdom and the provinces, without, however, permitting any incorporation of territory. He was to carry on the war against Spain with his own means and those furnished by his royal brother, in addition to a yearly contribution by the estates of two million four hundred thousand guldens.[3] He was to dismiss all troops at command of the States-General. He was to make no treaty with Spain without their consent.

It would be superfluous to point out the great difference between the notions entertained upon international law in the sixteenth century and in our own. A state of nominal peace existed between Spain, France, and England; yet here was the brother of the French monarch, at the head of French troops, and attended by the grandees of England, solemnly accepting the sovereignty over the revolted provinces of Spain.[4] It is also curious to observe that the constitutional compact by which the new sovereign of the Netherlands was

[1] "Holland en Zeland sullen blijven als sy tegenwoordlijk sijn in 't stuk van den Religie *en andersins*."—Article 13.

[2] Article 14.

[3] Article 18.

[4] On the other hand, the denial by England of an asylum to the refugees, in 1572, and their forcible expulsion from her shores, led to the occupation of Brill and the foundation of the Dutch Republic.

admitted to the government would have been repudiated as revolutionary and republican by the monarchs of France or England, if an attempt had been made to apply it to their own realms, for the ancient charters—which in reality constituted a republican form of government—had all been reëstablished by the agreement with Anjou.

The first-fruits of the ban now began to display themselves. Sunday, 18th of March, 1582, was the birthday of the Duke of Anjou, and a great festival had been arranged, accordingly, for the evening, at the palace of St. Michael, the Prince of Orange as well as all the great French lords being of course invited. The prince dined, as usual, at his house in the neighborhood of the citadel, in company with the Counts Hohenlo and Laval, and the two distinguished French commissioners, Bonnivet and Des Pruneaux. Young Maurice of Nassau and two nephews of the prince, sons of his brother John, were also present at table. During dinner the conversation was animated, many stories being related of the cruelties which had been practised by the Spaniards in the provinces. On rising from the table, Orange led the way from the dining-room to his own apartments, showing the noblemen in his company, as he passed along, a piece of tapestry upon which some Spanish soldiers were represented. At this moment, as he stood upon the threshold of the antechamber, a youth of small stature, vulgar mien, and pale, dark complexion, appeared from among the servants and offered him a petition. He took the paper, and as he did so, the stranger suddenly drew a pistol and discharged it at the head of the prince. The ball entered the neck under the right ear, passed through the roof of the mouth, and came out under the

left jaw-bone, carrying with it two teeth.[1] The pistol had been held so near that the hair and beard of the prince were set on fire by the discharge. He remained standing, but blinded, stunned, and for a moment entirely ignorant of what had occurred. As he afterward observed, he thought perhaps that a part of the house had suddenly fallen. Finding very soon that his hair and beard were burning, he comprehended what had occurred, and called out quickly, "Do not kill him—I forgive him my death!" and turning to the French noblemen present, he added, "Alas, what a faithful servant does his Highness lose in me!"[2]

These were his first words, spoken when, as all believed, he had been mortally wounded. The message of mercy came, however, too late; for two of the gentlemen present, by an irresistible impulse, had run the assassin through with their rapiers. The halberdiers rushed upon him immediately afterward, so that he fell pierced in thirty-two vital places.[3] The prince, supported by his friends, walked to his chamber, where he

[1] Hoofd, xix. 804. Bor, xvii. 313. Meteren, xi. 194c. Tassis, vi. 431. Strada, 2, iv. 219. "Korte Verhaal van den moorddadigen aanslag, bedreven op den persoon van den zeer doorluchtigen vorst, den heere Prins van Oranje, door Jan Jauregui, een Spanjard." This is the title of a pamphlet published at the time, with authentic documents, by Plantin, at Antwerp. There is also a French edition, printed simultaneously with that in Flemish, intituled "Bref Recueil de l'Assassinat," etc. Reiffenberg has republished it in his edition of Van der Vynckt. Letter of Derens, March 27, 1582, in Archives et Correspondance, viii. 77.

[2] "Doodt hem niet, ik vergeef hem mijen dood!"—Korte Verhaal. Bor, xvii. 312. Hoofd, xix. 804. Meteren, xi. 194.

[3] Ibid. Letter of Herle, Archives et Correspondance, Supplément, p. 220 sqq. Letter of Derens, Archives et Correspondance, viii. 78.

was put to bed, while the surgeons examined and bandaged the wound. It was most dangerous in appearance, but a very strange circumstance gave more hope than could otherwise have been entertained. The flame from the pistol had been so close that it had actually cauterized the wound inflicted by the ball. But for this, it was supposed that the flow of blood from the veins which had been shot through would have proved fatal before the wound could be dressed. The prince, after the first shock, had recovered full possession of his senses, and believing himself to be dying, he expressed the most unaffected sympathy for the condition in which the Duke of Anjou would be placed by his death. "Alas, poor prince," he cried frequently; "alas, what troubles will now beset thee!"[1] The surgeons enjoined and implored his silence, as speaking might cause the wound to prove immediately fatal. He complied, but wrote incessantly.[2] As long as his heart could beat, it was impossible for him not to be occupied with his country.

Lion Petit, a trusty captain of the city guard, forced his way to the chamber, it being absolutely necessary, said the honest burgher, for him to see with his own eyes that the prince was living, and report the fact to the townspeople; otherwise, so great was the excitement, it was impossible to say what might be the result. It was in fact believed that the prince was already dead, and it was whispered that he had been assassinated by the order of Anjou. This horrible suspicion was flying

[1] "Ach arme vorst, arme vorst! wat zult gij nog moeijelijkheden ont moeten!"—Korte Verhaal. Bor, xvii. 313. Meteren, xi. 194c. Hoofd, xix. 805.

[2] Korte Verhaal, etc.: "Met eene vaste handen vlug schreef."

through the city, and producing a fierce exasperation,[1] as men talked of the murder of Coligny, of St. Bartholomew, of the murderous propensities of the Valois race. Had the attempt taken place in the evening, at the birth-night banquet of Anjou, a horrible massacre would have been the inevitable issue. As it happened, however, circumstances soon occurred to remove the suspicion from the French and to indicate the origin of the crime. Meantime Captain Petit was urged by the prince, in writing, to go forth instantly with the news that he yet survived, but to implore the people, in case God should call him to himself, to hold him in kind remembrance, to make no tumult, and to serve the duke obediently and faithfully.[2]

Meantime the youthful Maurice of Nassau was giving proof of that cool determination which already marked his character. It was natural that a boy of fifteen should be somewhat agitated at seeing such a father shot through the head before his eyes. His situation was rendered doubly grave by the suspicions which were instantly engendered as to the probable origin of the attempt. It was already whispered in the hall that the gentlemen who had been so officious in slaying the assassin were his accomplices, who—upon the principle that dead men would tell no tales—were disposed, now that the deed was done, to preclude inconvenient revelations as to their own share in the crime. Maurice, notwithstanding these causes for perturbation, and despite his grief at his father's probable death, remained steadily by the body of the murderer. He was determined, if

[1] Korte Verhaal, 591. Bor, ubi sup. Meteren, xi. 194. Hoofd, xix. 804. Strada, 2, iv. 219. Bor, xvii. 313.

[2] Bor, Meteren, Hoofd, ubi sup. Korte Verhaal.

possible, to unravel the plot, and he waited to possess himself of all papers and other articles which might be found upon the person of the deceased.[1]

A scrupulous search was at once made by the attendants, and everything placed in the young count's own hands. This done, Maurice expressed a doubt lest some of the villain's accomplices might attempt to take the articles from him,[2] whereupon a faithful old servant of his father came forward, who, with an emphatic expression of the importance of securing such important documents, took his young master under his cloak, and led him to a retired apartment of the house. Here, after a rapid examination, it was found that the papers were all in Spanish, written by Spaniards to Spaniards, so that it was obvious that the conspiracy, if one there were, was not a French conspiracy. The servant, therefore, advised Maurice to go to his father, while he would himself instantly descend to the hall with this important intelligence. Count Hohenlo had, from the instant of the murder, ordered the doors to be fastened, and had permitted no one to enter or to leave the apartment without his permission. The information now brought by the servant as to the character of the papers caused great relief to the minds of all; for, till that moment, suspicion had even lighted upon men who were the firm friends of the prince.[3]

Sainte-Aldegonde, who had meantime arrived, now

[1] Korte Verhaal, etc. Bor, xvii. 313. Hoofd, xix. 805. Meteren, xi. 194.

[2] Korte Verhaal. "Helas," said the boy, "ik ben zoo bevreest dat hier eenig andere booswicht zij, die mij die papieren afneemt."

[3] Korte Verhaal, Bor, Meteren, Hoofd, ubi sup. Strada, 2, iv. 219.

proceeded, in company of the other gentlemen, to examine the papers and other articles taken from the assassin. The pistol with which he had done the deed was lying upon the floor; a naked poniard, which he would probably have used also, had his thumb not been blown off by the discharge of the pistol, was found in his trunk-hose. In his pockets were an *Agnus Dei*, a taper of green wax, two bits of hareskin, two dried toads,—which were supposed to be sorcerers' charms,—a crucifix, a Jesuit catechism, a prayer-book, a pocket-book containing two Spanish bills of exchange,—one for two thousand, and one for eight hundred and seventy-seven crowns,—and a set of writing-tablets.[1] These last were covered with vows and pious invocations in reference to the murderous affair which the writer had in hand. He had addressed fervent prayers to the Virgin Mary, to the angel Gabriel, to the Saviour, and *to the Saviour's son*—"as if," says the Antwerp chronicler, with simplicity, "the Lord Jesus had a son"[2]—that they might all use their intercession with the Almighty toward the certain and safe accomplishment of the contemplated

[1] Korte Verhaal, etc., 589, 590. Strada, 2, iv. 219. Compare Haraei Tum. Belg., iii. 336. "Twee stukken huid, zoo het scheen van eenen haas; het geen velen aanleiding gaf om te zeggen, dat hij padden en toovery bij zich had."—Korte Verhaal, etc. Bor, Hoofd, Meteren, ubi sup.

[2] "Als of Christus noch eenen sonne hadde."—Meteren, xi. 194. The following extracts from the assassin's memorandum-book are worthy of attention. The papers were published by authority, immediately after the deed. "Al Angel Gabriel me encomiendo con todo mi spiritu y coraçon para que agora y siempre me sea mi intercessor à nuestro Señor Jesu Christo *y a su hijo preciosissimo*, y a la Virgen Sancta Maria y a todos los sanctos y sanctas de la corte del cielo de guardarme," etc.—Korte Verhaal.

deed. Should he come off successful and unharmed, he solemnly vowed to fast a week on bread and water. Furthermore, he promised to Christ a "new coat of costly pattern"; to the Mother of God at Guadalupe a new gown; to Our Lady of Montserrat a crown, a gown, and a lamp; and so on through a long list of similar presents thus contemplated for various shrines.[1] The poor fanatical fool had been taught by deeper villains than himself that his pistol was to rid the world of a tyrant, and to open his own pathway to heaven if his career should be cut short on earth. To prevent so undesirable a catastrophe to himself, however, his most natural conception had been to bribe the whole heavenly host, from the Virgin Mary downward, for he had been taught that absolution for murder was to be bought and sold like other merchandise. He had also been persuaded that, after accomplishing the deed, *he would become invisible.*[2]

Sainte-Aldegonde hastened to lay the result of this examination before the Duke of Anjou. Information was likewise instantly conveyed to the magistrates at the town house, and these measures were successful in restoring confidence throughout the city as to the intentions of the new government. Anjou immediately convened the state council, issued a summons for an early meeting of the States-General, and published a proclamation that all persons having information to give concerning the crime which had just been committed should come instantly forward, upon pain of death. The body of the assassin was forthwith exposed upon

[1] Korte Verhaal. Meteren. Bor, xvii. 313.

[2] Letter of P. van Reigersberg, March 19, 1582, apud Van Wyn op Wagenaer, 7, iii. 112. Letter of Herle, before cited.

the public square, and was soon recognized as that of one Juan Jaureguy, a servant in the employ of Gaspar d'Anastro, a Spanish merchant of Antwerp. The letters and bills of exchange had also, on nearer examination at the town house, implicated Anastro in the affair. His house was immediately searched, but the merchant had taken his departure, upon the previous Tuesday, under pretext of pressing affairs at Calais. His cashier, Venero, and a Dominican friar named Antonie Timmerman, both inmates of his family, were, however, arrested upon suspicion. On the following day the watch stationed at the gate carried the foreign post-bags, as soon as they arrived, to the magistracy, when letters were found from Anastro to Venero, which made the affair quite plain.[1] After they had been thoroughly studied they were shown to Venero, who, seeing himself thus completely ruined, asked for pen and ink, and wrote a full confession.

It appeared that the crime was purely a commercial speculation on the part of Anastro. That merchant, being on the verge of bankruptcy, had entered with Philip into a mutual contract, which the king had signed with his hand and sealed with his seal, and according to which Anastro, within a certain period, was to take the life of William of Orange, and for so doing was to receive eighty thousand ducats and the cross of Santiago.[2] To be a knight companion of Spain's proudest order of chivalry was the guerdon, over and above the eighty thousand pieces of silver, which Spain's monarch prom-

[1] Korte Verhaal. Bor, xvii. 313. Hoofd, xix. 805. Meteren, xi. 194.

[2] Korte Verhaal. Bor, xvii. 313. Hoofd, xix. 802. Meteren, xi. 194[b].

ised the murderer if he should succeed. As for Anastro himself, he was too frugal and too wary to risk his own life or to lose much of the premium. With tears streaming down his cheeks, he painted to his faithful cashier the picture which his master would present when men should point at him and say, "Behold yon bankrupt!"[1] protesting, therefore, that he would murder Orange and secure the reward, or perish in the attempt. Saying this, he again shed many tears. Venero, seeing his master thus disconsolate, wept bitterly likewise, and begged him not to risk his own precious life.[2] After this pathetic commingling of their grief, the merchant and his bookkeeper became more composed, and it was at last concerted between them that Juan Jaureguy should be intrusted with the job. Anastro had intended, as he said in a letter afterward intercepted, "to accomplish the deed with his own hand; but, as God had probably reserved him for other things, and particularly to be of service to his very affectionate friends, he had thought best to intrust the execution of the design to his servant."[3] The price paid by the master to the man for the work seems to have been but two thousand

[1] "Mirad aquel hombre que ha hecho bancarote," etc.—Confession of Venero, in Bref Recueil.

[2] "Todo lo dezia llorando e yo viendole tan desconsolado llorava mucho."—Ibid.

[3] ". . . Doch het mag wesen dat God mij noch heeft willen bewaren om dienst en vrundschap te mogen doen mijn geaffectioneerde vrienden, gelijk ik die hebbe op *sckere lijste*."—Letter of Anastro to the "very magnificent Lord, Martin Drogue, Sea-captain in Flushing," dated March 28, 1582, in Bor, xvii. 315. It must have been disagreeable to the very magnificent Drogue, and to Admiral Treslong, who received a letter of similar purport from Anastro, to find themselves inscribed on the list of "his affectionate friends" by this consummate villain.

eight hundred and seventy-seven crowns. The cowardly and crafty principal escaped. He had gone post-haste to Dunkirk, pretending that the sudden death of his agent in Calais required his immediate presence in that city. Governor Swevezeele of Dunkirk sent an orderly to get a passport for him from La Motte, commanding at Gravelines. Anastro, being on tenter-hooks lest the news should arrive that the projected murder had been consummated before he had crossed the border, testified extravagant joy on the arrival of the passport, and gave the messenger who brought it thirty pistoles. Such conduct naturally excited a vague suspicion in the mind of the governor, but the merchant's character was good, and he had brought pressing letters from Admiral Treslong. Swevezeele did not dare to arrest him without cause, and he neither knew that any crime had been committed, nor that the man before him was the criminal. Two hours after the traveler's departure the news arrived of the deed, together with orders to arrest Anastro; but it was too late. The merchant had found refuge within the lines of Parma.[1]

Meanwhile the prince lay in a most critical condition. Believing that his end was fast approaching, he dictated letters to the States-General, entreating them to continue in their obedience to the duke, than whom he affirmed that he knew no better prince for the government of the provinces. These letters were despatched by Sainte-Aldegonde to the assembly, from which body a deputation, in obedience to the wishes of Orange, was sent to Anjou with expressions of condolence and fidelity.[2]

On Wednesday a solemn fast was held, according to

[1] Bor, xvii. 314. Hoofd, xix. 803, 804.

[2] Korte Verhaal.

proclamation, in Antwerp, all work and all amusements being prohibited, and special prayers commanded in all the churches for the recovery of the prince. "Never within men's memory," says an account published at the moment in Antwerp, "had such crowds been seen in the churches, nor so many tears been shed."[1]

The process against Venero and Timmerman was rapidly carried through, for both had made a full confession of their share in the crime. The prince had enjoined from his sick-bed, however, that the case should be conducted with strict regard to justice, and when the execution could no longer be deferred, he had sent a written request, by the hands of Sainte-Aldegonde, that they should be put to death in the least painful manner. The request was complied with, but there can be no doubt that the criminals, had it not been made, would have expiated their offense by the most lingering tortures. Owing to the intercession of the man who was to have been their victim, they were strangled, before being quartered, upon a scaffold erected in the market-place, opposite the town house. This execution took place on Wednesday, the 28th of March.[2]

[1] Korte Verhaal.

[2] Bor, xvii. 314. The following is the text of this most interesting letter: "Monsieur de Sainte-Aldegonde: j'ay entendu que l'on doibt demain faire justice de deux prisonniers, estans complices de celuy qui m'a tiré le coup. De ma part, je leur pardonne tres volontiers de ce qu'ils me peuvent avoir offensé, et s'ils ont peut etre merité un chastoy et rigoureux, je vous prie vouloir tenir la main devers Messrs du Magistrat qu'ils ne les veuillent faire souffrir grand tourment et se contenter, s'ils l'ont merité d'une courte mort. Votre bien bon amy à vous faire service, Guillaume de Nassau."—Bref Recueil de l'Assassinat commis en la personne du tres illustre Prince d'Orange (Anvers, Chr. Plantin, 1582).

The prince, meanwhile, was thought to be mending, and thanksgivings began to be mingled with the prayers offered almost every hour in the churches; but for eighteen days he lay in a most precarious state. His wife hardly left his bedside, and his sister Catherine, Countess of Schwarzburg, was indefatigable in her attentions. The Duke of Anjou visited him daily, and expressed the most filial anxiety for his recovery; but the hopes, which had been gradually growing stronger, were on the 5th of April exchanged for the deepest apprehensions. Upon that day the cicatrix by which the flow of blood from the neck had been prevented, almost from the first infliction of the wound, fell off. The veins poured forth a vast quantity of blood; it seemed impossible to check the hemorrhage, and all hope appeared to vanish. The prince resigned himself to his fate, and bade his children "good night forever," saying calmly, "It is now all over with me."[1]

It was difficult, without suffocating the patient, to fasten a bandage tightly enough to stanch the wound; but Leonardo Botalli of Asti, body-physician of Anjou, was nevertheless fortunate enough to devise a simple mechanical expedient which proved successful. By his advice, a succession of attendants, relieving each other day and night, prevented the flow of blood by keeping the orifice of the wound slightly but firmly compressed with the thumb. After a period of anxious expectation the wound again closed, and by the end of the month the prince was convalescent. On the 2d of May he went to offer thanksgiving in the great cathedral,

[1] Bor, xvii. 314. Korte Verhaal. Bor, xvii. 316. Hoofd, xix. 806. Meteren, xi. 194. Letter of Mary of Orange to Count John, Archives et Corresp., viii. 88.

amid the joyful sobs of a vast and most earnest throng.[1]

The prince was saved, but unhappily the murderer had yet found an illustrious victim. The Princess of Orange, Charlotte de Bourbon,—the devoted wife who for seven years had so faithfully shared his joys and sorrows,—lay already on her death-bed. Exhausted by anxiety, long watching, and the alternations of hope and fear during the first eighteen days, she had been prostrated by despair at the renewed hemorrhage. A violent fever seized her, under which she sank on the 5th of May, three days after the solemn thanksgiving for her husband's recovery.[2] The prince, who loved her tenderly, was in great danger of relapse upon the sad event, which, although not sudden, had not been anticipated. She was laid in her grave on the 9th of May, amid the lamentations of the whole country,[3] for her virtues were universally known and cherished. She was a woman of rare intelligence, accomplishment, and gentleness of disposition, whose only offense had been to break, by her marriage, the church vows to which she had been forced in her childhood, but which had been pronounced illegal by competent authority, both ecclesiastical and lay. For this, and for the contrast which her virtues afforded to the vices of her predecessor, she was the mark of calumny and insult. These

[1] Hoofd (xix. 806) ascribes the superintendence of the cure to Botalli (as stated in the text). Bor and Meteren, however, only mention the name of Joseph Michaeli of Lucca. Bor does not speak at all of the singular expedient employed to stop the effusion of blood; Hoofd, Meteren, and others allude to it.

[2] Hoofd, Meteren, Bor, ubi sup.

[3] "With a stately procession of two thousand mourning mantles," says Hoofd, xix. 807.

attacks, however, had cast no shadow upon the serenity of her married life, and so long as she lived she was the trusted companion and consoler of her husband. "His Highness," wrote Count John in 1580, "is in excellent health, and, in spite of adversity, incredible labor, perplexity, and dangers, is in such good spirits that it makes me happy to witness it. No doubt a chief reason is the consolation he derives from the pious and highly intelligent wife whom the Lord has given him—a woman who ever conforms to his wishes, and is inexpressibly dear to him."[1]

The princess left six daughters—Louisa Juliana, Elizabeth, Catharina Belgica, Flandrina, Charlotta Brabantica, and Emilia Secunda.[2]

Parma received the first intelligence of the attempt from the mouth of Anastro himself, who assured him that the deed had been entirely successful, and claimed the promised reward. Alexander, in consequence, addressed circular letters to the authorities of Antwerp, Brussels, Bruges, and other cities, calling upon them, now that they had been relieved of their tyrant and their betrayer, to return again to the path of their duty and to the ever-open arms of their lawful monarch.[3] These letters were premature. On the other hand, the states of Holland and Zealand remained in permanent session, awaiting with extreme anxiety the result of the prince's wound. "With the death of his Excellency, if God should please to take him to himself," said the magistracy of Leyden, "in the death of the prince we all foresee our own death." It was, in truth, an anxious

[1] Apologie d'Orange, Archives, etc., vii. 333.

[2] Bor, xvii. 316. Meteren, xi. 195.

[3] Bor (xvii. 314, 315) gives the letters. Meteren, xi. 195.

moment, and the revulsion of feeling consequent on his recovery was proportionately intense.[1]

In consequence of the excitement produced by this event, it was no longer possible for the prince to decline accepting the countship of Holland and Zealand, which he had refused absolutely two years before, and which he had again rejected, except for a limited period, in the year 1581.[2] It was well understood, as appears by the treaty with Anjou, and afterward formally arranged, "that the duke was never to claim sovereignty over Holland and Zealand,"[3] and the offer of the sovereign countship of Holland was again made to the Prince of Orange in most urgent terms. It will be recollected that he had accepted the sovereignty on the 5th of July, 1581, only for the term of the war. In a letter dated Bruges, 14th of August, 1582, he accepted the dignity without limitation.[4] This offer and acceptance, however, constituted but the preliminaries, for it was further necessary that the letters of Renversal should be drawn up, that they should be formally delivered, and that a new constitution should be laid down, and confirmed by mutual oaths. After these steps had been taken, the ceremonious inauguration or rendering of homage was to be celebrated.

All these measures were duly arranged, except the last. The installation of the new Count of Holland was

[1] Bor, xvii. 316. Kluit, i. 292.

[2] Kluit, i. 262, 201 sqq.

[3] Ibid., i. 246, 247. Bor, xv. 182, 183.

[4] Bor, xv. 183, 184, 185. Compare Kluit, i. 213, 214. The deeds of offer and of acceptance were dated July 5, 1581. The oaths were exchanged between the estates and the prince July 24, two days before the Act of Abjuration. The letter of August 14, 1582, is given in Bor, xv. 186, 187.

prevented by his death, and the northern provinces remained a republic, not only in fact, but in name.[1]

In political matters the basis of the new constitution was the Great Privilege of the Lady Mary, the Magna Charta of the country. That memorable monument in the history of the Netherlands and of municipal progress had been overthrown by Mary's son, with the forced acquiescence of the states, and it was therefore stipulated by the new articles that even such laws and privileges as had fallen into disuse should be revived. It was furthermore provided that the little state should

[1] As the measures, therefore, were, after all, inchoate, a brief indication of these dates and objects will suffice to show the relative position of the prince and the people of Holland and Zealand. The act of acceptance by William the Silent of the proffered sovereignty was dated August 12, 1582 (Bor, xv. 186, 187). The letters patent, or the Renversal, as they were technically called, were drawn up and signed and sealed by the "three eldest nobles" (Bor, xv. 187. Kluit, i. 311, 312). They were then sent to all the cities, and received their twenty-five separate seals at different dates (Kluit, i. 311, 312, and Bijlagen, 451–463). The original was afterward delivered to the prince, and still exists, with its twenty-eight seals, among the Archives of the now royal family of Orange-Nassau (Kluit, i. 316). On the 6th of May, 1583, the states of Holland addressed a remarkable circular (Bor, xv. 187–190, who states that it was addressed only to the states of Utrecht, while Kluit, i. 322, shows that it was a general circular to the states of Utrecht, Friesland, Overyssel, Brabant, Flanders, Gelderland, and to the States-General also), giving an historical sketch of the life and services of William the Silent, together with the weighty reason which had induced them to urge the ancient countship of Holland upon his acceptance. This step they declared themselves to have taken "after frequent communication with our cities, and each of them; after ripe deliberation and counsel; after having heard the advice of the colleges and communities of the cities, as well as that of the magistracies and senates, and of all other persons whom it behooved to consult, and

be a free countship, and should thus silently sever its connection with the empire.[1]

With regard to the position of the prince as hereditary chief of the little commonwealth, his actual power was rather diminished than increased by his new dignity. What was his position at the moment? He was sovereign *during the war*, on the general basis of the authority originally bestowed upon him by the king's commission of stadholder. In 1581 his Majesty had been abjured and the stadholder had become sovereign.

whose counsel in matters of consequence is usually asked" (see the commentary of Kluit, i. 322–326). They, moreover, expressed the hope that the measure would meet with the approval of all their sister provinces and with the especial coöperation of those estates with which they were accustomed to act. On the 15th of November, 1583, the deputies of Zealand and Utrecht, thus especially alluded to, formally declared their intention to remain in their ancient friendship and union with Holland, "under one sovereignty and government" (Kluit, i. 329, 330). An act to this effect was drawn up, to be referred for ratification to their principals at the next assembly. It had, however, not been ratified when the proceedings were forever terminated by the prince's death (Kluit, 330, 351, 352, 353. Bor, xv. 186). Holland accepted this formality as sufficient, and the act of Renversal was accordingly delivered on the 7th of December, 1583 (Kluit, i. 330). On the 30th of the same month forty-nine articles (they are given in full by Bor, xv. 191–194), containing as sensible a plan for a free commonwealth as had ever been drawn up previously to that day in Christendom, were agreed upon by the prince and the estates as the fundamental conditions under which he should be invested with the countship. The prince, however, accepted the dignity and the articles only upon the further condition that the whole proceeding should be once more approved and confirmed by the senates of the cities (Kluit, i. 335. Compare Bor, 3, xv. 194[b]).

[1] Kluit, i. 346, 347. See Introduction to this work. Article 5. Kluit, i. 337, note 63.

He held in his hands the supreme power, *legislative, judicial, executive.* The counts of Holland—and Philip as their successor—were the great fountains of that triple stream. Concessions and exceptions had become so extensive, no doubt, that the provincial charters constituted a vast body of "liberties" by which the whole country was reasonably well supplied. At the same time all the power not expressly granted away remained in the breast of the count.[1] If ambition, then, had been William's ruling principle, he had exchanged substance for shadow, for the new state now constituted was a free commonwealth—a republic in all but name.

By the new constitution he ceased to be the source of governmental life, or to derive his own authority from above by right divine. The sacred oil which had flowed from Charles the Simple's beard was dried up. Orange's sovereignty was from the estates, as legal representatives of the people, and, instead of exercising all the powers not otherwise granted away, he was content with those especially conferred upon him. He could neither declare war nor conclude peace without the coöperation of the representative body. The appointing power was scrupulously limited. Judges, magistrates, governors, sheriffs, provincial and municipal officers, were to be nominated by the local authorities or by the estates, on the triple principle. From these triple nominations he had only the right of selection by advice and consent of his council. He was expressly enjoined to see that the law was carried to every man's door, without *any distinction* of persons, to submit himself to its behests, to watch against all impediments to the even flow of justice, to prevent false imprisonments, and to secure

[1] Kluit, i. 11–16 and 346 sqq.

trials for every accused person by the local tribunals. This was certainly little in accordance with the arbitrary practice of the past quarter of a century.

With respect to the great principle of taxation, stricter bonds even were provided than those which already existed. Not only the right of taxation remained with the states, but the count was to see that, except for war purposes, every impost was levied by a unanimous vote. He was expressly forbidden to tamper with the currency. As executive head, save in his capacity as commander-in-chief by land or sea, the new sovereign was, in short, strictly limited by self-imposed laws. It had rested with him to dictate or to accept a constitution. He had, in his memorable letter of August, 1582, from Bruges, laid down generally the articles prepared at Plessis and Bordeaux for Anjou, together with all applicable provisions of the "joyous entry" of Brabant, as the outlines of the constitution for the little commonwealth then forming in the north. To these provisions he was willing to add any others which, after ripe deliberation, might be thought beneficial to the country.

Thus limited were his executive functions. As to his judicial authority, it had ceased to exist. The Count of Holland was now the guardian of the laws, but the judges were to administer them. He held the sword of justice to protect and to execute, while the scales were left in the hands which had learned to weigh and to measure.

As to the count's legislative authority, it had become coördinate with, if not subordinate to, that of the representative body. He was strictly prohibited from interfering with the right of the separate or the general states to assemble as often as they should think proper,

and he was also forbidden to summon them outside their own territory.[1] This was one immense step in the progress of representative liberty, and the next was equally important. It was now formally stipulated that the estates were to deliberate upon all measures which "concerned justice and polity," and that no change was to be made—that is to say, no new law was to pass—without their consent as well as that of the council.[2] Thus the principle was established of two legislative chambers, with the right, but not the exclusive right, of initiation on the part of government, and in the sixteenth century one would hardly look for broader views of civil liberty and representative government. The foundation of a free commonwealth was thus securely laid, which, had William lived, would have been a representative monarchy, but which his death converted into a federal republic. It was necessary for the sake of unity to give a connected outline of these proceedings with regard to the sovereignty of Orange. The formal inauguration only remained, and this, as will be seen, was forever interrupted.

[1] Kluit, i. 347. [2] Article 20. Compare Kluit, i. 348.

## CHAPTER VI

Parma recalls the foreign troops—Siege of Oudenarde—Coolness of Alexander—Capture of the city and of Ninove—Inauguration of Anjou at Ghent—Attempt upon his life and that of Orange—Lamoral Egmont's implication in the plot—Parma's unsuccessful attack upon Ghent—Secret plans of Anjou—Dunkirk, Ostend, and other towns surprised by his adherents—Failure at Bruges—Suspicions at Antwerp—Duplicity of Anjou—The "French Fury"—Details of that transaction—Discomfiture and disgrace of the duke—His subsequent effrontery—His letters to the magistracy of Antwerp, to the estates, and to Orange—Extensive correspondence between Anjou and the French court and Orange and the estates—Difficult position of the prince—His policy—Remarkable letter to the States-General—Provisional arrangement with Anjou—Marriage of the Archbishop of Cologne—Marriage of Orange with Louisa de Coligny—Movements in Holland, Brabant, Flanders, and other provinces to induce the prince to accept sovereignty over the whole country—His steady refusal—Treason of Van den Berg in Guelders—Intrigues of Prince Chimay and Imbize in Flanders—Counter-efforts of Orange and the patriot party—Fate of Imbize—Reconciliation of Bruges—Death of Anjou.

During the course of the year 1582 the military operations on both sides had been languid and desultory, the Prince of Parma, not having a large force at his command, being comparatively inactive. In consequence, however, of the treaty concluded between the United States and Anjou, Parma had persuaded the Walloon provinces that it had now become absolutely

necessary for them to permit the entrance of fresh Italian and Spanish troops.[1] This, then, was the end of the famous provision against foreign soldiery in the Walloon treaty of reconciliation. The Abbot of St. Vaast was immediately despatched on a special mission to Spain, and the troops, by midsummer, had already begun to pour into the Netherlands.[2]

In the meantime Farnese, while awaiting these reinforcements, had not been idle, but had been quietly picking up several important cities. Early in the spring he had laid siege to Oudenarde, a place of considerable importance upon the Schelde, and celebrated as the birthplace of his grandmother, Margaret van Geest.[3] The burghers were obstinate; the defense was protracted; the sorties were bold, the skirmishes frequent and sanguinary. Alexander commanded personally in the trenches, encouraging his men by his example, and often working with the mattock or handling a spear in the assault, like a private pioneer or soldier. Toward the end of the siege he scarcely ever left the scene of operation, and he took his meals near the outer defenses, that he might lose no opportunity of superintending the labors of his troops. One day his dinner was laid for himself and staff in the open air, close to the intrenchment.[4] He was himself engaged in planting a battery against a weak point in the city wall, and would on no account withdraw for an instant. The

[1] Bor, xvii. 320, 321.

[2] Ibid. Compare Rec. Prov. Wall., t. v., MS.

[3] Bor, vii. 322. Strada, 2, iv. 225–234. Meteren, xi. 195. The city is in Flanders, on the Schelde, in the country of the ancient Nervii, from which valiant tribe, according to Meteren, it derived its name, Oude-narde, Oude Naarden, old Nervii (xi. 195[b]).

[4] Bor, ubi sup. Strada, 2, iv. 225–234.

table-cloth was stretched over a number of drumheads placed close together, and several nobles of distinction—Aremberg, Montigny, Richebourg, La Motte, and others—were his guests at dinner. Hardly had the repast commenced when a ball came flying over the table, taking off the head of a young Walloon officer who was sitting near Parma, and who was earnestly requesting a foremost place in the morrow's assault. A portion of his skull struck out the eye of another gentleman present. A second ball from the town fortifications, equally well directed, destroyed two more of the guests as they sat at the banquet—one a German captain, the other the judge-advocate general. The blood and brains of these unfortunate individuals were strewn over the festive board, and the others all started to their feet, having little appetite left for their dinner. Alexander alone remained in his seat, manifesting no discomposure. Quietly ordering the attendants to remove the dead bodies and to bring a clean table-cloth,[1] he insisted that his guests should resume their places at the banquet which had been interrupted in such ghastly fashion. He stated with very determined aspect that he could not allow the heretic burghers of Oudenarde the triumph of frightening him from his dinner or from the post of danger. The other gentlemen could, of course, do no less than imitate the impassibility of their chief, and the repast was accordingly concluded without further interruption. Not long afterward, the city, close pressed by so determined a commander, accepted terms, which were more favorable by reason of the respect which Alexander

[1] "... solus Alexander nec sedem nec vultum mutavit ... jubet auferri illinc, humarique cadavera, alia induci in *mensam lintea, alias dapes.*"—Strada, 2, v. 233.

chose to render to his mother's birthplace. The pillage was commuted for thirty thousand crowns, and on the 5th of July the place was surrendered to Parma almost under the very eyes of Anjou, who was making a demonstration of relieving the siege.[1]

Ninove, a citadel then belonging to the Egmont family, was next reduced. Here, too, the defense was more obstinate than could have been expected from the importance of the place, and as the autumn advanced, Parma's troops were nearly starved in their trenches, from the insufficient supplies furnished them. They had eaten no meat but horse-flesh for weeks, and even that was gone. The cavalry horses were all consumed, and even the chargers of the officers were not respected. An aide-de-camp of Parma fastened his steed one day at the door of the prince's tent, while he entered to receive his commander's instructions. When he came out again, a few minutes afterward, he found nothing but the saddle and bridle hanging where he had fastened the horse. Remonstrance was useless, for the animal had already been cut into quarters, and the only satisfaction offered to the aide-de-camp was in the shape of a steak. The famine was long familiarly known as the "Ninove starvation," but, notwithstanding this obstacle, the place was eventually surrendered.[2]

An attempt upon Lochem, an important city in Gelderland, was unsuccessful, the place being relieved by the Duke of Anjou's forces, and Parma's troops forced to abandon the siege. At Steenwyk the royal arms were more successful, Colonel Tassis, conducted by a treacherous Frisian peasant, having surprised the

[1] Strada, 2, v. 232–234. Compare Bor, xvii. 322; Hoofd, xix. 812.
[2] Strada, 2, v. 242.

city which had so long and so manfully sustained itself against Renneberg during the preceding winter. With this event the active operations under Parma closed for the year. By the end of the autumn, however, he had the satisfaction of numbering, under his command, full sixty thousand well-appointed and disciplined troops, including the large reinforcements recently despatched from Spain and Italy.[1] The monthly expense of this army—half of which was required for garrison duty, leaving only the other moiety for field operations—was estimated at six hundred and fifty thousand florins.[2] The forces under Anjou and the United Provinces were also largely increased, so that the marrow of the land was again in fair way of being thoroughly exhausted by its defenders and its foes.[3]

The incidents of Anjou's administration, meantime, during the year 1582, had been few and of no great importance. After the pompous and elaborate "homage-making" at Antwerp, he had, in the month of July, been formally accepted, by writing, as Duke of Guelders and Lord of Friesland. In the same month he had been ceremoniously inaugurated at Bruges as Count of Flanders—an occasion upon which the Prince of Orange had been present. In that ancient and stately city there had been, accordingly, much marching about under triumphal arches, much cannonading and haranguing, much symbol-work of suns dispelling fogs, with other cheerful emblems, much decoration of ducal shoulders with velvet robes lined with weasel-skin,

[1] 56,550 infantry and 3537 cavalry—total, 60,087 (Meteren, xi. 198[a]).

[2] 654,356 guldens (ibid.).

[3] Ibid., xi. 197. Tassis, vi. 433. Strada, 2, v. 244, 245.

much blazing of tar-barrels and torches.[1] In the midst of this event, an attempt was made upon the lives both of Orange and Anjou. An Italian named Basa and a Spaniard called Salseda were detected in a scheme to administer poison to both princes, and when arrested confessed that they had been hired by the Prince of Parma to compass this double assassination. Basa destroyed himself in prison. His body was, however, gibbeted, with an inscription that he had attempted, at the instigation of Parma, to take the lives of Orange and Anjou. Salseda, less fortunate, was sent to Paris, where he was found guilty, and executed by being torn to pieces by four horses. Sad to relate, Lamoral Egmont, younger son and namesake of the great general, was intimate with Salseda, and implicated in this base design.[2] His mother, on her death-bed, had especially recommended the youth to the kindly care of Orange.[3] The prince had ever recognized the claim, manifesting uniform tenderness for the son of his ill-starred friend; and now the youthful Lamoral—as if the name of Egmont had not been sufficiently contaminated by the elder brother's treason at Brussels—had become the comrade

[1] Bor, xvii. 328, 329, 332. Meteren, xi. 196. A rising sun, with the motto, "Fovet et discutit," was the favorite device of Anjou.

[2] Bor, xvii. 331. Hoofd, xix. 814, 815. Meteren, xi. 196. Egmont pretended to be studying alchemy with Salseda.

[3] Meteren, Hoofd, ubi sup. See a letter of Orange to Josse Borluut, October 11, 1580, requesting him to furnish young Lamoral with needful funds, adding: "Le principal point pour se faire valoir au chemin de la vertu pour auquel continuer au bien en mieulx, ay donné ordre qu'il soit guidé de personnes à ce bien propres et qualifiés."—Documents Inédits, par Kervyn de Volkaersbeke et J. Diegerich, ii. 158.

of hired conspirators against his guardian's life. The affair was hushed up, but the story was current and generally believed that Egmont had himself undertaken to destroy the prince at his own table by means of poison which he kept concealed in a ring. Sainte-Aldegonde was to have been taken off in the same way, and a hollow ring filled with poison was said to have been found in Egmont's lodgings.[1]

The young noble was imprisoned; his guilt was far from doubtful; but the powerful intercessions of Orange himself, combined with Egmont's near relationship to the French queen, saved his life, and he was permitted, after a brief captivity, to take his departure for France.[2]

The Duke of Anjou, a month later, was received with equal pomp in the city of Ghent. Here the ceremonies were interrupted in another manner. The Prince of Parma, at the head of a few regiments of Walloons, making an attack on a body of troops by which Anjou had been escorted into Flanders, the troops retreated in good order, and without much loss, under the walls of Ghent, where a long and sharp action took place, much to the disadvantage of Parma. The Prince of Orange and the Duke of Anjou were on the city walls during the whole skirmish, giving orders and superintending the movements of their troops, and at nightfall Parma

[1] "Wreede Turkshe wonderlijcke verhaalinge van dit leste verraet teghen Ducks Dangu (*sic*) en tegen den edelen P. v. Orangien," etc. (Leyden, 1582). This curious pamphlet, in the Duncan Collection, consists of a letter from Bruges of 25th July, and another from Antwerp of 27th July, 1582.

[2] Louise de Vaudemont, wife of Henry III., was daughter of the great Count Egmont's sister. She was, consequently, first cousin to young Lamoral.

was forced to retire, leaving a large number of dead behind him.[1]

The fifteenth day of December in this year was celebrated—according to the new ordinance of Gregory XIII.—as Christmas.[2] It was the occasion of more than usual merrymaking among the Catholics of Antwerp, who had procured, during the preceding summer, a renewed right of public worship from Anjou and the estates. Many nobles of high rank came from France to pay their homage to the new Duke of Brabant. They secretly expressed their disgust, however, at the close constitutional bonds in which they found their own future sovereign imprisoned by the provinces. They thought it far beneath the dignity of the "Son of France" to play the secondary part of titular Duke of Brabant, Count of Flanders, Lord of Friesland, and the like, while the whole power of government was lodged with the states. They whispered that it was time to take measures for the incorporation of the Netherlands into France, and they persuaded the false and fickle Anjou that there would never be any hope of his royal brother's assistance except upon the understanding that the blood and treasure of Frenchmen were to be spent to increase the power, not of upstart and independent provinces, but of the French crown.[3]

They struck the basest chords of the duke's base nature by awakening his jealousy of Orange. His whole soul vibrated to the appeal. He already hated

[1] Bor, xvii. 334. Strada, 2, v. 240, 241. Meteren, xi. 197.

[2] Bor, xvii. 338. Meteren, xi. 198 sqq. Hoofd, xix. 827. Strada, 2, v. 245.

[3] Bor, xvii. 339 sqq. Strada, 2, v. 246 sqq. Meteren, xi. 199, 200. Hoofd, xix. 837, 838.

the man by whose superior intellect he was overawed, and by whose pure character he was shamed. He stoutly but secretly swore that he would assert his own rights, and that he would no longer serve as a shadow, a statue, a zero, a Matthias.[1] It is needless to add that neither in his own judgment nor in that of his mignons were the constitutional articles which he had recently sworn to support, or the solemn treaty which he had signed and sealed at Bordeaux, to furnish any obstacles to his seizure of unlimited power, whenever the design could be cleverly accomplished. He rested not, day or night, in the elaboration of his plan.

Early in January, 1583, he sent one night for several of his intimate associates, to consult with him after he had retired to bed. He complained of the insolence of the states, of the importunity of the council which they had forced upon him, of the insufficient sums which they furnished both for him and his troops, of the daily insults offered to the Catholic religion. He protested that he should consider himself disgraced in the eyes of all Christendom should he longer consent to occupy his present ignoble position. But two ways were open to him, he observed: either to retire altogether from the Netherlands, or to maintain his authority with the strong hand, as became a prince. The first course would cover him with disgrace. It was therefore necessary for him to adopt the other. He then unfolded his plan to his confidential friends, La Fougère, De Fazy, Valette, the sons of Maréchal Biron, and others. Upon the same day, if possible, he was determined to take possession with his own troops of the principal cities in Flanders. Dunkirk, Dixmude, Dendermonde, Bruges,

[1] Bor, xvii. 339. Hoofd, xix. 837. Strada, 2, v. 247.

Ghent, Vilvorde, Alost, and other important places were to be simultaneously invaded, under pretext of quieting tumults artfully created and encouraged between the burghers and the garrisons, while Antwerp was reserved for his own especial enterprise. That important capital he would carry by surprise at the same moment in which the other cities were to be secured by his lieutenants.[1]

The plot was pronounced an excellent one by the friends around his bed, all of them eager for Catholic supremacy, for the establishment of the right divine on the part of France to the Netherlands, and for their share in the sacking of so many wealthy cities at once. These worthless mignons applauded their weak master to the echo; whereupon the duke leaped from his bed, and kneeling on the floor in his nightgown, raised his eyes and his clasped hands to heaven, and piously invoked the blessing of the Almighty upon the project which he had thus announced.[2] He added the solemn assurance that, if favored with success in his undertaking, he would abstain in future from all unchastity, and forego the irregular habits by which his youth had been stained. Having thus bribed the Deity and received the encouragement of his flatterers, the duke got into bed again. His next care was to remove the Seigneur du Plessis, whom he had observed to be often in colloquy with the Prince of Orange, his suspicious and guilty imagination finding nothing but mischief to himself in the conjunction of two such natures. He there-

[1] Bor, xvii. 339, 340. Meteren, xi. 200, 201. Hoofd, xix. 837, 838. Strada, 2, v. 248, 249.

[2] Deposition of La Fougère, the duke's maître d'hôtel, in Bor, xvii. 340. Hoofd, xix. 838.

fore dismissed Du Plessis, under pretext of a special mission to his sister Margaret of Navarre, but in reality that he might rid himself of the presence of an intelligent and honorable countryman.[1]

On the 15th January, 1583, the day fixed for the execution of the plot, the French commandant of Dunkirk, Captain Chamois, skilfully took advantage of a slight quarrel between the citizens and the garrison to secure that important frontier town. The same means were employed simultaneously, with similar results, at Ostend, Dixmude, Dendermonde, Alost, and Vilvorde, but there was a fatal delay at one important city. La Fougère, who had been with Chamois at Dunkirk, was arrested on his way to Bruges by some patriotic citizens who had got wind of what had just been occurring in the other cities, so that when Valette, the provost of Anjou, and Colonel La Rebours, at the head of fifteen hundred French troops, appeared before the gates, entrance was flatly refused. De Grijse, burgomaster of Bruges, encouraged his fellow-townsmen by words and stout action to resist the nefarious project then on foot against religious liberty and free government, in favor of a new foreign tyranny.[2] He spoke to men who could sympathize with and second his courageous resolution, and the delay of twenty-four hours, during which the burghers had time to take the alarm, saved the city. The whole population was on the alert, and the baffled Frenchmen were forced to retire from the gates, to avoid being torn to pieces by the citizens whom they had intended to surprise.

At Antwerp, meanwhile, the Duke of Anjou had been

[1] Hoofd, xix. 838. Strada, 2, v. 248.

[2] Bor, xvii. 340. Hoofd, xix. 834.

rapidly maturing his plan, under pretext of a contemplated enterprise against the city of Eindhoven, having concentrated what he esteemed a sufficient number of French troops at Borgerhout, a village close to the walls of Antwerp.

On the 16th of January suspicion was aroused in the city. A man in a mask entered the main guard-house in the night, mysteriously gave warning that a great crime was in contemplation, and vanished before he could be arrested. His accent proved him to be a Frenchman. Strange rumors flew about the streets. A vague uneasiness pervaded the whole population as to the intention of their new master, but nothing was definitely known, for of course there was entire ignorance of the events which were just occurring in other cities. The colonels and captains of the burgher guard came to consult the Prince of Orange. He avowed the most entire confidence in the Duke of Anjou, but, at the same time, recommended that the chains should be drawn, the lanterns hung out, and the drawbridge raised an hour earlier than usual, and that other precautions customary in the expectation of an attack should be duly taken. He likewise sent the burgomaster of the interior, Dr. Alostanus, to the Duke of Anjou, in order to communicate the suspicions created in the minds of the city authorities by the recent movements of troops.[1]

Anjou, thus addressed, protested in the most solemn manner that nothing was further from his thoughts

[1] Corte Verclaering, ghedaen by Burgemeesteren, Schepenen ende Raedt der Stadt Antwerpen, nopende den aenslaeg tegen de selve stadt aengerichtet den xvii deser maendt, Januari, 1583 (Antwerp, Christ. Plantin, 1583). This is the official account, published by authority immediately after the event, and the

than any secret enterprise against Antwerp. He was willing, according to the figure of speech which he had always ready upon every emergency, "to shed every drop of his blood in her defense." He swore that he would signally punish all those who had dared to invent such calumnies against himself and his faithful Frenchmen, declaring earnestly, at the same time, that the troops had only been assembled in the regular course of their duty. As the duke was so loud and so fervent; as he, moreover, made no objections to the precautionary measures which had been taken; as the burgomaster thought, moreover, that the public attention thus aroused would render all evil designs futile, even if any had been entertained, it was thought that the city might sleep in security for that night at least.[1]

On the following morning, as vague suspicions were still entertained by many influential persons, a deputation of magistrates and militia officers waited upon the duke, the Prince of Orange, although himself still feeling a confidence which seems now almost inexplicable, consenting to accompany them. The duke was more vehement than ever in his protestations of loyalty to his recent oaths, as well as of deep affection for the Netherlands,—for Brabant in particular, and for Antwerp most of all,—and he made use of all his vivacity to persuade the prince, the burgomasters, and the colonels that they had deeply wronged him by such unjust sus-

source whence Bor, Meteren, and other contemporary chroniclers have derived the details of this important transaction. Compare Bor, xvii. 341 sqq.; Meteren, xi. 201 sqq.; Hoofd, xix. 838, 839, sqq.; Reid., iii. 46.

[1] Corte Verclaering. Bor, Hoofd, Meteren, ubi sup. Ev. Reidani, iii. 46, 47.

picions. His assertions were accepted as sincere, and the deputation withdrew, Anjou having first solemnly promised, at the suggestion of Orange, not to leave the city during the whole day, in order that unnecessary suspicion might be prevented.[1]

This pledge the duke proceeded to violate almost as soon as made. Orange returned with confidence to his own house, which was close to the citadel, and therefore far removed from the proposed point of attack; but he had hardly arrived there when he received a visit from the duke's private secretary, Quinsay, who invited him to accompany his Highness on a visit to the camp. Orange declined the request, and sent an earnest prayer to the duke not to leave the city that morning. The duke dined as usual at noon. While at dinner he received a letter, was observed to turn pale on reading it, and to conceal it hastily in a muff which he wore on his left arm. The repast finished, the duke ordered his horse. The animal was restive, and so strenuously resisted being mounted that, although it was his usual charger, it was exchanged for another. This second horse started in such a flurry that the duke lost his cloak, and almost his seat. He maintained his self-possession, however, and placing himself at the head of his body-guard and some troopers, numbering in all three hundred mounted men, rode out of the palace yard toward the Kipdorp Gate.[2]

This portal opened on the road toward Borgerhout, where his troops were stationed, and at the present day bears the name of that village. It is on the side of the city farthest removed from and exactly opposite the

[1] Bor, xvii. 342. Corte Verclaering, etc.

[2] Hoofd, xix. 839–843. Meteren, xi. 201. Bor, xvii. 342.

river. The town was very quiet, the streets almost deserted; for it was one o'clock, the universal dinner-hour, and all suspicion had been disarmed by the energetic protestations of the duke. The guard at the gate looked listlessly upon the cavalcade as it approached; but as soon as Anjou had crossed the first drawbridge, he rose in his stirrups and waved his hand. "There is your city, my lads," said he to the troopers behind him; "go and take possession of it!"[1]

At the same time he set spurs to his horse, and galloped off toward the camp at Borgerhout. Instantly afterward a gentleman of his suite, Count Rochepot,[2] affected to have broken his leg through the plunging of his horse, a circumstance by which he had been violently pressed against the wall as he entered the gate. Kaiser, the commanding officer at the guard-house, stepped kindly forward to render him assistance, and his reward was a desperate thrust from the Frenchman's rapier. As he wore a steel cuirass, he fortunately escaped with a slight wound.[3]

The expression "broken leg" was the watchword, for at one and the same instant the troopers and guardsmen of Anjou set upon the burgher watch at the gate and butchered every man. A sufficient force was left to protect the entrance thus easily mastered, while the rest of the Frenchmen entered the town at full gallop,

[1] Corte Verclaering, etc. Bor, Meteren, Hoofd, ubi sup. Strada, 2, v. 249. Ev. Reid., iii. 47.

[2] "Dont le nom est enseveli dans l'oubli," says De Thou, adding, "et plût à Dieu que l'infamie de son action le fût aussi!" (tom. ix. liv. lxxvii. p. 37). Reyd, however, says it was Count Rochepot (Ann. Belg., 347). De Weert's MS. Journal also gives the name and the incident.

[3] De Thou, Reyd, Bor, Meteren, Hoofd.

shrieking: "Ville gaignée, ville gaignée! vive la messe! vive le Duc d'Anjou!" They were followed by their comrades from the camp outside, who now poured into the town at the preconcerted signal, at least six hundred cavalry and three thousand musketeers, all perfectly appointed, entering Antwerp at once. From the Kipdorp Gate two main arteries—the streets called the Kipdorp and the Meer—led quite through the heart of the city, toward the town house and the river beyond. Along these great thoroughfares the French soldiers advanced at a rapid pace, the cavalry clattering furiously in the van, shouting: "Ville gaignée, ville gaignée! vive la messe, vive la messe! tue, tue, tue!" [1]

The burghers, coming to door and window to look for the cause of all this disturbance, were saluted with volleys of musketry. They were for a moment astonished, but not appalled, for at first they believed it to be merely an accidental tumult. Observing, however, that the soldiers, meeting with but little effective resistance, were dispersing into dwellings and warehouses, particularly into the shops of the goldsmiths and lapidaries, the citizens remembered the dark suspicions which had been so rife, and many recalled to mind that distinguished French officers had during the last few days been carefully examining the treasures of the jewelers, under pretext of purchasing, but, as it now appeared, with intent to rob intelligently.[2]

The burghers, taking this rapid view of their position, flew instantly to arms. Chains and barricades were stretched across the streets; the trumpets sounded

[1] Corte Verclaering, etc. Bor, xvii. 343. Hoofd, xix. 841 sqq. Meteren, Reyd, ubi sup. Strada, 2, v. 249 sqq.

[2] Strada, 2, v. 252. Ev. Reidani, ii. 53.

through the city; the municipal guards swarmed to the rescue. An effective rally was made, as usual, at the Bourse, whither a large detachment of the invaders had forced their way. Inhabitants of all classes and conditions, noble and simple, Catholic and Protestant, gave each other the hand, and swore to die at each other's side in defense of the city against the treacherous strangers. The gathering was rapid and enthusiastic. Gentlemen came with lance and cuirass, burghers with musket and bandoleer, artisans with ax, mallet, and other implements of their trade. A bold baker standing by his oven—stark naked, according to the custom of bakers at that day—rushed to the street as the sound of the tumult reached his ear. With his heavy bread-shovel, which he still held in his hand, he dealt a French cavalry officer, just riding and screaming by, such a hearty blow that he fell dead from his horse. The baker seized the officer's sword, sprang, all unattired as he was, upon his steed, and careered furiously through the streets, encouraging his countrymen everywhere to the attack, and dealing dismay through the ranks of the enemy. His services in that eventful hour were so signal that he was publicly thanked afterward by the magistrates for his services, and rewarded with a pension of three hundred florins for life.[1]

The invaders had been forced from the Bourse, while another portion of them had penetrated as far as the market-place. The resistance which they encountered became every instant more formidable, and Fervacques, a leading French officer, who was captured on the occasion, acknowledged that no regular troops could have

[1] Corte Verclaering. Bor, xvii. 343. Meteren, xi. 201. Hoofd, xix. 841, 842. Strada, 2, v. 250. Tassis, vi. 435.

fought more bravely than did these stalwart burghers.[1] Women and children mounted to roof and window, whence they hurled not only tiles and chimney-pots, but tables, ponderous chairs, and other bulky articles, upon the heads of the assailants,[2] while such citizens as had used all their bullets loaded their pieces with the silver buttons from their doublets, or twisted gold and silver coins with their teeth into ammunition. With a population so resolute, the four thousand invaders, however audacious, soon found themselves swallowed up. The city had closed over them like water, and within an hour nearly a third of their whole number had been slain. Very few of the burghers had perished, and fresh numbers were constantly advancing to the attack. The Frenchmen, blinded, staggering, beaten, attempted to retreat. Many threw themselves from the fortifications into the moat. The rest of the survivors struggled through the streets—falling in large numbers at every step—toward the point at which they had so lately entered the city. Here at the Kipdorp Gate was a ghastly spectacle, the slain being piled up in the narrow passage full ten feet high, while some of the heap, not quite dead, were striving to extricate a hand or foot, and others feebly thrust forth their heads to gain a mouthful of air.[3]

From the outside, some of Anjou's officers were attempting to climb over this mass of bodies in order to enter the city; from the interior, the baffled and fugitive

[1] Ev. Reid., iii. 48.

[2] Bor, Hoofd, Meteren, Strada.

[3] Bor, xvii. 343, 344. Meteren, xi. 201. Hoofd, xix. 841, 842, 843. Strada, 2, v. 250. "Ut duorum altitudinem hominum exæquaret cadaverum strues."

remnant of their comrades were attempting to force their passage through the same horrible barrier; while many dropped at every instant upon the heap of slain, under the blows of the unrelenting burghers.[1] On the other hand, Count Rochepot himself, to whom the principal command of the enterprise had been intrusted by Anjou, stood directly in the path of his fugitive soldiers, not only bitterly upbraiding them with their cowardice, but actually slaying ten or twelve of them with his own hands,[2] as the most effectual mode of preventing their retreat. Hardly an hour had elapsed from the time when the Duke of Anjou first rode out of the Kipdorp Gate before nearly the whole of the force which he had sent to accomplish his base design was either dead or captive. Two hundred and fifty nobles of high rank and illustrious name were killed, recognized at once as they lay in the streets by their magnificent costume. A larger number of the gallant chivalry of France had been sacrificed—as Anjou confessed—in this treacherous and most shameful enterprise than had often fallen upon noble and honorable fields. Nearly two thousand of the rank and file had perished, and the rest were prisoners. It was at first asserted that exactly fifteen hundred and eighty-three Frenchmen had fallen, but this was only because this number happened to be the date of the year, to which the lovers of marvelous coincidences struggled very hard to make the returns of the dead correspond. Less than one hundred burghers lost their lives.[3]

[1] Meteren, xi. 201 sqq., who had his information from eye-witnesses. Compare Hoofd, Bor, Meteren, Strada, loc. cit.

[2] Hoofd, xix. 843. Reidani, iii. 47.

[3] According to a statement made by a French prisoner, more

*Matthias, Archduke of Austria.*

Anjou, as he looked on at a distance, was bitterly reproached for his treason by several of the high-minded gentlemen about his person, to whom he had not dared to confide his plot. The Duke of Montpensier protested vehemently that he washed his hands of the whole transaction, whatever might be the issue.[1] He was responsible for the honor of an illustrious house, which should never be stained, he said, if he could prevent it, with such foul deeds. The same language was held by Laval, by Rochefoucauld, and by the Maréchal de Biron, the last gentleman, whose two sons were engaged in the vile enterprise, bitterly cursing the duke to his face, as he rode through the gate after revealing his secret undertaking.[2]

Meanwhile Anjou, in addition to the punishment of hearing these reproaches from men of honor, was the victim of a rapid and violent fluctuation of feeling. Hope, fear, triumph, doubt, remorse, alternately swayed him. As he saw the fugitives leaping from the walls, he shouted exultingly, without accurately discerning what manner of men they were, that the city was his, that four thousand of his brave soldiers were there and were hurling the burghers from the battlements. On being made afterward aware of his error, he was proportionably depressed; and when it was obvious at last that the result of the enterprise was an absolute and disgraceful failure, together with a complete exposure of

than fifty gentlemen had been killed, of whom the poorest had six thousand livres annual income. Bor, xvii. 343. Compare Meteren, xi. 202; Ev. Reid., iii. 48; Strada, 2, v. 252; Hoofd, xix. 843.

[1] De Thou, t. ix. liv. lxxvii. 37.

[2] Hoofd, xix. 834. Bentivoglio, 2, ii. 268, 271. De Thou, loc. cit.

his treachery, he fairly mounted his horse and fled conscience-stricken from the scene.[1]

The attack had been so unexpected, in consequence of the credence that had been rendered by Orange and the magistracy to the solemn protestations of the duke, that it had been naturally out of any one's power to prevent the catastrophe. The prince was lodged in a part of the town remote from the original scene of action, and it does not appear that information had reached him that anything unusual was occurring until the affair was approaching its termination. Then there was little for him to do. He hastened, however, to the scene, and mounting the ramparts, persuaded the citizens to cease cannonading the discomfited and retiring foe. He felt the full gravity of the situation, and the necessity of diminishing the rancor of the inhabitants against their treacherous allies, if such a result were yet possible.[2] The burghers had done their duty, and it certainly would have been neither in his power nor his inclination to protect the French marauders from expulsion and castigation.

Such was the termination of the French Fury, and it seems sufficiently strange that it should have been so much less disastrous to Antwerp than was the Spanish Fury of 1576, to which men could still scarcely allude without a shudder. One would have thought the French more likely to prove successful in their enterprise than the Spaniards in theirs. The Spaniards were enemies against whom the city had long been on its guard. The

[1] Corte Verclaering. Meteren, xi. 201d. Bor, xvii. 343. Hoofd, xix. 842.

[2] Meteren, xi. 201d. Hoofd, xix. 843. Compare Bentivoglio, 2, ii. 271.

French were friends in whose sincerity a somewhat shaken confidence had just been restored. When the Spanish attack was made, a large force of defenders was drawn up in battle array behind freshly strengthened fortifications. When the French entered at leisure through a scarcely guarded gate, the whole population and garrison of the town were quietly eating their dinners. The numbers of the invading forces on the two occasions did not materially differ, but at the time of the French Fury there was not a large force of regular troops under veteran generals to resist the attack. Perhaps this was the main reason for the result, which seems at first almost inexplicable. For protection against the Spanish invasion the burghers relied on mercenaries, some of whom proved treacherous, while the rest became panic-stricken. On the present occasion the burghers relied on themselves. Moreover, the French committed the great error of despising their enemy. Recollecting the ease with which the Spaniards had ravished the city, they believed that they had nothing to do but to enter and take possession. Instead of repressing their greediness, as the Spaniards had done, until they had overcome resistance, they dispersed almost immediately into by-streets, and entered warehouses to search for plunder. They seemed actuated by a fear that they should not have time to rifle the city before additional troops should be sent by Anjou to share in the spoil.[1] They were less used to the sacking of Netherland cities than were the Spaniards, whom long practice had made perfect in the art of methodically butchering a population at first, before attention should be diverted to plundering and sup-

[1] Strada, 2, v. 252. Reidani, ii. 53.

plementary outrages. At any rate, whatever the causes, it is certain that the panic, which upon such occasions generally decides the fate of the day, seized upon the invaders, and not upon the invaded, almost from the very first. As soon as the marauders faltered in their purpose and wished to retreat, it was all over with them. Returning was worse than advance, and it was the almost inevitable result that hardly a man escaped death or capture.

The duke retreated the same day in the direction of Dendermonde, and on his way met with another misfortune, by which an additional number of his troops lost their lives. A dike was cut by the Mechlin citizens to impede his march, and the swollen waters of the Dill, liberated and flowing across the country which he was to traverse, produced such an inundation that at least a thousand of his followers were drowned.[1]

As soon as he had established himself in a camp near Berchem, he opened a correspondence with the Prince of Orange and with the authorities of Antwerp. His language was marked by wonderful effrontery. He found himself and soldiers suffering for want of food; he remembered that he had left much plate and valuable furniture in Antwerp; and he was therefore desirous that the citizens, whom he had so basely outraged, should at once send him supplies and restore his property. He also reclaimed the prisoners who still remained in the city, and to obtain all this he applied to the man whom he had bitterly deceived, and whose life would have been sacrificed by the duke had the enterprise succeeded.[2]

[1] Meteren, xi. 202[b]. Hoofd, xx. 848. Strada, 2, v. 251.

[2] Hoofd, xix. 844. Compare De Thou, t. ix. liv. lxxvii.

It had been his intention to sack the city, to reëstablish exclusively the Roman Catholic worship, to trample upon the constitution which he had so recently sworn to maintain, to deprive Orange by force of the Renversal by which the duke recognized the prince as sovereign of Holland, Zealand, and Utrecht;[1] yet notwithstanding that his treason had been enacted in broad daylight and in a most deliberate manner, he had the audacity to ascribe the recent tragic occurrences to chance. He had the further originality to speak of himself as an aggrieved person, who had rendered great services to the Netherlands, and who had only met with ingratitude in return. His envoys, MM. Landmater and Escolières, despatched on the very day of the French Fury to the burgomasters and senate of Antwerp, were instructed to remind those magistrates that the duke had repeatedly exposed his life in the cause of the Netherlands. The affronts, they were to add, which he had received, and the approaching ruin of the country, which he foresaw, had so altered his excellent nature as to engender the present calamity, which he infinitely regretted. Nevertheless, the senate was to be assured that his affection for the commonwealth was still so strong as to induce a desire on his part to be informed what course was now to be pursued with regard to him. Information upon that important point was therefore to be requested, while at the same time the liberation of the prisoners at Antwerp, and the restoration of the duke's furniture and papers, were to be urgently demanded.[2]

[1] Bor, xvii. 344.

[2] Bor (xvii. 344 sqq.) gives the instructions, together with the whole correspondence.

Letters of similar import were also despatched by the duke to the states of the union, while to the Prince of Orange his application was brief, but brazen. "You know well, my cousin," said he, "the just and frequent causes of offense which this people has given me. The insults which I this morning experienced cut me so deeply to the heart that they are *the only reasons* of the misfortune which has happened to-day. Nevertheless, to those who desire my friendship I shall show equal friendship and affection. Herein I shall follow the counsel you have uniformly given me, since I know it comes from one who has always loved me. Therefore I beg that you will kindly bring it to pass that I may obtain some decision, and that no injury may be inflicted upon my people. Otherwise the land shall pay for it dearly."[1]

To these appeals neither the prince nor the authorities of Antwerp answered immediately in their own names. A general consultation was, however, immediately held with the States-General, and an answer forthwith despatched to the duke by the hands of his envoys. It was agreed to liberate the prisoners, to restore the furniture, and to send a special deputation for the purpose of making further arrangements with the duke by word of mouth, and for this deputation his Highness was requested to furnish a safe-conduct.[2]

Anjou was overjoyed when he received this amicable communication. Relieved for a time from his fears as to the result of his crime, he already assumed a higher ground. He not only spoke to the states in a paternal tone, which was sufficiently ludicrous, but he had actually the coolness to *assure them of his forgiveness.* "He felt hurt," he said, "that they should deem a safe-conduct

[1] See the letter in Bor, xvii. 345ᵃ.

[2] Ibid., xvii. 345.

necessary for the deputation which they proposed to send. If they thought that *he had reason*, on account of the past, to feel offended, he begged them to believe that he had forgotten it all, and that he had buried the past in its ashes, even as if it had never been." He furthermore begged them—and this seemed the greatest insult of all—"*in future to trust to his word*, and to believe that if anything should be attempted to their disadvantage, he would be the very first to offer himself for their protection."[1]

It will be observed that in his first letters the duke had not affected to deny his agency in the outrage—an agency so flagrant that all subterfuge seemed superfluous. He in fact avowed that the attempt had been made by his command, but sought to palliate the crime on the ground that it had been the result of the ill treatment which he had experienced from the states. "The affronts which I have received," said he, both to the magistrates of Antwerp and to Orange, "have engendered the present calamity." So, also, in a letter written at the same time to his brother, Henry III., he observed that "the indignities which were put upon him, and the manifest intention of the states to make a Matthias of him, had been the cause of the catastrophe."[2]

He now, however, ventured a step farther. Presuming upon the indulgence which he had already experienced, and bravely assuming the tone of injured innocence, he ascribed the enterprise partly to accident, and partly to the insubordination of his troops. This was the ground which he adopted in his interviews with the states' commissioners. So also, in a letter addressed

[1] Bor, xvii. 345.

[2] Bor gives the letter, xvii. 348.

to Van der Tympel, commandant of Brussels, in which he begged for supplies for his troops, he described the recent invasion of Antwerp as entirely unexpected by himself, and beyond his control. He had been intending, he said, to leave the city and to join his army. A tumult had accidentally arisen between his soldiers and the guard at the gate. Other troops rushing in from without had joined in the affray, so that, to his great sorrow, an extensive disorder had arisen. He manifested the same Christian inclination to forgive, however, which he had before exhibited. He observed that "good men would never grow cold in his regard, or find his affection diminished." He assured Van der Tympel, in particular, of his ancient good will, as he knew him to be a lover of the commonweal.[1]

In his original communications he had been both cringing and threatening, but, at least, he had not denied truths which were plain as daylight. His new position considerably damaged his cause. This forgiving spirit on the part of the malefactor was a little more than the states could bear, disposed as they felt, from policy, to be indulgent, and to smooth over the crime as gently as possible. The negotiations were interrupted, and the authorities of Antwerp published a brief and spirited defense of their own conduct. They denied that any affront or want of respect on their part could have provoked the outrage of which the duke had been guilty. They severely handled his self-contradiction in ascribing originally the recent attempt to his just vengeance for past injuries, and in afterward imputing it to accident or sudden mutiny, while they cited the simultaneous attempts at Bruges, Dendermonde, Alost,

[1] See the letter to Van der Tympel in Bor, xvii. 345, 346.

Dixmude, Nieuport, Ostend, Vilvorde, and Dunkirk as a series of damning proofs of a deliberate design.[1]

The publication of such plain facts did not advance the negotiations when resumed. High and harsh words were interchanged between his Highness and the commissioners, Anjou complaining, as usual, of affronts and indignities, but when pushed home for particulars taking refuge in equivocation. "He did not wish," he said, "to reopen wounds which had been partially healed." He also affected benignity, and wishing to forgive and to forget, he offered some articles as the basis of a fresh agreement. Of these it is sufficient to state that they were entirely different from the terms of the Bordeaux treaty, and that they were rejected as quite inadmissible.[2]

He wrote again to the Prince of Orange,[3] invoking his influence to bring about an arrangement. The prince, justly indignant at the recent treachery and the present insolence of the man whom he had so profoundly trusted, but feeling certain that the welfare of the country depended at present upon avoiding, if possible, a political catastrophe, answered the duke in plain, firm, mournful, and appropriate language. He had ever manifested to his Highness, he said, the most uniform and sincere friendship. He had, therefore, the right to tell him that affairs were now so changed that his greatness and glory had departed. Those men in the Netherlands who but yesterday had been willing to die at the feet of his Highness were now so exasperated that they avowedly preferred an open enemy to a treacherous protector. He had hoped, he said, that after what had

[1] Bor, xvii. 346, 347. [2] Ibid., xvii. 347.

[3] From Vilvorde, January 25, 1583 (ibid., xvii. 347, 348).

happened in so many cities at the same moment his Highness would have been pleased to give the deputies a different and a more becoming answer. He had hoped for some response which might lead to an arrangement. He, however, stated frankly that the articles transmitted by his Highness were so unreasonable that no man in the land would dare open his mouth to recommend them. His Highness, by this proceeding, had much deepened the distrust. He warned the duke accordingly that he was not taking the right course to reinstate himself in a position of honor and glory, and he begged him, therefore, to adopt more appropriate means. Such a step was now demanded of him, not only by the country, but by all Christendom.[1]

This moderate but heartfelt appeal to the better nature of the duke, if he had a better nature, met with no immediate response.

While matters were in this condition, a special envoy arrived out of France, despatched by the king and queen mother on the first reception of the recent intelligence from Antwerp.[2] M. de Mirambeau, the ambassador, whose son had been killed in the Fury, brought letters of credence to the states of the union and to the Prince of Orange.[3] He delivered also a short, confidential note, written in her own hand, from Catherine de' Medici to the prince, to the following effect:

"My Cousin: The king, my son, and myself send you M. de Mirambeau to prove to you that we do not believe—for we esteem you an honorable man—

[1] The letter is given in Bor, xvii. 348.

[2] Ibid., xvii. 349. Meteren, xi. 202d.

[3] Bor, Meteren, ubi sup. Hoofd, xx. 849.

that you would manifest ingratitude to my son and to those who have followed him for the welfare of your country. We feel that you have too much affection for one who has the support of so powerful a prince as the King of France to play him so base a trick. Until I learn the truth, I shall not renounce the good hope which I have always indulged—that you would never have invited my son to your country without intending to serve him faithfully. As long as you do this, you may ever reckon on the support of all who belong to him. Your good cousin,

"CATHERINE."[1]

It would have been very difficult to extract much information or much comfort from this wily epistle. The menace was sufficiently plain, the promise disagreeably vague. Moreover, a letter from the same Catherine de' Medici had been recently found in a casket at the duke's lodgings in Antwerp. In that communication she had distinctly advised her son to reëstablish the Roman Catholic religion, assuring him that by so doing he would be enabled to marry the Infanta of Spain.[2] Nevertheless, the prince, convinced that it was his duty to bridge over the deep and fatal chasm which had opened between the French prince and the provinces, if

[1] Archives et Correspondance, viii. 148. Bor, xvii. 349.

[2] Hoofd is the authority for the anecdote, having heard it related by old inhabitants of the place. "Replantez la Religion Catholique dans Anvers," said Catherine, "et je me fais fort que vous vous marierez avec l'Infante d'Espagne" (xx. 846). Compare Strada, 2, v. 258, who alludes to the rumor, which was spread "either by Anjou or by Orange," that a marriage between the duke and the Infanta was in contemplation, and that Parma was privy to the scheme.

an honorable reconciliation were possible, did not attach an undue importance either to the stimulating or to the upbraiding portion of the communication from Catherine. He was most anxious to avert the chaos which he saw returning. He knew that while the tempers of Rudolph, of the English queen, and of the Protestant princes of Germany, and the internal condition of the Netherlands remained the same, it were madness to provoke the government of France, and thus gain an additional enemy, while losing their only friend. He did not renounce the hope of forming all the Netherlands—excepting, of course, the Walloon provinces already reconciled to Philip—into one independent commonwealth, freed forever from Spanish tyranny. A dynasty from a foreign house he was willing to accept, but only on condition that the new royal line should become naturalized in the Netherlands, should conform itself to the strict constitutional compact established, and should employ only natives in the administration of Netherland affairs. Notwithstanding, therefore, the recent treachery of Anjou, he was willing to treat with him upon the ancient basis. The dilemma was a very desperate one, for whatever might be his course, it was impossible that it should escape censure. Even at this day it is difficult to decide what might have been the result of openly braving the French government and expelling Anjou. The Prince of Parma—subtle, vigilant, prompt with word and blow—was waiting most anxiously to take advantage of every false step of his adversary. The provinces had been already summoned in most eloquent language to take warning by the recent fate of Antwerp, and to learn by the manifestation just made by Anjou of his real inten-

tions that their only salvation lay in a return to the king's arms.[1] Anjou himself, as devoid of shame as of honor, was secretly holding interviews with Parma's agents, Acosta and Flaminio Carnero,[2] at the very moment when he was alternately expressing to the states his resentment that they dared to doubt his truth, or magnanimously extending to them his pardon for their suspicions. He was writing letters full of injured innocence to Orange and to the states, while secretly caviling over the terms of the treaty by which he was to sell himself to Spain. Scruples as to enacting so base a part did not trouble the "Son of France." He did not hesitate at playing this doubly and trebly false game with the provinces, but he was anxious to drive the best possible bargain for himself with Parma. He offered to restore Dunkirk, Dixmude, and the other cities which he had so recently filched from the states, and to enter into a strict alliance with Philip; but he claimed that certain Netherland cities on the French frontier should be made over to him in exchange. He required, likewise, ample protection for his retreat from a country which was likely to be sufficiently exasperated. Parma and his agents smiled, of course, at such exorbitant terms.[3] Nevertheless, it was necessary to deal cautiously with a man who, although but a poor baffled rogue to-day, might to-morrow be seated on the throne of France. While they were all secretly haggling over the terms of the bargain, the Prince of Orange discovered the intrigue.[4] It convinced him of the necessity of closing with a man whose baseness was so profound, but whose position made his enmity, on the whole, more

[1] Bor, xvii. 348 sqq. Meteren, xi. 202d. Hoofd, xx. 849.
[2] Strada, ii. 257. [3] Ibid., ii. 255–257. [4] Ibid., ii. 257.

dangerous than his friendship. Anjou, backed by so astute and unscrupulous a politician as Parma, was not to be trifled with. The feeling of doubt and anxiety was spreading daily through the country: many men, hitherto firm, were already wavering, while at the same time the prince had no confidence in the power of any of the states, save those of Holland and Utrecht, to maintain a resolute attitude of defiance, if not assisted from without.

He therefore endeavored to repair the breach, if possible, and thus save the union. Mirambeau, in his conferences with the estates, suggested, on his part, all that words could effect. He expressed the hope that the estates would use their discretion "in compounding some sweet and friendly medicine" for the present disorder, and that they would not judge the duke too harshly for a fault which he assured them did not come from his natural disposition. He warned them that the enemy would be quick to take advantage of the present occasion to bring about, if possible, their destruction, and he added that he was commissioned to wait upon the Duke of Anjou, in order to assure him that, however alienated he might then be from the Netherlands, his Majesty was determined to effect an entire reconciliation.[1]

The envoy conferred also with the Prince of Orange, and urged him most earnestly to use his efforts to heal the rupture. The prince, inspired by the sentiments already indicated, spoke with perfect sincerity. His Highness, he said, had never known a more faithful and zealous friend than himself. He had begun to lose his

[1] Bor, xvii. 349. Compare Meteren, xi. 202, 203. Hoofd, xx. 850.

own credit with the people by reason of the earnestness with which he had ever advocated the duke's cause, and he could not flatter himself that his recommendation would now be of any advantage to his Highness. It would be more injurious than his silence. Nevertheless, he was willing to make use of all the influence which was left to him for the purpose of bringing about a reconciliation, provided that the duke were acting in good faith. If his Highness were now sincerely desirous of conforming to the *original treaty*, and willing to atone for the faults *committed by him on the same day in so many cities*,—offenses which could not be excused upon the ground of any affronts which he might have received from the citizens of Antwerp,—it might even now be possible to find a remedy for the past. He very bluntly told the envoy, however, that the frivolous excuses offered by the duke caused more bitterness than if he had openly acknowledged his fault. It were better, he said, to express contrition than to excuse himself by laying blame on those to whom no blame belonged, but who, on the contrary, had ever shown themselves faithful servants of his Highness.[1]

The estates of the union, being in great perplexity as to their proper course, now applied formally, as they always did in times of danger and doubt, to the prince for a public expression of his views.[2] Somewhat reluctantly, he complied with their wishes in one of the most admirable of his state papers.[3]

He told the states that he felt some hesitation in ex-

[1] Bor, xvii. 349.

[2] Ibid. Meteren, xi. 203b. Hoofd, xx. 851.

[3] It is given in full by Bor, xvii. 349–354, and abridged by Meteren, xi. 203–205, and by Hoofd, xx. 851–856.

pressing his views. The blame of the general ill success was always laid upon his shoulders, as if the chances of war could be controlled even by a great potentate with ample means at his disposal. As for himself, with so little actual power that he could never have a single city provided with what he thought a sufficient garrison, it could not be expected that he could command fortune. His advice, he said, was always asked, but ever judged good or evil according to the result, as if the issue were in any hands but God's. It did not seem advisable for a man of his condition and years, who had so often felt the barb of calumny's tongue, to place his honor again in the judgment-scale of mankind, particularly as he was likely to incur fresh censure for another man's crime.[1] Nevertheless, he was willing, for the love he bore the land, once more to encounter this danger.

He then rapidly reviewed the circumstances which had led to the election of Anjou, and reminded the estates that they had employed sufficient time to deliberate concerning that transaction. He recalled to their remembrance his frequent assurances of support and sympathy if they would provide any other means of self-protection than the treaty with the French prince. He thought it, therefore, unjust, now that calamity had sprung from the measure, to ascribe the blame entirely

[1] The prince was always keenly sensitive to attacks upon his honor. On the other hand, he was singularly exempt from "the last infirmity of noble minds." "To reply to what men tell me, *namely, that I have rendered my name sufficiently famous,*" he observed in a remarkable letter to his brother, at this period, "seems quite superfluous, *since never did such vanity* move me to so much labor, so many losses, and to confront such dangerous enmities."—Archives et Correspondance, viii. 354, 355.

to him, even had the injury been greater than the one actually sustained. He was far from palliating the crime, or from denying that the duke's rights under the treaty of Bordeaux had been utterly forfeited. He was now asked what was to be done. Of three courses, he said, one must be taken—they must make their peace with the king, or consent to a reconciliation with Anjou, or use all the strength which God had given them to resist, single-handed, the enemy. With regard to the first point, he resumed the argument as to the hopelessness of a satisfactory arrangement with the monarch of Spain. The recent reconciliation of the Walloon provinces and its shameful infraction by Parma in the immediate recall of large masses of Spanish and Italian troops showed too plainly the value of all solemn stipulations with his Catholic Majesty. Moreover, the time was unpropitious. It was idle to look, after what had recently occurred, for even fair promises. It was madness, then, to incur the enmity of two such powers at once. The French could do the Netherlands more harm as enemies than the Spaniards. The Spaniards would be more dangerous as friends, for in case of a treaty with Philip the Inquisition would be established in the place of a religious peace. For these reasons the prince declared himself entirely opposed to any negotiations with the crown of Spain.

As to the second point, he admitted that Anjou had gained little honor by his recent course, and that it would be a mistake on their part to stumble a second time over the same stone. He foresaw, nevertheless, that the duke—irritated as he was by the loss of so many of his nobles, and by the downfall of all his hopes in the Netherlands—would be likely to inflict great in-

juries upon their cause. Two powerful nations like France and Spain would be too much to have on their hands at once. How much danger, too, would be incurred by braving at once the open wrath of the French king and the secret displeasure of the English queen! She had warmly recommended the Duke of Anjou, she had said that honors to him were rendered to herself, and she was now entirely opposed to their keeping the present quarrel alive.[1] If France became their enemy, the road was at once opened through that kingdom for Spain. The estates were to ponder well whether they possessed the means to carry on such a double war without assistance. They were likewise to remember how many cities still remained in the hands of Anjou, and their possible fate if the duke were pushed to extremity.

The third point was then handled with vigor. He reminded the states of the perpetual difficulty of raising armies, of collecting money to pay for troops, of inducing cities to accept proper garrisons, of establishing a council which could make itself respected. He alluded briefly and bitterly to the perpetual quarrels of the

[1] Discourse of Orange, apud Bor, loc. cit. "... vous conseiller et vous admonestrer," wrote Elizabeth to the States-General, "que vous donnez bien garde d'offencer un Prince de sa qualité ... aijant déjà par *le mépris passé refroidi beaucoup en lui la première affection* qu'il vous portoit. (!) Car vous pourriez aisement penser que s'il est *si avant irrité par telles façons* de faire qu'il en devienne votre ennemi. Celui sera chose assez facile de se venger sur vous avec les moyens et la force que son frère lui pourra mettre en main," etc.—Lettre de la Ser^me^ Reine d'Anglet., MS., April 20, 1583. Ord. Dep. Boek der St.-Gen., A° 1582, 1583, f. 557^vo^. Compare Elizabeth's instructions to Sir John Somers, special envoy to the Duke of Anjou, Meteren, xi. 203.

states among themselves; to their mutual jealousy; to their obstinate parsimony; to their jealousy of the general government; to their apathy and inertness before impending ruin. He would not calumniate those, he said, who counseled trust in God. That was his sentiment also. To attempt great affairs, however, and, through avarice, to withhold sufficient means, was not trusting, but tempting God. On the contrary, it was trusting God to use the means which he offered to their hands.

With regard, then, to the three points, he rejected the first. Reconciliation with the King of Spain was impossible. For his own part, he would much *prefer the third course.* He had always been in favor of their maintaining independence by their own means and the assistance of the Almighty. He was obliged, however, in sadness, to confess that the narrow feeling of individual state rights, the general tendency to disunion, and the constant wrangling had made this course a hopeless one. There remained, therefore, only the second, and they must effect an honorable reconciliation with Anjou. Whatever might be their decision, however, it was meet that it should be a speedy one. Not an hour was to be lost. Many fair churches of God, in Anjou's power, were trembling on the issue, and religious and political liberty was more at stake than ever. In conclusion, the prince again expressed his determination, whatever might be their decision, to devote the rest of his days to the services of his country.[1]

The result of these representations by the prince, of frequent letters from Queen Elizabeth[2] urging a reconciliation, and of the professions made by the duke and

[1] Discourse of Orange, etc. [2] Meteren, xi. 203.

the French envoys, was a provisional arrangement, signed on the 26th and 28th of March. According to the terms of this accord, the duke was to receive thirty thousand florins for his troops, and to surrender the cities still in his power. The French prisoners were to be liberated, the duke's property at Antwerp was to be restored, and the duke himself was to await at Dunkirk the arrival of plenipotentiaries to treat with him as to a new and perpetual arrangement.[1]

The negotiations, however, were languid. The quarrel was healed on the surface, but confidence, so recently and violently uprooted, was slow to revive. On the 28th of June the Duke of Anjou left Dunkirk for Paris, never to return to the Netherlands, but he exchanged, on his departure, affectionate letters with the prince and the estates. M. des Pruneaux remained as his representative, and it was understood that the arrangements for reinstalling him as soon as possible in the sovereignty which he had so basely forfeited were to be pushed forward with earnestness.[2]

In the spring of the same year, Gerard Truchses, Archbishop of Cologne, who had lost his see for the love of Agnes Mansfeld, whom he had espoused in defiance of the pope, took refuge with the Prince of Orange at Delft.[3] A civil war in Germany broke forth, the Protestant princes undertaking to support the archbishop, in opposition to Ernest of Bavaria, who had been appointed in his place. The Palatine, John Casimir, thought it necessary to mount and ride as usual. Making his appearance at the head of a hastily collected

[1] See the accord, in twenty-one articles, in Bor, xvii. 355–357.
[2] Ibid., xviii. 371, 372, sqq. Meteren, xi. 206c.
[3] Bor, xviii. 360, 361.

force, and prepared for another plunge into chaos, he suddenly heard, however, of his elder brother's death at Heidelberg. Leaving his men, as was his habit, to shift for themselves, and Baron Truchses, the archbishop's brother, to fall into the hands of the enemy, he disappeared from the scene with great rapidity, in order that his own interests in the Palatinate and in the guardianship of the young palatines might not suffer by his absence.[1]

At this time, too, on the 12th of April, the Prince of Orange was married, for the fourth time, to Louisa, widow of the Seigneur de Teligny, and daughter of the illustrious Coligny.[2]

In the course of the summer, the states of Holland and Zealand, always bitterly opposed to the connection with Anjou, and more than ever dissatisfied with the resumption of negotiations since the Antwerp catastrophe, sent a committee to the prince in order to persuade him to set his face against the whole proceedings. They delivered at the same time a formal remonstrance, in writing (25th of August, 1583), in which they explained how odious the arrangement with the duke had ever been to them. They expressed the opinion that even the wisest might be sometimes mistaken, and that the prince had been bitterly deceived by Anjou and by the French court. They besought him to rely upon the assistance of the Almighty and upon the exertions of the nation, and they again hinted at the propriety of his accepting that supreme sovereignty over all the United Provinces which would be so gladly conferred, while, for their own parts, they voluntarily offered largely to

[1] Bor, ubi sup.

[2] Ibid, xviii. 366. Meteren, xi. 205. Hoofd, xx. 864.

increase the sums annually contributed to the common defense.[1]

Very soon afterward, in August, 1583, the states of the United Provinces assembled at Middelburg formally offered the general government—which, under the circumstances, was the general sovereignty—to the prince, warmly urging his acceptance of the dignity. He manifested, however, the same reluctance which he had always expressed, demanding that the project should beforehand be laid before the councils of all the large cities, and before the estates of certain provinces which had not been represented at the Middelburg diet. He also made use of the occasion to urge the necessity of providing more generously for the army expenses and other general disbursements. As to ambitious views, he was a stranger to them, and his language at this moment was as patriotic and self-denying as at any previous period. He expressed his thanks to the estates for this renewed proof of their confidence in his character, and this additional approbation of his course—a sentiment which he was always ready "as a good patriot to justify by his most faithful service." He reminded them, however, that he was no great monarch, having in his own hands the means to help and the power to liberate them; and that even were he in possession of all which God had once given him, he should be far from strong enough to resist, single-handed, their powerful enemy. All that was left to him, he said, was an "honest and moderate experience in affairs." With this he was ever ready to serve them to the utmost; but they knew very well that the means to make that experience available were to be drawn from the

[1] Bor, xviii. 397, 398.

country itself. With modest simplicity, he observed that he had been at work fifteen or sixteen years, doing his best, with the grace of God, to secure the freedom of the fatherland and to resist tyranny of conscience; that he alone—assisted by his brothers and some friends and relatives—had borne the whole burden in the beginning, and that he had afterward been helped by the states of Holland and Zealand, so that he could not but render thanks to God for his great mercy in thus granting his blessing to so humble an instrument, and thus restoring so many beautiful provinces to their ancient freedom and to the true religion. The prince protested that this result was already a sufficient reward for his labors, a great consolation in his sufferings. He had hoped, he said, that the estates, "taking into consideration his long-continued labors, would have been willing to excuse him from a new load of cares, and would have granted him some little rest in his already advanced age"; that they would have selected "some other person more fitted for the labor, whom he would himself faithfully promise to assist to the best of his abilities, rendering him willing obedience proportionate to the authority conferred upon him."[1]

Like all other attempts to induce the acceptance, by the prince, of supreme authority, this effort proved ineffectual, from the obstinate unwillingness of his hand to receive the proffered scepter.

In connection with this movement, and at about the

[1] Message of Orange to the States-General, MS., "Ghe exhibeert by sijne Exe^tre^ den vi. September, 1583," Ordinaris Depêchen Boek der St.-Gen., A° 1583, 1584, f. 21, 22, Hague Archives. This very important and characteristic document has never been published.

same epoch, Jacob Swerius, member of the Brabant council, with other deputies, waited upon Orange, and formally tendered him the sovereign dukedom of Brabant,[1] forfeited and vacant by the late crime of Anjou. The prince, however, resolutely refused to accept the dignity, assuring the committee that he had not the means to afford the country as much protection as they had a right to expect from their sovereign. He added that "he would never give the King of Spain the right to say that the Prince of Orange had been actuated by no other motives in his career than the hope of self-aggrandizement, and the desire to deprive his Majesty of the provinces in order to appropriate them to himself."[2]

Accordingly, firmly refusing to heed the overtures of the United States, and of Holland in particular, he continued to further the reëstablishment of Anjou—a measure in which, as he deliberately believed, lay the only chance of union and independence.

The Prince of Parma, meantime, had not been idle. He had been unable to induce the provinces to listen to his wiles and to rush to the embrace of the monarch whose arms he described as ever open to the repentant. He had, however, been busily occupied in the course of the summer in taking up many of the towns which the treason of Anjou had laid open to his attacks.[3]

[1] Bor, xix. 455b, who had his information from Jacob Swerius himself. Compare Wagenaer, vii. 484.

[2] "Maer dat het syne Excellentie afsloeg seggende den middel van sich selven niet te hebben om dat te beschermen en dat hy ook de Koning van Spangien geen oorsake wilde geven te seggen dat hy anders niet hadde gesocht dan hem alle sijne landen of te nemen."—Bor, loc. cit.

[3] Strada, 2, v. 259 sqq.

Eindhoven, Diest, Dunkirk, Nieuport, and other places were successively surrendered to royalist generals.[1] On the 22d of September, 1583, the city of Zutphen, too, was surprised by Colonel Tassis, on the fall of which most important place the treason of Orange's brother-in-law, Count van den Berg, governor of Guelders, was revealed. His fidelity had been long suspected, particularly by Count John of Nassau, but always earnestly vouched for by his wife and by his sons.[2] On the capture of Zutphen, however, a document was found and made public by which Van den Berg bound himself to deliver the principal cities of Guelders and Zutphen, beginning with Zutphen itself, into the hands of Parma, on condition of receiving the pardon and friendship of the king.[3]

Not much better could have been expected of Van den Berg. His pusillanimous retreat from his post in Alva's time will be recollected, and it is certain that the prince had never placed implicit confidence in his character. Nevertheless, it was the fate of this great man

[1] Bor, xviii. 366, 367, 371, 372. Strada, 2, v. 259–266. Meteren, xi. 206, 207. Hoofd, xx. 866–872. Tassis, vi. 436, 437, 440.

[2] See the letters of the various members of the family, in Archives et Correspondance, vii. passim.

[3] See the agreement (signed and sealed upon the 25th of August, 1583), apud Bor, 3, xviii. 402. He had succeeded Count John in the stadholderate of Guelders in 1581, but the appointment had never been particularly agreeable to the Prince of Orange. When applied to by Van den Berg for a recommendation, he had thus addressed the estates of Guelders: "My brother-in-law, desirous of obtaining the government of your province, has asked for my recommendation. He professes the greatest enthusiasm for the service and the just cause of the fatherland. I could wish that he had shown it sooner. Nevertheless, 't is better late than never."—Ev. Reid., 37. Hoofd, xx. 875.

to be often deceived by the friends whom he trusted, although never to be outwitted by his enemies. Van den Berg was arrested on the 15th of November, carried to The Hague, examined, and imprisoned for a time in Delfshaven. After a time he was, however, liberated, when he instantly, with all his sons, took service under the king.[1]

While treason was thus favoring the royal arms in the north, the same powerful element, to which so much of the Netherland misfortunes had always been owing, was busy in Flanders.

Toward the end of the year 1583 the Prince of Chimay, eldest son of the Duke of Aerschot, had been elected governor of that province.[2] This noble was as unstable in character, as vain, as unscrupulous, and as ambitious as his father and uncle. He had been originally desirous of espousing the eldest daughter of the Prince of Orange, afterward the Countess of Hohenlo; but the Duchess of Aerschot was too strict a Catholic to consent to the marriage,[3] and her son was afterward united to the Countess of Meghen, widow of Lancelot Berlaymont.[4]

As affairs seemed going on prosperously for the states in the beginning of this year, the Prince of Chimay had affected a strong inclination for the Reformed religion, and as governor of Bruges he had appointed many members of that Church to important offices, to the exclusion of Catholics. By so decided a course he ac-

[1] Bor, xviii. 402. Hoofd, xx. 875. Archives et Corresp., viii. 288 sqq.

[2] Bor, xviii. 406 sqq. Meteren, xi. 206, 207.

[3] Meteren, xii. 209.

[4] The same lady whose charms and whose dower had so fatal an influence upon the career of Count Renneberg.

quired the confidence of the patriot party, and at the end of the year he became governor of Flanders. No sooner was he installed in this post than he opened a private correspondence with Parma; for it was his intention to make his peace with the king, and to purchase pardon and advancement by the brilliant service which he now undertook of restoring this important province to the royal authority. In the arrangement of his plans he was assisted by Champagny, who, as will be recollected, had long been a prisoner in Ghent, but whose confinement was not so strict as to prevent frequent intercourse with his friends without.[1] Champagny was indeed believed to be the life of the whole intrigue. The plot was, however, forwarded by Imbize, the roaring demagogue whose republicanism could never reconcile itself with what he esteemed the aristocratic policy of Orange, and whose stern puritanism could be satisfied with nothing short of a general extermination of Catholics. This man, after having been allowed to depart, infamous and contemptible, from the city which he had endangered, now ventured, after five years, to return, and to engage in fresh schemes which were even more criminal than his previous enterprises. The uncompromising foe to Romanism, the advocate of Grecian and Genevan democracy now allied himself with Champagny and with Chimay to effect a surrender of Flanders to Philip and to the Inquisition. He succeeded in getting himself elected chief senator in Ghent, and forthwith began to use all his influence to further the secret plot.[2] The joint efforts and intrigues

[1] Bor, xviii. 406. Meteren, xii. 211. Ev. Reidani, iii. 55.

[2] Bor, xviii. 407. Meteren, xii. 211, 212. Hoofd, xx. 885, 886. Van der Vynckt, iii. 104-110.

of Parma, Champagny, Chimay, and Imbize were near being successful. Early in the spring of 1584 a formal resolution was passed by the government of Ghent to open negotiations with Parma. Hostages were accordingly exchanged, and a truce of three weeks was agreed upon, during which an animated correspondence was maintained between the authorities of Ghent and the Prince of Chimay on the one side, and the United States-General, the magistracy of Antwerp, the states of Brabant, and other important bodies on the other.

The friends of the union and of liberty used all their eloquence to arrest the city of Ghent in its course, and to save the province of Flanders from accepting the proposed arrangement with Parma. The people of Ghent were reminded that the chief promoter of this new negotiation was Champagny,[1] a man who owed a deep debt of hatred to their city for the long and, as he believed, the unjust confinement which he had endured within its walls. Moreover, he was the brother of Granvelle, source of all their woes. To take counsel with Champagny was to come within reach of a deadly foe, for "he who confesses himself to a wolf," said the burgomasters of Antwerp, "will get wolf's

[1] Bor, xviii. 407, 410–419. "There is a report," wrote the Prince of Orange to the magistracy of Ghent, "that a passport has been given to one of our most especial enemies (eenen van onse partiaelste vyanden) to come within the city of Ghent in order to converse with Champagny by word of mouth (mondelinge met Champigny te spreecken)."—Letter of May 31, in De Jonghe, Onuitgegevene Stukken 's Gravenhage und Amsterdam, 1827. "'T is Champagny who is at the bottom of all these proceedings," wrote the states of Brabant to the magistrates of Ghent (letter of March 14, in Bor, xviii. 415, 416).

absolution." The Flemings were warned by all their correspondents that it was puerile to hope for faith in Philip, a monarch whose first principle was that promises to heretics were void. They were entreated to pay no heed to the "sweet singing of the royalists," who just then affected to disapprove of the practice adopted by the Spanish Inquisition, that they might more surely separate them from their friends. "Imitate not," said the magistrates of Brussels, "the foolish sheep who made with the wolves a treaty of perpetual amity from which the faithful dogs were to be excluded." It was affirmed—and the truth was certainly beyond peradventure—that religious liberty was dead at the moment when the treaty with Parma should be signed. "To look for political privilege or evangelical liberty," said the Antwerp authorities, "in any arrangement with the Spaniards is to look for light in darkness, for fire in water." "Philip is himself the slave of the Inquisition," said the States-General, "and has but one great purpose in life—to cherish the institution everywhere, and particularly in the Netherlands. Before Margaret of Parma's time one hundred thousand Netherlanders had been burned or strangled, and Alva had spent seven years in butchering and torturing many thousands more." The magistrates of Brussels used similar expressions.[1] "The King of Spain," said they to their brethren of Ghent, "is fastened to the Inquisition. Yea, he is so much in its power that even if he desired he is

[1] Letter of the burgomasters of Antwerp to the authorities of Ghent, in Bor, xviii. 417. Letter from the magistrates of Brussels to those of Ghent, March 16, 1584, ibid., xviii. 414. Letter of States-General to Prince of Chimay and the bailiffs of Bruges, March 17, 1584, ibid., 3, xviii. 410b.

unable to maintain his promises."[1] The Prince of Orange, too, was indefatigable in public and private efforts to counteract the machinations of Parma and the Spanish party in Ghent. He saw with horror the progress which the political decomposition of that most important commonwealth was making, for he considered the city the keystone to the union of the provinces, and he felt with a prophetic instinct that its loss would entail that of all the southern provinces, and make a united and independent Netherland state impossible. Already, in the summer of 1583, he addressed a letter full of wisdom and of warning to the authorities of Ghent—a letter in which he set fully before them the iniquity and stupidity of their proceedings, while at the same time he expressed himself with so much dexterity and caution as to avoid giving offense, by accusations which he made, as it were, hypothetically, when, in truth, they were real ones.[2]

These remonstrances were not fruitless, and the authorities and citizens of Ghent once more paused ere they stepped from the precipice. While they were thus wavering, the whole negotiation with Parma was abruptly brought to a close by a new incident, the demagogue Imbize having been discovered in a secret attempt to obtain possession of the city of Dendermonde and deliver it to Parma.[3] The old acquaintance, ally, and enemy of Imbize, the Seigneur de Ryhove, was commandant of the city. and information was privately con-

[1] Letter of magistrates of Brussels, in Bor, xviii. 414.

[2] The letter is published, together with others of great interest, by De Jonghe, Onuitgegevene Stukken, 84–92.

[3] Bor, xviii. 420. Meteren, xi. 212. Hoofd, xx. 886. Van der Vynckt, iii. 105–110.

veyed to him of the design before there had been time for its accomplishment. Ryhove, being thoroughly on his guard, arrested his old comrade, who was shortly afterward brought to trial, and executed at Ghent.[1] John van Imbize had returned to the city from which the contemptuous mercy of Orange had permitted him formerly to depart, only to expiate fresh turbulence and fresh treason by a felon's death. Meanwhile the citizens of Ghent, thus warned by word and deed, passed an earnest resolution to have no more intercourse with Parma, but to abide faithfully by the union.[2] Their example was followed by the other Flemish cities, excepting, unfortunately, Bruges; for that important town, being entirely in the power of Chimay, was now surrendered by him to the royal government. On the 20th of May, 1584, Baron Montigny, on the part of Parma, signed an accord with the Prince of Chimay, by which the city was restored to his Majesty, and by which all inhabitants not willing to abide by the Roman Catholic religion were permitted to leave the land. The prince was received with favor by Parma on conclusion of the transaction, and subsequently met with advancement from the king, while the princess, who had embraced the Reformed religion, retired to Holland.[3]

The only other city of importance gained on this occasion by the government was Ypres, which had been long besieged, and was soon afterward forced to yield. The new bishop, on taking possession, resorted to instant measures for cleansing a place which had been so long in the hands of the infidels, and as the first step in

[1] Van der Vynckt, iii. 110. Meteren, xii. 213a. In the month of August, 1584.

[2] Bor, xviii. 420.

[3] Ibid., xviii. 420–423.

this purification the bodies of many heretics, who had been buried for years, were taken from their graves and publicly hanged in their coffins. All living adherents to the Reformed religion were instantly expelled from the place.[1]

Ghent and the rest of Flanders were, for the time, saved from the power of Spain, the inhabitants being confirmed in their resolution of sustaining their union with the other provinces by the news from France. Early in the spring the negotiations between Anjou and the States-General had been earnestly renewed, and Junius, Mouillerie, and Asseliers had been despatched on a special mission to France for the purpose of arranging a treaty with the duke. On the 19th of April, 1584, they arrived in Delft, on their return, bringing warm letters from the French court, full of promises to assist the Netherlands; and it was understood that a constitution, upon the basis of the original arrangement of Bordeaux, would be accepted by the duke.[2] These arrangements were, however, forever terminated by the death of Anjou, who had been ill during the whole course of the negotiations. On the 10th of June, 1584, he expired at Château-Thierry, in great torture, sweating blood from every pore, and under circumstances which, as usual, suggested strong suspicions of poison.[3]

[1] Bor, xviii. 425. Hoofd, xx. 887.

[2] Bor, xviii. 423.

[3] Ibid., xviii. 426. Meteren, xii. 214. Hoofd, xx. 890, 891. Ev. Reidani, iii. 54. De Thou, ix. 181–184.

## CHAPTER VII

Various attempts upon the life of Orange—Delft—Mansion of the prince described—Francis Guion, or Balthazar Gérard—His antecedents—His correspondence and interviews with Parma and with D'Assonleville—His employment in France—His return to Delft and interview with Orange—The crime—The confession—The punishment—The consequences—Concluding remarks.

It has been seen that the ban against the Prince of Orange had not been hitherto without fruits, for, although unsuccessful, the efforts to take his life and earn the promised guerdon had been incessant. The attempts of Jaureguy at Antwerp, of Salseda and Basa at Bruges, have been related, and in March, 1583, moreover, one Pietro Dordogno was executed in Antwerp for endeavoring to assassinate the prince. Before his death he confessed that he had come from Spain solely for the purpose, and that he had conferred with La Motte, governor of Gravelines, as to the best means of accomplishing his design.[1] In April, 1584, Hans Hanzoon, a merchant of Flushing, had been executed for attempting to destroy the prince by means of gunpowder, concealed under his house in that city, and under his seat in the church. He confessed that he had deliberately formed the intention of performing the deed, and that he had discussed the details of the enterprise with the Spanish

[1] Meteren, xi. 205a.

ambassador in Paris.[1] At about the same time, one Le Goth, a captive French officer, had been applied to by the Marquis de Richebourg, on the part of Alexander of Parma, to attempt the murder of the prince. Le Goth had consented, saying that nothing could be more easily done, and that he would undertake to poison him in a dish of eels, of which he knew him to be particularly fond. The Frenchman was liberated with this understanding, but, being very much the friend of Orange, straightway told him the whole story, and remained ever afterward a faithful servant of the states.[2] It is to be presumed that he excused the treachery to which he owed his escape from prison on the ground that faith was no more to be kept with murderers than with heretics. Thus within two years there had been five distinct attempts to assassinate the prince, all of them with the privity of the Spanish government. A sixth was soon to follow.

In the summer of 1584 William of Orange was residing at Delft,[3] where his wife, Louisa de Coligny, had given birth, in the preceding winter, to a son, afterward the celebrated stadholder, Frederick Henry. The child had received these names from his two godfathers, the kings of Denmark and of Navarre, and his baptism

[1] Meteren, xi. 205d. Bor, xviii. 423. Hoofd, xx. 892.

[2] Meteren, xi. 205, 206. Hoofd, xx. 891, 892. He is sometimes called Gott.

[3] He had removed thither from Antwerp on the 22d July, 1583. His departure from the commercial metropolis had been hastened by an indignity offered to him by a portion of the populace, on the occasion of some building which had been undertaken in the neighborhood of the citadel. A senseless rumor had been circulated that the prince had filled the castle with French troops and was about to surrender it to Anjou. Although the falsehood of

had been celebrated with much rejoicing on the 12th of June, in the place of his birth.[1]

It was a quiet, cheerful, yet somewhat drowsy little city, that ancient burgh of Delft. The placid canals by which it was intersected in every direction were all planted with whispering, umbrageous rows of limes and poplars, and along these watery highways the traffic of the place glided so noiselessly that the town seemed the abode of silence and tranquillity. The streets were clean and airy, the houses well built, the whole aspect of the place thriving.

One of the principal thoroughfares was called the old Delft Street. It was shaded on both sides by lime-trees, which in that midsummer season covered the surface of the canal which flowed between them with their light and fragrant blossoms. On one side of this street was the "old kirk," a plain, antique structure of brick, with lancet-windows, and with a tall, slender tower, which inclined, at a very considerable angle, toward a house upon the other side of the canal. That house was the mansion of William the Silent. It stood directly opposite the church, being separated by a spacious court-yard from the street, while the stables and other offices in the rear extended to the city wall. A narrow lane, opening out of Delft Street, ran along the side of the house and court, in the direction of the ramparts. The house was a plain, two-storied edifice of brick, with red-tiled roof, and had formerly been a cloister dedicated

the report had been publicly demonstrated, and although the better portion of the citizens felt indignant at its existence, yet the calumniators had not been punished. The prince, justly aggrieved, retired, accordingly, from the city (Meteren, xi. 207, 208).

[1] Bor, xviii. 407[b]. Hoofd, xx. 883.

to St. Agatha, the last prior of which had been hanged by the furious Lumey de la Marck.

The news of Anjou's death had been brought to Delft by a special messenger from the French court. On Sunday morning, the 8th of July, 1584, the Prince of Orange, having read the despatches before leaving his bed, caused the man who had brought them to be summoned, that he might give some particular details by word of mouth concerning the last illness of the duke.[1] The courier was accordingly admitted to the prince's bedchamber, and proved to be one Francis Guion, as he called himself. This man had, early in the spring, claimed and received the protection of Orange, on the ground of being the son of a Protestant at Besançon who had suffered death for his religion, and of his own ardent attachment to the Reformed faith.[2] A pious, psalm-singing, thoroughly Calvinistic youth he seemed

[1] Bor, xviii. 427 sqq. Meteren, xii. 214 sqq. Hoofd, xx. 892–894 sqq. Wagenaer, vii. 529 sqq. Le Petit, Grande Chronique des P. B., liv. v.

[2] The main source from which the historians cited in the last note and all other writers have derived their account of Balthazar Gérard, his crime and punishment, is the official statement drawn up by order of the States-General, entitled "Verhaal van de moordt ghedaen aen den personne des doorluchtigen fursten ende heeren Wilhelms Prince van Oraengien," etc. (Delft, A° 1584), of which a copy may be found in the Duncan Collection in the Royal Library at The Hague. The basis of this account was the Confession of Balthazar, written in the convent of St. Agatha (or Prinzen Hof, the residence of Orange) immediately after his arrest, together with his answers to the interrogatories between the 10th and 14th of July. The Confession has been recently published by M. Gachard (Acad. Roy. de Belg., t. xx. No. 9, Bulletins) from an old and probably contemporaneous MS. copy. A very curious pamphlet—a copy of which also may be found in the Duncan Collection—should also be consulted, called "Historie Balthazars

to be, having a Bible or a hymn-book under his arm whenever he walked the street, and most exemplary in his attendance at sermon and lecture. For the rest, a singularly unobtrusive personage, twenty-seven years of age, low of stature, meager, mean-visaged, muddy-complexioned, and altogether a man of no account—quite insignificant in the eyes of all who looked upon him. If there were one opinion in which the few who had taken the trouble to think of the puny, somewhat shambling stranger from Burgundy at all coincided, it was that he was inoffensive, but quite incapable of any important business. He seemed well educated, claimed to be of respectable parentage, and had considerable facility of speech, when any person could be found who thought it worth while to listen to him; but on the whole he attracted little attention.

Geraerts alias Serach, die den Tyran van 't Nederlandt den Princen van Orangie doorschoten heeft: ende is darom duer grouwelijcke ende vele tormenten binnen de stadt van Delft openbaerlijck ghedoodt, 1584" (with no name of place or publisher). This account, by a very bitter royalist and papist,—perhaps a personal acquaintance of Gérard,—extols the deed to the skies, and depicts the horrible sufferings of the malefactor as those of a blessed martyr. A manuscript in the Bibliothèque de Bourgogne (now the MS. section of the Royal Library at Brussels), entitled "Particularités touchant Balthazar Gérard," No. 17,386, contains many important documents, letters of Parma, of Gérard, and of Cornelius Aertsens. The fifth volume of the MS. history of Renom de France has a chapter devoted to the subject, important because he wrote from the papers of D'Assonleville, who was Parma's agent in the preliminary negotiations with Gérard. Part of these documents have been published by Dewez (Hist. Gen. de la Belg., tom. vi.), by Reiffenberg, and still more recently by Professor Arent (Recherches Critiques et Historiques sur la Confession de B. Gérard, Bruxelles, 1854), who has ably demonstrated the authenticity of the Confession published by M. Gachard.

Nevertheless, this insignificant frame locked up a desperate and daring character; this mild and inoffensive nature had gone pregnant seven years with a terrible crime, whose birth could not much longer be retarded. Francis Guion, the Calvinist, son of a martyred Calvinist, was in reality Balthazar Gérard, a fanatical Catholic, whose father and mother were still living at Villefans, in Burgundy. Before reaching man's estate, he had formed the design of murdering the Prince of Orange, "who, so long as he lived, seemed like to remain a rebel against the Catholic king, and to make every effort to disturb the repose of the Roman Catholic Apostolic religion."

When but twenty years of age he had struck his dagger with all his might into a door, exclaiming, as he did so, "Would that the blow had been in the heart of Orange!" For this he was rebuked by a bystander, who told him it was not for him to kill princes, and that it was not desirable to destroy so good a captain as the prince, who, after all, might one day reconcile himself with the king.[1]

As soon as the ban against Orange was published, Balthazar, more anxious than ever to execute his long-cherished design, left Dôle and came to Luxemburg. Here he learned that the deed had already been done by Juan Jaureguy. He received this intelligence at first with a sensation of relief, was glad to be excused from putting himself in danger,[2] and believing the

[1] Confession de B. Gérard. Bor, Meteren, Hoofd, Le Petit, ubi sup., et al.

[2] "... des quelles nouvelles je fus fort aise, tant pour estre (comme j'estimois) la justice faite, que pour avoir excuse de me mettre au danger."—Conf. de Gérard.

prince dead, took service as clerk with one John Duprel, secretary to Count Mansfeld, governor of Luxemburg. Ere long, the ill success of Jaureguy's attempt becoming known, the "inveterate determination" of Gérard aroused itself more fiercely than ever. He accordingly took models of Mansfeld's official seals in wax, in order that he might make use of them as an acceptable offering to the Orange party, whose confidence he meant to gain.

Various circumstances detained him, however. A sum of money was stolen, and he was forced to stay till it was found, for fear of being arrested as the thief. Then his cousin and employer fell sick, and Gérard was obliged to wait for his recovery. At last, in March, 1584, "the weather, as he said, appearing to be fine," Balthazar left Luxemburg and came to Treves. While there, he confided his scheme to the regent of the Jesuit college—a "red-haired man," whose name has not been preserved.[1] That dignitary expressed high approbation of the plan, gave Gérard his blessing, and promised him that, if his life should be sacrificed in achieving his purpose, he should be enrolled among the martyrs.[2] Another Jesuit, however, in the same college, with whom he likewise communicated, held very different language, making great efforts to turn the young man from his design, *on the ground of the inconveniences which might arise from the forging of Mansfeld's seals*, adding that neither he nor any of the Jesuits liked to meddle with such affairs, but advising that the whole matter should be laid before the Prince of Parma.[3] It does

[1] Verhaal van de Moordt, etc. Compare Bor, ubi sup.

[2] Verhaal van de Moordt, etc. Compare Meteren, Le Petit, ubi sup.

[3] This curious fact was disingenuously suppressed in the official

not appear that this personage, "an excellent man and a learned," attempted to dissuade the young man from his project by arguments drawn from any supposed criminality in the assassination itself, or from any danger, temporal or eternal, to which the perpetrator might expose himself.

Not influenced, as it appears, except on one point, by the advice of this second ghostly confessor, Balthazar came to Tournay, and held counsel with a third,—the celebrated Franciscan, Father Géry,—by whom he was much comforted and strengthened in his determination.[1] His next step was to lay the project before Parma, as the "excellent and learned" Jesuit at Treves had advised. This he did by a letter, drawn up with much care, and which he evidently thought well of as a composition. One copy of this letter he deposited with the guardian of the Franciscan convent at Tournay; the other he presented with his own hand to the Prince of Parma.[2] "The vassal," said he, "ought always to prefer justice and the will of the king to his own life." That being the case, he expressed his astonishment that

account, Verhaal van de Moordt, etc., and is consequently not mentioned by the previously cited authors. The statement appears in the copy of the Confession published by M. Gachard: " . . . et s'efforça le dit père de m'oster de teste ceste mienne délibération, pour les dangers et inconvéniens qu'il m'allégoit en pourroient survenir, au préjudice de Dieu et du Roy, par le moyen des cachets vollans; disant, au reste, qu'il ne se mesloit pas voluntiers de telz affaires, ny pareillement tous ceulx de leur dicte compagnie."

[1] Verhaal van de Moordt, etc. Bor, Meteren, Le Petit, ubi sup.

[2] This letter, with several others relative to the subject, is contained in a manuscript of the Bib. de Bourgogne, No. 17,386, entitled "Particularités touchant Balthazar Gérard."

no man had yet been found to execute the sentence against William of Nassau, "except the gentle Biscayan, since defunct."[1] To accomplish the task, Balthazar observed, very judiciously, that it was necessary to have access to the person of the prince—wherein consisted the difficulty. Those who had that advantage, he continued, were therefore bound to extirpate the pest at once, without obliging his Majesty to send to Rome for a chevalier, because not one of them was willing to precipitate himself into the venomous gulf, which by its contagion infected and killed the souls and bodies of all poor abused subjects exposed to its influence. Gérard avowed himself to have been so long goaded and stimulated by these considerations—so extremely nettled with displeasure and bitterness at seeing the obstinate wretch still escaping his just judgment—as to have formed the design of baiting a trap for the fox, hoping thus to gain access to him and to take him unawares.[2] He added—without explaining the nature of the trap and the bait—that he deemed it his duty to lay the subject before the most serene Prince of Parma, protesting at the same time that he did not contemplate the exploit for the sake of the reward mentioned in the sentence, and that he preferred trusting in that regard to the immense liberality of his Majesty.[3]

Parma had long been looking for a good man to

[1] "Hormis le gentil Biscayen défunct."

[2] "Estant de long temps durement piqué et stimulé par ces deux points et poinçonné extrêment de déplaisir et amertume . . . si finalement me suis advisé de donner une amorce à ce renard pour avoir accés chez-lui, afin de le prendre au trébuchet en momens opportuns, et si proprement qu'il n'en puisse échapper."

[3] " . . . et moins encore être vue si présompteux que de préférer la liberalité immense de S. M.," etc.

murder Orange,[1] feeling—as Philip, Granvelle, and all former governors of the Netherlands had felt—that this was the only means of saving the royal authority in any part of the provinces. Many unsatisfactory assassins had presented themselves from time to time, and Alexander had paid money in hand to various individuals,—Italians, Spaniards, Lorrainers, Scotchmen, Englishmen,—who had generally spent the sums received without attempting the job. Others were supposed to be still engaged in the enterprise, and at that moment there were four persons—each unknown to the others, and of different nations—in the city of Delft seeking to compass the death of William the Silent.[2] Shag-eared, military, hirsute ruffians—ex-captains of free companies and such marauders—were daily offering their services; there was no lack of them, and they had done but little. How should Parma, seeing this obscure, undersized, thin-bearded, runaway clerk before him, expect pith and energy from *him?* He thought him quite unfit for an enterprise of moment, and declared as much to his secret councilors and to the king.[3] He soon dismissed him, after receiving his let-

[1] "Y porque tal enemigo tuviese castigo, andava el Principe de Parma buscando maneras como quitarle del mundo."—Herrera, Hist. del mundo en el reynado del Rey D. Felipe II., xiv. 10, tom. ii. 550.

[2] " . . . aulcuns Italiens et soldats avoient paravant obtenu certaines sommes au mesme effet sans avoir riens attenté."—Renom de France MS., tom. v. c. 26. Compare Strada, 2, v. 287.

[3] " . . . le dit jeune homme," wrote Parma to the king, "m'avait communiqué sa résolution de la quelle pour dire la verité je tenois *peu de compte,* pour ce que la disposition du personnaige ne sembloit promettre emprinse de si grande importance. Toutefois je le laisaye aller, après l'avoir fait exorter par quelques

ter, and it may be supposed that the bombastic style of that epistle would not efface the unfavorable impression produced by Balthazar's exterior. The representations of Haultepenne and others induced him so far to modify his views as to send his confidential councilor, D'Assonleville, to the stranger in order to learn the details of the scheme.[1] Assonleville had accordingly an interview with Gérard, in which he requested the young man to draw up a statement of his plan in writing, and this was done upon the 11th of April, 1584.

In this letter Gérard explained his plan of introducing himself to the notice of Orange, at Delft, as the son of an executed Calvinist; as himself warmly, though secretly, devoted to the Reformed faith, and as desirous, therefore, of placing himself in the prince's service, in order to avoid the insolence of the papists. Having gained the confidence of those about the prince, he would suggest to them the great use which might be made of Mansfeld's signet in forging passports for spies and other persons whom it might be desirous to send into the territory of the royalists. "With these or similar feints and frivolities," continued Gérard, "he should soon obtain access to the person of the said Nassau," repeating his protestation that nothing had moved him to his enterprise "save the good zeal which he bore to the faith and true religion guarded by the Holy Mother Church, Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman, and to the service of his Majesty." He begged pardon

ungz de ceux qui servent ici."—Relation du Duc de Parme au Roy Phil. II., in the manuscript entitled "Particularités touchant B. Gérard," Bib. de Bourgogne, No. 17,386.

[1] Renom de France MS., loc. cit., who wrote his history from the papers of Councilor d'Assonleville.

for having purloined the impressions of the seals—a turpitude which he would never have committed, but would sooner have suffered a thousand deaths, except for the great end in view. He particularly wished forgiveness for that crime before going to his task, "in order that he might confess, and receive the holy communion at the coming Easter, without scruples of conscience." He likewise begged the Prince of Parma to obtain for him absolution from his Holiness for this crime of pilfering—the more so "as he was about to keep company for some time with heretics and atheists, and in some sort to conform himself to their customs."[1]

From the general tone of the letters of Gérard, he might be set down at once as a simple, religious fanatic, who felt sure that, in executing the command of Philip publicly issued to all the murderers of Europe, he was meriting well of God and his king. There is no doubt that he was an exalted enthusiast, but not purely an enthusiast. The man's character offers more than one point of interest as a psychological phenomenon. He had convinced himself that the work which he had in hand was eminently meritorious, and he was utterly without fear of consequences. He was, however, by no means so disinterested as he chose to represent himself in letters which, as he instinctively felt, were to be of perennial interest. On the contrary, in his interviews with Assonleville he urged that he was a poor fellow, and that he had undertaken this enterprise in order to acquire property,—to make himself rich,[2]—and that he

[1] The letter is contained in the MS. before cited, Particularités touchant B. Gérard.

[2] "Estant povre compagnon," etc.—Verhaal van de Moordt, etc. Le Petit, Bor, loc. cit.

depended upon the Prince of Parma's influence in obtaining the reward promised by the ban to the individual who should put Orange to death.

This second letter decided Parma so far that he authorized Assonleville to encourage the young man in his attempt, and to promise that the reward should be given to him in case of success, and to his heirs in the event of his death.[1] Assonleville, in the second interview, accordingly made known these assurances in the strongest manner to Gérard, warning him, at the same time, on no account, if arrested, to inculpate the Prince of Parma. The councilor, while thus exhorting the stranger, according to Alexander's commands, confined himself, however, to generalities, refusing even to advance fifty crowns, which Balthazar had begged from the governor-general in order to provide for the necessary expenses of his project.[2] Parma had made similar advances too often to men who had promised to assassinate the prince and had then done little, and he was resolute in his refusal to this new adventurer, of whom he expected absolutely nothing. Gérard, notwithstanding this rebuff, was not disheartened. "I will provide myself out of my own purse," said he to Assonleville, "and within six weeks you will hear of me." "Go forth, my son," said Assonleville, paternally, upon this spirited reply, "and if you succeed in your enterprise,

[1] " . . . qu'on procurevoit en sa faveur ou de ses proches héritiers les mercedes et récompenses promises par l'édict qui fut toute la consolation qu'il réceut, plus propre pour le retirer et divertir que pour l'encourager à une emprinse si hazardeuse."—Renom de France MS., loc cit.

[2] " . . . et aianct d'Assonleville traicté la dessus avec le Prince de Parme fut conclud que on n'avanceroit riens à Balthazar Gérard, non pas les 50 escus ausquels il se restraindoit," etc.—Ibid.

the king will fulfil all his promises, and you will gain an immortal name besides."[1]

The "inveterate deliberation" thus thoroughly matured, Gérard now proceeded to carry into effect. He came to Delft, obtained a hearing of Villers, the clergyman and intimate friend of Orange, showed him the Mansfeld seals, and was, somewhat against his will, sent to France to exhibit them to Maréchal Biron, who, it was thought, was soon to be appointed governor of Cambray. Through Orange's recommendation, the Burgundian was received into the suite of Noël de Caron, Seigneur de Schoneval, then setting forth on a special mission to the Duke of Anjou.[2] While in France, Gérard could rest neither by day nor night, so tormented was he by the desire of accomplishing his project,[3] and at length he obtained permission, upon the death of the duke, to carry this important intelligence to the Prince of Orange. The despatches having been intrusted to him, he traveled post-haste to Delft, and, to his astonishment, the letters had hardly been delivered before he was summoned in person to the chamber of the prince. Here was an opportunity such as he had never dared to hope for. The arch-enemy to the Church and to the human race, whose death would confer upon his destroyer wealth and nobility in this world, besides a crown of glory in the next, lay unarmed, alone, in bed, before the man who had thirsted seven long years for his blood.

[1] Renom de France MS., loc cit. Verhaal van de Moordt. Bor, Meteren, Le Petit.

[2] Confession de Gérard. Verhaal van de Moordt. Bor, Meteren, Le Petit, Hoofd, ubi sup.

[3] Verhaal van de Moordt.

Balthazar could scarcely control his emotions sufficiently to answer the questions which the prince addressed to him concerning the death of Anjou;[1] but Orange, deeply engaged with the despatches, and with the reflections which their deeply important contents suggested, did not observe the countenance of the humble Calvinist exile, who had been recently recommended to his patronage by Villers. Gérard had, moreover, made no preparation for an interview so entirely unexpected, had come unarmed, and had formed no plan for escape. He was obliged to forego his prey when most within his reach, and after communicating all the information which the prince required, he was dismissed from the chamber.

It was Sunday morning, and the bells were tolling for church. Upon leaving the house he loitered about the courtyard, furtively examining the premises, so that a sergeant of halberdiers asked him why he was waiting there. Balthazar meekly replied that he was desirous of attending divine worship in the church opposite, but added, pointing to his shabby and travel-stained attire, that without at least a new pair of shoes and stockings he was unfit to join the congregation. Insignificant as ever, the small, pious, dusty stranger excited no suspicion in the mind of the good-natured sergeant. He forthwith spoke of the wants of Gérard to an officer, by whom they were communicated to Orange himself, and the prince instantly ordered a sum of money to be given him.[2] Thus Balthazar obtained from William's charity what Parma's thrift had denied —a fund for carrying out his purpose!

[1] Verhaal, etc. Bor, Meteren, Le Petit.

[2] Verhaal van de Moordt. Bor, Meteren, Hoofd, loc. cit.

Next morning, with the money thus procured, he purchased a pair of pistols, or small carbines, from a soldier, chaffering long about the price because the vender could not supply a particular kind of chopped bullets, or slugs, which he desired. Before the sunset of the following day that soldier had stabbed himself to the heart, and died despairing, on hearing for what purpose the pistols had been bought.[1]

On Tuesday, the 10th of July, 1584, at about half-past twelve, the prince, with his wife on his arm, and followed by the ladies and gentlemen of his family, was going to the dining-room. William the Silent was dressed upon that day, according to his usual custom, in very plain fashion. He wore a wide-leaved, loosely shaped hat of dark felt, with a silken cord round the crown—such as had been worn by the beggars in the early days of the revolt. A high ruff encircled his neck, from which also depended one of the beggars' medals, with the motto, "Fidèles au roy jusqu'à la besace," while a loose surcoat of gray frieze cloth, over a tawny leather doublet, with wide, slashed underclothes, completed his costume.[2] Gérard presented himself at the doorway, and demanded a passport. The princess, struck with the pale and agitated countenance of the man, anxiously questioned her husband concerning the stranger. The prince carelessly observed that "it was merely a person who came for a passport," ordering, at

[1] " . . . zig op 't hooren van 't gruuwzaam gebruik, 't geen er de Booswigt van gemacht hadt, uit wanhoop, met twee of drie poignaard steeken om 't leven bragt."—Van Wyn op Wagenaer, vii. 116.

[2] The whole dress worn by the prince on this tragical occasion is still to be seen at The Hague, in the National Museum.

the same time, a secretary forthwith to prepare one. The princess, still not relieved, observed in an undertone that "she had never seen so villainous a countenance."[1] Orange, however, not at all impressed with the appearance of Gérard, conducted himself at table with his usual cheerfulness, conversing much with the burgomaster of Leeuwarden, the only guest present at the family dinner, concerning the political and religious aspects of Friesland.[2] At two o'clock the company rose from table. The prince led the way, intending to pass to his private apartments above. The dining-room, which was on the ground floor, opened into a little square vestibule, which communicated, through an arched passageway, with the main entrance into the courtyard. This vestibule was also directly at the foot of the wooden staircase leading to the next floor, and was scarcely six feet in width.[3] Upon its left side, as one approached the stairway, was an obscure arch, sunk deep in the wall, and completely in the shadow of the door. Behind this arch a portal opened to the narrow lane at the side of the house. The stairs themselves were completely lighted by a large window, half-way up the flight. The prince came from the dining-room, and began leisurely to ascend. He had only reached the second stair when a man emerged from the sunken arch, and, standing within a foot or two of him, discharged a pistol full at his heart. Three balls entered his body, one of which, passing quite through him, struck with violence against the wall beyond. The prince ex-

[1] Bor, Meteren, Hoofd, ubi sup.

[2] Historie Balth. Geraerts alias Serach, etc.

[3] The house (now called the Prinzen Hof, but used as a barrack) still presents nearly the same appearance as it did in 1584.

claimed in French, as he felt the wound, "O my God, have mercy upon my soul! O my God, have mercy upon this poor people!"[1]

These were the last words he ever spoke, save that when his sister, Catherine of Schwarzburg, immediately afterward asked him if he commended his soul to Jesus Christ, he faintly answered, "Yes." His master of the horse, Jacob van Maldere, had caught him in his arms as the fatal shot was fired. The prince was then placed on the stairs for an instant, when he immediately began to swoon. He was afterward laid upon a couch

[1] Korte Verhaal van de Moordt, etc. Bor, Meteren, Hoofd. Doubts have been expressed by some writers as to the probability of the prince, thus mortally wounded, having been able to speak so many words distinctly (see Wagenaer, Vad. Hist., vii. 532, and note). There can, however, be no doubt on the subject. The circular letter of the States-General to the respective provinces, dated Delft, July 12, 1584, has this passage: "Die corts daervan 't onser grooten leedwesen ende verdriete overleden, segghende deselve ont faen hebbende, Mon Dieu, ayez pitié de mon âme; Mon Dieu, ayez pitié de ce pouvre peuple!" (Brieven van de Gen.-Staten, etc., nopende de dood van heere P. van Orangien, Ordinaris Dep. Boek, MS., 1584, f. 162, Hague Archives.) This is conclusive evidence. See also a letter from young Maurice of Nassau to the magistracy of Ghent, relating the death and last words of his father in similar terms, but in the Flemish tongue. "Maer alzoo de leste woorden van zijne Exc^ie waeren, myn Godt! ontfermt U. mynder ziele, myn Godt! ontfermt uwer ghemeente" (De Jonghe, Onuitg. Stukken, 100–103. Compare Regist. der Resolut. Holl., July 10, 1584, Bor, Auth. Stukk., ii. 58). The greffier Cornelius Aertsens, writing to Brussels on the 11th of July from Delft, uses precisely the same language: "Son Exce est trespassé et fini en Dieu, n'aiant parlé autre chose que ces mots bien hauts—Mon Dieu, ayez pitié de mon âme; et après, Ayez pitié de ce pauvre peuple, demeurans les deux derniers mots quasi en sa bouche."—Relation au Mag. de Brux., No. 17,386, Bib. de Bourg. MS.

in the dining-room, where, in a few minutes, he breathed his last in the arms of his wife and sister.[1]

The murderer succeeded in making his escape through the side door, and sped swiftly up the narrow lane. He had almost reached the ramparts, from which he intended to spring into the moat, when he stumbled over a heap of rubbish. As he rose, he was seized by several pages and halberdiers, who had pursued him from the house. He had dropped his pistols upon the spot where he had committed the crime, and upon his person were found a couple of bladders, provided with a piece of pipe with which he had intended to assist himself across the moat, beyond which a horse was waiting for him. He made no effort to deny his identity, but boldly avowed himself and his deed. He was brought back to the house, where he immediately underwent a preliminary examination before the city magistrates. He was afterward subjected to excruciating tortures; for the fury against the wretch who had destroyed the father of the country was uncontrollable, and William the Silent was no longer alive to intercede —as he had often done before—in behalf of those who assailed his life.

The organization of Balthazar Gérard would furnish a subject of profound study both for the physiologist and the metaphysician. Neither wholly a fanatic nor entirely a ruffian, he combined the most dangerous elements of both characters. In his puny body and mean exterior were inclosed considerable mental powers and accomplishments, a daring ambition, and a courage almost superhuman. Yet those qualities led him only

[1] Bor, Meteren, Hoofd, ubi sup. Historie B. Geraerts alias Serach.

to form upon the threshold of life a deliberate determination to achieve greatness by the assassin's trade. The rewards held out by the ban, combining with his religious bigotry and his passion for distinction, fixed all his energies with patient concentration upon the one great purpose for which he seemed to have been born, and after seven years' preparation he had at last fulfilled his design.

Upon being interrogated by the magistrates, he manifested neither despair nor contrition, but rather a quiet exultation. "Like David," he said, "he had slain Goliath of Gath."[1] When falsely informed that his victim was not dead, he showed no credulity or disappointment. He had discharged three poisoned balls into the prince's stomach, and he knew that death must have already ensued.[2] He expressed regret, however, that the resistance of the halberdiers had prevented him from using his second pistol, and avowed that if he were a thousand leagues away he would return in order to do the deed again, if possible. He deliberately wrote a detailed confession of his crime, and of the motives and manner of its commission, taking care, however, not to implicate Parma in the transaction. After sustaining day after day the most horrible tortures, he subsequently related his interviews with Assonleville and with the president of the Jesuit college at Treves, adding that he had been influenced in his

[1] Haraei Annales, iii. 363.

[2] " . . . j'ai ce jourd'hui tiré et débendé celle portant les trois balles contre l'estomach dudict Prince d'Orange," etc.—Confession de Gérard. " . . . en heeft hem also met een pistolet onder zijne mantel met drij fenijnige ende geketende looten aen een gehecht geladen zijnde aen die treppen vander eetplatsen verwacht," etc. —Historie B. Geraerts alias Serach.

work by the assurance of obtaining the rewards promised by the ban.[1] During the intervals of repose from the rack he conversed with ease and even eloquence, answering all questions addressed to him with apparent sincerity. His constancy in suffering so astounded his judges that they believed him supported by witchcraft. "Ecce homo!" he exclaimed, from time to time, with insane blasphemy, as he raised his blood-streaming head from the bench. In order to destroy the charm which seemed to render him insensible to pain, they sent for the shirt of a hospital patient, supposed to be a sorcerer. When clothed in this garment, however, Balthazar was none the less superior to the arts of the tormentors, enduring all their inflictions, according to an eye-witness, "without once exclaiming, 'Ah me!'" and avowing that he would repeat his enterprise, if possible, were he to die a thousand deaths in consequence. Some of those present refused to believe that he was a man at all. Others asked him how long since he had sold himself to the devil, to which he replied, mildly, that he had no acquaintance whatever with the devil. He thanked the judges politely for the food which he received in prison, and promised to recompense them for the favor. Upon being asked how that was possible, he replied that he would serve as their advocate in paradise.[2]

[1] Verhaal van de Moordt. Bor, Meteren.

[2] Verhaal van de Moordt. Bor, Meteren. ". . . mais je n'ay ouy de ma vie une plus grande resolution d'homme ny constance, il n'a oncques dit 'Ay my,' mais en tous tourmens s'est tenu sans dire mot, et sur tous interrogatories a repondu bien àpropos et avec bonne suite, quelquefois que voulez-vous faire de moy? je suis resolu de mourir aussy d'une mort cruelle que je n'eusse laissé mon entreprinse ni encore si j'étois libre la laisseroie,

The sentence pronounced against the assassin was execrable—a crime against the memory of the great man whom it professed to avenge. It was decreed that the right hand of Gérard should be burned off with a red-hot iron, that his flesh should be torn from his bones with pincers in six different places, that he should be quartered and disemboweled alive, that his heart should be torn from his bosom and flung in his face, and that, finally, his head should be taken off. Not even his horrible crime, with its endless consequences, nor the natural frenzy of indignation which it had excited, could justify this savage decree, to rebuke which the murdered hero might have almost risen from the sleep of death. The sentence was literally executed on the 14th of July, the criminal supporting its horrors with the same astonishing fortitude. So calm were his nerves, crippled and half roasted as he was ere he mounted the scaffold, that when one of the executioners was slightly injured in the ear by the flying from the handle of the hammer with which he was breaking the fatal pistol in pieces, as the first step in the execution,—a circumstance which produced a general laugh in the crowd,—a smile was observed upon Balthazar's face in sympathy with the general hilarity. His lips were seen to move up to the moment when his heart was thrown in his face. "Then," said a looker-on, "he gave up the ghost."[1]

comme que je deusse mourir mille morts," etc.—Extrait d'une Relation faite à ceux du Magistrat de Bruxelles, par Corneille Aertsens alors leur Greffier, 11 Juillet, 1584, Bib. de Bourg. MS., No. 17,386. Historie B. Geraerts alias Serach.

[1] Extrait d'une Relation de Corneille Aertsens (14 Juillet, 1584). He was present at all the tortures and at the execution, and drew up his report the same day (MS. before cited). Compare Meteren, Bor, Le Petit, Historie B. Geraerts alias Serach.

The reward promised by Philip to the man who should murder Orange was paid to the heirs of Gérard. Parma informed his sovereign that the "poor man" had been executed, but that *his father and mother* were still living, to whom he recommended the payment of that merced which "the laudable and generous deed had so well deserved."[1] This was accordingly done, and the excellent parents, ennobled and enriched by the crime of their son, received, instead of the twenty-five thousand crowns promised in the ban, the three seignories of Lievremont, Hostal, and Dampmartin, in the Franche-Comté, and took their place at once among the landed aristocracy.[2] Thus the bounty of the prince had furnished the weapon by which his life was destroyed, and his estates supplied the fund out of which the assassin's family received the price of blood. At a later day, when the unfortunate eldest son of Orange returned from Spain after twenty-seven years' absence, a changeling and a Spaniard, the restoration of those very estates was offered to him by Philip II., provided he would continue to pay a *fixed proportion of their rents to the family of his father's murderer.* The education which Philip William had received, under the king's auspices, had, however, not entirely destroyed all his human feelings, and he rejected the proposal with scorn.[3] The estates remained with the Gérard family, and the

[1] Relation du Duc de Parme au Roy Phil. II., 12 Août, 1584. "Le pauvre homme est demeuré prisonnier. L'acte est tel qu'il mérite grande louange, et je me vais informant des parens du deffunt, duquel j'entends le père et la mère être encoires vivans, pour après supplier V. M. leur faire le mercède qu'une si généreuse résolution mérite."—MS. before cited.

[2] MS. before cited.

[3] Van Kampen, i. 545.

patents of nobility which they had received were used to justify their exemption from certain taxes until the union of Franche-Comté with France, when a French governor tore the documents in pieces and trampled them underfoot.[1]

William of Orange, at the period of his death, was aged fifty-one years and sixteen days. He left twelve children. By his first wife, Anne of Egmont, he had one son, Philip, and one daughter, Mary, afterward married to Count Hohenlo. By his second wife, Anna of Saxony, he had one son, the celebrated Maurice of Nassau, and two daughters, Anna, married afterward to her cousin, Count William Louis, and Emilie, who espoused the Pretender of Portugal, Prince Emanuel. By Charlotte of Bourbon, his third wife, he had six daughters; and by his fourth, Louisa de Coligny, one son, Frederick Henry, afterward stadholder of the Republic in her most palmy days.[2] The prince was entombed on the 3d of August, at Delft, amid the tears of a whole nation.[3] Never was a more extensive, unaffected, and legitimate sorrow felt at the death of any human being.

The life and labors of Orange had established the emancipated commonwealth upon a secure foundation, but his death rendered the union of all the Netherlands into one republic hopeless. The efforts of the Malcontent nobles, the religious discord, the consummate ability, both political and military, of Parma, all combined with the lamentable loss of William the Silent to

[1] Van d. Vynckt, iii., notes of Tarte and Reiffenberg.
[2] Bor, ubi sup. Archives, ubi sup. Meteren, xii. 216.
[3] Bor, xviii. 433. Meteren, xii. 215. Hoofd, xx. 896.

separate forever the southern and Catholic provinces from the northern confederacy. So long as the prince remained alive, he was the father of the whole country, the Netherlands—saving only the two Walloon provinces—constituting a whole. Notwithstanding the spirit of faction and the blight of the long civil war, there was at least one country, or the hope of a country, one strong heart, one guiding head, for the patriotic party throughout the land. Philip and Granvelle were right in their estimate of the advantage to be derived from the prince's death, in believing that an assassin's hand could achieve more than all the wiles which Spanish or Italian statesmanship could teach, or all the armies which Spain or Italy could muster. The pistol of the insignificant Gérard destroyed the possibility of a united Netherland state, while during the life of William there was union in the policy, unity in the history of the country.

In the following year Antwerp, hitherto the center around which all the national interests and historical events group themselves, fell before the scientific efforts of Parma. The city which had so long been the freest, as well as the most opulent, capital in Europe sank forever to the position of a provincial town. With its fall, combined with other circumstances, which it is not necessary to narrate in anticipation, the final separation of the Netherlands was completed. On the other hand, at the death of Orange, whose formal inauguration as sovereign count had not yet taken place, the states of Holland and Zealand reassumed the sovereignty. The commonwealth which William had liberated forever from Spanish tyranny continued to exist as a great and flourishing republic during more than two centuries,

under the successive stadholderates of his sons and descendants.

His life gave existence to an independent country; his death defined its limits. Had he lived twenty years longer, it is probable that the seven provinces would have been seventeen, and that the Spanish title would have been forever extinguished both in Nether Germany and Celtic Gaul. Although there was to be the length of two human generations more of warfare ere Spain acknowledged the new government, yet before the termination of that period the United States had become the first naval power and one of the most considerable commonwealths in the world, while the civil and religious liberty, the political independence of the land, together with the total expulsion of the ancient foreign tyranny from the soil, had been achieved ere the eyes of William were closed. The Republic existed, in fact, from the moment of the abjuration in 1581.

The most important features of the polity which thus assumed a prominent organization have been already indicated. There was no revolution, no radical change. The ancient rugged tree of Netherland liberty, with its moss-grown trunk, gnarled branches, and deep-reaching roots, which had been slowly growing for ages, was still full of sap, and was to deposit for centuries longer its annual rings of consolidated and concentric strength. Though lopped of some luxuriant boughs, it was sound at the core, and destined for a still larger life than even in the healthiest moments of its medieval existence.

The history of the rise of the Netherland Republic has been at the same time the biography of William the Silent. This, while it gives unity to the narrative,

renders an elaborate description of his character superfluous. That life was a noble Christian epic, inspired with one great purpose from its commencement to its close; the stream flowing ever from one fountain with expanding fullness, but retaining all its original purity. A few general observations are all which are necessary by way of conclusion.

In person, Orange was above the middle height, perfectly well made and sinewy, but rather spare than stout. His eyes, hair, beard, and complexion were brown. His head was small, symmetrically shaped, combining the alertness and compactness characteristic of the soldier with the capacious brow, furrowed prematurely with the horizontal lines of thought, denoting the statesman and the sage. His physical appearance was, therefore, in harmony with his organization, which was of antique model. Of his moral qualities the most prominent was his piety. He was more than anything else a religious man. From his trust in God he ever derived support and consolation in the darkest hours. Implicitly relying upon almighty wisdom and goodness, he looked danger in the face with a constant smile, and endured incessant labors and trials with a serenity which seemed more than human. While, however, his soul was full of piety, it was tolerant of error. Sincerely and deliberately himself a convert to the Reformed Church, he was ready to extend freedom of worship to Catholics on the one hand, and to Anabaptists on the other, for no man ever felt more keenly than he that the reformer who becomes in his turn a bigot is doubly odious.

His firmness was allied to his piety. His constancy in bearing the whole weight of struggle as unequal as

men have ever undertaken was the theme of admiration even to his enemies. The rock in the ocean, "tranquil amid raging billows," was the favorite emblem by which his friends expressed their sense of his firmness. From the time when, as a hostage in France, he first discovered the plan of Philip to plant the Inquisition in the Netherlands, up to the last moment of his life, he never faltered in his determination to resist that iniquitous scheme. This resistance was the labor of his life. To exclude the Inquisition, to maintain the ancient liberties of his country, was the task which he appointed to himself when a youth of three-and-twenty. Never speaking a word concerning a heavenly mission, never deluding himself or others with the usual phraseology of enthusiasts, he accomplished the task, through danger, amid toils, and with sacrifices such as few men have ever been able to make on their country's altar; for the disinterested benevolence of the man was as prominent as his fortitude. A prince of high rank and with royal revenues, he stripped himself of station, wealth, almost at times of the common necessaries of life, and became, in his country's cause, nearly a beggar as well as an outlaw. Nor was he forced into his career by an accidental impulse from which there was no recovery. Retreat was ever open to him. Not only pardon, but advancement, was urged upon him again and again. Officially and privately, directly and circuitously, his confiscated estates, together with indefinite and boundless favors in addition, were offered to him on every great occasion. On the arrival of Don John, at the Breda negotiations, at the Cologne conferences, we have seen how calmly these offers were waved aside, as if their rejection was so simple that it

hardly required many words for its signification; yet he had mortgaged his estates so deeply that his heirs hesitated at accepting their inheritance,[1] for fear it should involve them in debt. Ten years after his death the account between his executors and his brother John amounted to one million four hundred thousand florins[2] due to the count, secured by various pledges of real and personal property, and it was finally settled upon this basis. He was besides largely indebted to every one of his powerful relatives, so that the payment of the encumbrances upon his estate very nearly justified the fears of his children. While, on the one hand, therefore, he poured out these enormous sums like water, and firmly refused a hearing to the tempting offers of the royal government, upon the other hand he proved the disinterested nature of his services by declining, year after year, the sovereignty over the provinces, and by only accepting, in the last days of his life, when refusal had become almost impossible, the limited, constitutional supremacy over that portion of them which now makes the realm of his descendants. He lived and died, not for himself, but for his country. "God pity this poor people!" were his dying words.

His intellectual faculties were various and of the highest order. He had the exact, practical, and combining qualities which make the great commander, and his friends claimed that in military genius he was second to no captain in Europe.[3] This was, no doubt, an exaggeration of partial attachment, but it is certain that the Emperor Charles had an exalted opinion of his

[1] Ev. Reyd, iii. 59. [2] Bor, xviii. 438.

[3] "Belli artibus neminem suo tempore parem habuit," says Ev. Reyd, Ann., iii. 59.

capacity for the field. His fortification of Philippeville and Charlemont in the face of the enemy, his passage of the Meuse in Alva's sight, his unfortunate but well-ordered campaign against that general, his sublime plan of relief, projected and successfully directed at last from his sick-bed, for the besieged city of Leyden, will always remain monuments of his practical military skill.

Of the soldier's great virtues—constancy in disaster, devotion to duty, hopefulness in defeat—no man ever possessed a larger share. He arrived, through a series of reverses, at a perfect victory. He planted a free commonwealth under the very battery of the Inquisition, in defiance of the most powerful empire existing. He was therefore a conqueror in the loftiest sense, for he conquered liberty and a national existence for a whole people. The contest was long, and he fell in the struggle, but the victory was to the dead hero, not to the living monarch. It is to be remembered, too, that he always wrought with inferior instruments. His troops were usually mercenaries, who were but too apt to mutiny upon the eve of battle, while he was opposed by the most formidable veterans of Europe, commanded successively by the first captains of the age. That, with no lieutenant of eminent valor or experience, save only his brother Louis, and with none at all after that chieftain's death, William of Orange should succeed in baffling the efforts of Alva, Requesens, Don John of Austria, and Alexander Farnese,—men whose names are among the most brilliant in the military annals of the world,—is in itself sufficient evidence of his warlike ability. At the period of his death he had reduced the number of obedient provinces to two, only Artois and Hainault acknowledging Philip, while the other fifteen were in

*William the Silent, Prince of Orange.*

open revolt, the greater part having solemnly forsworn their sovereign.

The supremacy of his political genius was entirely beyond question. He was the first statesman of the age. The quickness of his perception was only equaled by the caution which enabled him to mature the results of his observations. His knowledge of human nature was profound. He governed the passions and sentiments of a great nation as if they had been but the keys and chords of one vast instrument, and his hand rarely failed to evoke harmony even out of the wildest storms. The turbulent city of Ghent, which could obey no other master, which even the haughty emperor could only crush without controlling, was ever responsive to the master hand of Orange. His presence scared away Imbize and his bat-like crew, confounded the schemes of John Casimir, frustrated the wiles of Prince Chimay, and while he lived Ghent was what it ought always to have remained, the bulwark, as it had been the cradle, of popular liberty. After his death it became its tomb.

Ghent, saved thrice by the policy, the eloquence, the self-sacrifices of Orange, fell within three months of his murder into the hands of Parma. The loss of this most important city, followed in the next year by the downfall of Antwerp, sealed the fate of the southern Netherlands. Had the prince lived, how different might have been the country's fate! If seven provinces could dilate, in so brief a space, into the powerful commonwealth which the Republic soon became, what might not have been achieved by the united seventeen—a confederacy which would have united the adamantine vigor of the Batavian and Frisian races with the subtler, more delicate, and more graceful national elements in which the genius of

the Frank, the Roman, and the Romanized Celt were so intimately blended. As long as the father of the country lived, such a union was possible. His power of managing men was so unquestionable that there was always a hope, even in the darkest hour, for men felt implicit reliance as well on his intellectual resources as on his integrity.

This power of dealing with his fellow-men he manifested in the various ways in which it has been usually exhibited by statesmen. He possessed a ready eloquence—sometimes impassioned, oftener argumentative, always rational. His influence over his audience was unexampled in the annals of that country or age; yet he never condescended to flatter the people. He never followed the nation, but always led her in the path of duty and of honor, and was much more prone to rebuke the vices than to pander to the passions of his hearers. He never failed to administer ample chastisement to parsimony, to jealousy, to insubordination, to intolerance, to infidelity, wherever it was due, nor feared to confront the states or the people in their most angry hours, and to tell them the truth to their faces. This commanding position he alone could stand upon, for his countrymen knew the generosity which had sacrificed his all for them, the self-denial which had eluded rather than sought political advancement, whether from king or people, and the untiring devotion which had consecrated a whole life to toil and danger in the cause of their emancipation. While, therefore, he was ever ready to rebuke, and always too honest to flatter, he at the same time possessed the eloquence which could convince or persuade. He knew how to reach both the mind and the heart of his hearers.

His orations, whether extemporaneous or prepared; his written messages to the States-General, to the provincial authorities, to the municipal bodies; his private correspondence with men of all ranks, from emperors and kings down to secretaries and even children—all show an easy flow of language, a fullness of thought, a power of expression rare in that age, a fund of historical allusion, a considerable power of imagination, a warmth of sentiment, a breadth of view, a directness of purpose—a range of qualities, in short, which would in themselves have stamped him as one of the master minds of his century, had there been no other monument to his memory than the remains of his spoken or written eloquence. The bulk of his performances in this department was prodigious. Not even Philip was more industrious in the cabinet. Not even Granvelle held a more facile pen. He wrote and spoke equally well in French, German, or Flemish; and he possessed, besides, Spanish, Italian, Latin. The weight of his correspondence alone would have almost sufficed for the common industry of a lifetime, and although many volumes of his speeches and letters have been published, there remain in the various archives of the Netherlands and Germany many documents from his hand which will probably never see the light. If the capacity for unremitted intellectual labor in an honorable cause be the measure of human greatness, few minds could be compared to the "large composition" of this man. The efforts made to destroy the Netherlands by the most laborious and painstaking of tyrants were counteracted by the industry of the most indefatigable of patriots.

Thus his eloquence, oral or written, gave him almost boundless power over his countrymen. He possessed,

also, a rare perception of human character, together with an iron memory which never lost a face, a place, or an event, once seen or known. He read the minds, even the faces of men, like printed books. No man could overreach him, excepting only those to whom he gave his heart. He might be mistaken where he had confided, never where he had been distrustful or indifferent. He was deceived by Renneberg, by his brother-in-law Van den Berg, by the Duke of Anjou. Had it been possible for his brother Louis or his brother John to have proved false, he might have been deceived by them. He was never outwitted by Philip, or Granvelle, or Don John, or Alexander of Parma. Anna of Saxony was false to him, and entered into correspondence with the royal governors and with the King of Spain; Charlotte of Bourbon or Louisa de Coligny might have done the same had it been possible for their natures also to descend to such depths of guile.

As for the Aerschots, the Havrés, the Chimays, he was never influenced either by their blandishments or their plots. He was willing to use them when their interest made them friendly, or to crush them when their intrigues against his policy rendered them dangerous. The adroitness with which he converted their schemes in behalf of Matthias, of Don John, of Anjou, into so many additional weapons for his own cause, can never be too often studied. It is instructive to observe the wiles of the Machiavellian school employed by a master of the craft to frustrate, not to advance, a knavish purpose. This character, in a great measure, marked his whole policy. He was profoundly skilled in the subtleties of Italian statesmanship, which he had learned as a youth at the imperial court, and which he

employed in his manhood in the service, not of tyranny, but of liberty. He fought the Inquisition with its own weapons. He dealt with Philip on his own ground. He excavated the earth beneath the king's feet by a more subtle process than that practised by the most fraudulent monarch that ever governed the Spanish empire, and Philip, chain-mailed as he was in complicated wiles, was pierced to the quick by a keener policy than his own.

Ten years long the king placed daily his most secret letters in hands which regularly transmitted copies of the correspondence to the Prince of Orange, together with a key to the ciphers and every other illustration which might be required.[1] Thus the secrets of the king were always as well known to Orange as to himself; and the prince being as prompt as Philip was hesitating, the schemes could often be frustrated before their execution had been commenced. The crime of the unfortunate clerk John de Castillo was discovered in the autumn of the year 1581, and he was torn to pieces by four horses.[2] Perhaps his treason to the monarch whose bread he was eating, while he received a regular salary from the king's most determined foe, deserved even this horrible punishment, but casuists must determine how much guilt attaches to the prince for his share in the transaction. This history is not the eulogy of Orange, although, in discussing his character, it is difficult to avoid the monotony of panegyric. Judged by a severe moral standard, it cannot be called virtuous or honorable to suborn treachery or any other crime, even to accomplish a lofty purpose; yet the universal practice

[1] Bor, xvi. 288b. Hoofd, xviii. 791.

[2] Meteren, Bor, ubi sup.

of mankind in all ages has tolerated the artifices of war, and no people has ever engaged in a holier or more mortal contest than did the Netherlands in their great struggle with Spain. Orange possessed the rare quality of caution, a characteristic by which he was distinguished from his youth. At fifteen he was the confidential counselor, as at twenty-one he became the general-in-chief, to the most politic as well as the most warlike potentate of his age, and if he at times indulged in wiles which modern statesmanship, even while it practises, condemns, he ever held in his hand the clue of an honorable purpose to guide him through the tortuous labyrinth.

It is difficult to find any other characteristic deserving of grave censure, but his enemies have adopted a simpler process. They have been able to find few flaws in his nature, and therefore have denounced it in gross. It is not that his character was here and there defective, but that the eternal jewel was false. The patriotism was counterfeit; the self-abnegation and the generosity were counterfeit. He was governed only by ambition—by a desire of personal advancement. They never attempted to deny his talents, his industry, his vast sacrifices of wealth and station; but they ridiculed the idea that he could have been inspired by any but unworthy motives.[1] God alone knows the heart of man; he

[1] "A man born to the greatest fame," says Bentivoglio, "if, content with his fortunes, he had not sought amid precipices for a still greater one." While paying homage to the extraordinary genius of the prince, to his energy, eloquence, perspicacity in all kinds of affairs, his absolut edominion over the minds and hearts of men, and his consummate skill in improving his own positions and taking advantage of the false moves of his adversary, the cardinal proceeds to accuse him of "ambition, fraud, audacity, and rapacity." The

alone can unweave the tangled skein of human motives and detect the hidden springs of human action; but as far as can be judged by a careful observation of undisputed facts, and by a diligent collation of public and private documents, it would seem that no man—not even Washington—has ever been inspired by a purer patriotism. At any rate, the charge of ambition and self-seeking can only be answered by a reference to the whole picture which these volumes have attempted to portray. The words, the deeds of the man are there. As much as possible, his inmost soul is revealed in his confidential letters, and he who looks in a right spirit will hardly fail to find what he desires.

Whether originally of a timid temperament or not, he was certainly possessed of perfect courage at last. In siege and battle, in the deadly air of pestilential

last qualification seems sufficiently absurd to those who have even superficially studied the life of William the Silent. Of course the successive changes of religion by the prince are ascribed to motives of interest. "Videsi variare di Religione secondo che vario d'interessi. Da fanciullo in Germania fú Luterano. Passato in Fiandra mostrossi Cattolico. Al principio della rivolte si dichiara fautore delle nuove sette ma non professore manifesto d'alcuna; sinche finalmente gli parve di seguitar quella de' Calvinisti, come la piú contraria di tutte alla Religione Cattolica sostenuta dal Ré di Spagna" (Guerra di Fiandra, p. 2, l. ii. 276). The cardinal does *not* add that the conversion of the prince to the Reformed religion was at the blackest hour of the Reformation. Cabrera is cooler and coarser. According to him, the prince was a mere impostor. The emperor even had been often cautioned as to his favorite's arrogance, deceit, and ingratitude, and warned that the prince was "a fox who would eat up all his Majesty's chickens." While acknowledging that he "could talk well of public affairs," and that he "entertained the ambassadors and nobility with splendor and magnificence," the historian proclaims him, however, "faithless and mendacious, a flatterer and a cheat" (Cabrera, v.

cities, in the long exhaustion of mind and body which comes from unduly protracted labor and anxiety, amid the countless conspiracies of assassins, he was daily exposed to death in every shape. Within two years five different attempts against his life had been discovered. Rank and fortune were offered to any malefactor who would compass the murder. He had already been shot through the head and almost mortally wounded. Under such circumstances even a brave man might have seen a pitfall at every step, a dagger in every hand, and poison in every cup. On the con-

233). We have seen that Tassis accused the prince of poisoning Count Bossu with oysters, and that Strada had a long story of his attending the death-bed of that nobleman in order to sneer at the viaticum. We have also seen the simple and heartfelt regret which the prince expressed in his private letters for Bossu's death, and the solid service which he rendered to him in life. Of false accusations of this nature there was no end. One of the most atrocious has been recently resuscitated. A certain Christophe de Holstein accused the prince, in 1578, of having instigated him to murder Duke Eric of Brunswick. The assassin undertook the job, but seems to have been deterred by a mysterious bleeding at his nose from proceeding with the business. As this respectable witness, by his own confession, had murdered his own brother for money, and two merchants besides, had moreover, been concerned in the killing or plundering of "a curate, a monk, and two hermits," and had been all his life a professional highwayman and assassin, it seems hardly worth while to discuss his statements. Probably a thousand such calumnies were circulated at different times against the prince. Yet the testimony of this wretched malefactor is gravely reproduced, at the expiration of near three centuries, as if it were admissible in any healthy court of historical justice. Truly says the adage: "Calomniez toujours, il en restera quelque chose." See Compte Rendu de la Com. Roy. d'Hist., tom. xi. (Bruxelles, 1846), Notice sur les aveux de Chr. de Holstein, etc., par le Dr. Coremans, pp. 10–18.

trary, he was ever cheerful, and hardly took more precaution than usual. "God in his mercy," said he, with unaffected simplicity, "will maintain my innocence and my honor during my life and in future ages. As to my fortune and my life, I have dedicated both, long since, to his service. He will do therewith what pleases him for his glory and my salvation."[1] Thus his suspicions were not even excited by the ominous face of Gérard when he first presented himself at the dining-room door. The prince laughed off his wife's prophetic apprehension at the sight of his murderer, and was as cheerful as usual to the last.

He possessed, too, that which to the heathen philosopher seemed the greatest good—the sound mind in the sound body. His physical frame was after death found so perfect that a long life might have been in store for him, notwithstanding all which he had endured. The desperate illness of 1574, the frightful gunshot wound inflicted by Jaureguy in 1582, had left no traces. The physicians pronounced that his body presented an aspect of perfect health.[2] His temperament was cheerful. At table, the pleasures of which, in moderation, were his only relaxation, he was always animated and merry, and this jocoseness was partly natural, partly intentional. In the darkest hours of his country's trial he affected a serenity which he was far from feeling, so that his apparent gaiety at momentous epochs was even censured by dullards, who could not comprehend its philosophy, nor applaud the flippancy of William the Silent.[3]

[1] Apologie, p. 133.

[2] Reyd, iii. 59.

[3] "Imprimis inter cibos hilaris et velut omnium securus: quâ re et tetricos atque arrogantiores nonnullos offendit, qui simulatam

He went through life bearing the load of a people's sorrows upon his shoulders with a smiling face. Their name was the last word upon his lips, save the simple affirmative with which the soldier who had been battling for the right all his lifetime commended his soul in dying "to his great Captain, Christ." The people were grateful and affectionate, for they trusted the character of their "Father William," and not all the clouds which calumny could collect ever dimmed to their eyes the radiance of that lofty mind to which they were accustomed, in their darkest calamities, to look for light. As long as he lived, he was the guiding star of a whole brave nation, and when he died the little children cried in the streets.[1]

saepe et coactam eam laetitiam haud capiebant: cum illius aspectu cuncti refoverentur, illius ex vultu spei quisque aut desperationsi caussam sumeret."—Ev. Reyd, ubi sup.

[1] Literal expression in the official report made by the greffier Cornelius Aertsens: "dont par toute la ville l'on est en si grand duil tellement que les petits enfans en pleurent par les rues."—Relation faite à ceux du Magistrat de Bruxelles, 11 Juillet, 1584, MS., Bib. de Bourg., No. 17,386.

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